

Molecules

Aesop Rock

(That's impossible)

(Come on)

Spoilers

The non bon-voyage stock weaponry and soylents
And whatever stop the voices
Colossal paranoias out to author an abrasive lore
About how war paint won't assure you ain't a painted whore, baby
No ground wires, all jaw froth
Mouth-breathing outliers climb out of mothballs
Wrung stones unsung and alone
Known to run up in the unknown "honey I'm home"
I push a bucket of bolts, assorted death in his wake
I take the hand off the thief, I take the head off a snake
Approach a pen like revolution's just a sentence away
Til then he's documenting cops and watching Heaven decay
It's not a gentleman's game it's a generation braced accordingly
Who know the differences between the cozy and the quarantine
Yes y'all the crestfallen careworn
Air horn, air horn, air horn, air horn

These awful winds
Those grinding gears
This pile o' bones
That's why I'm here
Wild frontier
(Come on)

These violent drums
Those primal fears
This pool of mud
That's why I'm here
W-w-w-w-wild frontier

That's impossible, body's still warm
Scavengers already obsessively knocking on his molecules
I'm catatonic, fat, and outta rocket fuel and ramen
Not a dollar, watching Rocky II in Donatello boxers
At some hot as hell motel in what's supposed to be his Shangri-La
More akin of angry mobs with anchor tats and mangy dogs in vacant lots
Traded any semblance of consistency to play the odds
Not even a baby doll to change his gauze
Not even a hide-away to hide up in
A side effect of sliding environment to environment
Driving isn't simply when the tires spin, try again
Departures and arrivals aren't only time in mileage
Try again again a raider break off from the phalanx
And never look back never cook crack K thanks bye
New York in the rear view then peel...
Out, til he found New York in the windshield

These cursed dogs
Those flying spears
This rancid food
That's why I'm here
Wild frontier

(Come on)

These fleeting hopes
Those vital prayers
This bag of cash
That's why I'm here
W-w-w-w-wild frontier

This was never an effective way to rally insurgents
Or really even the occupation of a rational person
When you write about seclusion and some buyers finally tune in
You get frightened finding happiness can drive away the movement
In a jiffy, just eat your food and keep the future iffy
That fruition's for the viewers who need a loser to pity
Plus an underlying message of a greater disconnection
God forbid he try to live or gain momentum
Mend or pay his penance
You'd rather see him eat a bowl of mouse traps
Surf a thousand couches
Take a jagged little down the hatch
Chowder heads
I know you love the way the failure flounder
Maybe I could be your daily downer
If his brain left his body and was headed for the door
Would you take it in and help it find its way into a jar?
No? f**k it, let him hop around a maze
We can see who's really lost when the schadenfreude fades

These churning seas
Those quiet sneers
This box of parts
That's why I'm here
Wild frontier
(Come on)

These creepy friends
Those dicey dares
This perfect dark
That's why I'm here
W-w-w-w wild frontier