

Marble Cake

Aesop Rock

Come on

Born garbage day, warden of the shawarma plate
Fork a naked eye, and trade survival tips with tardigrades
Ephemera burning where the morning look like haunted marble cake
Parkas and pajama pants, I'm part of what don't march-in-place
I'm partial to the closest roving pack of gnashing gums
Smoking out the local protein, brokering the rabbit punch
I'm broken, fuck a focus group, fuck your folk, and Toto too
The produce of a pencil-neck who never met a social cue
Eye of the archfiend, appetite for alpha dogs
Step into the party with a killing jar and shadow box
Like "Who invited acid wash?", I'm shopping for the mantelpiece
Overkill is catalogued and crammed into banana leaves
Polaroids around him like a visit from the Vantablack
Miniatures in Biggie shirts and minutes that he can't get back
It isn't just gorillas in a camera trap, it triggers
The history pack a little aftermath in every image
Look

I should paint a eye on the front door
I should tell time by the sun more
I want a flaming arrow shot into a creeping raft
I'm kidding I just want the cheapest shit you people have
It's no thing

No displayed blazonry, unmistakably mutinous
The mood is disillusionment, shit, even Cindy Lou Who quit
I'm super stupid, future looking tuna fish and suture kit
In route to mute the TV and a view without a boot to lick
Bruised at the nucleus and drooling through the bells of war
Meet the neighbors when your resume is "skeleton-with-oar"
"Ummm, that's really cool your poodle made the paper"
Let's keep it at shoes in a elevator
He's a hat and coat, floating with no discernible visage
The villains turn to their homies who mostly turn into crickets
I'm part of a larger ghosting, I go to work with the wizards
Who already voted homecoming theme as a burning village
The damn shame campaign pivot when you in the field
Thinning blood and newly surfacing disorder, spin the wheel
Feeders out to slow the roll, reaper on the protocol
People you confide in will be spotted eating rodents whole

I should hang a skull on the side door
I should drink water from the sky more
I want a thousand lanterns drifting on a summers wind
I'm only joking, y'all can feed me to the fucking pigs
It's no thing

Marshmallows over magma from the mantle has been cancelled
How snappy can you adequately scaffold?
Happy canvassing the neighborhoods I'll never take advantage of his patron
As a patient they are plays to be a phantom of
Nan under the bandages, examine 'til he vanishes
I don't feel a social pull to show the wolves where grandma lives
I find deliverance from evil either in a sedentary binge
Or spring interning with the cemetery winds

No stacked sash or accolades from authority
The backstory gets all back-into-a-corner-y
Abuses in the feeding tube, that circle back to eat at you
Bacteria that tip the hat, adversity that gleam the cube
It's tit for tat with slippery aristocrats who pity cops
And brilliant rats who find the grit to slip out of the Skinner box
The moat's supposed to keep the rivals out
The calls are coming from inside the house

I should nail boards to the back door
I should feed squirrels from my hand more
I want to meet the maker in a proper suit and shoes
I'm lying, let 'em find the body with the loot removed
It's no thing