

# Mystery Fish

Aesop Rock

Tech support, feral army  
In a cave on a failed bed of terra-forming  
Four corners of paranormal  
Get shorn for a thermos and pair of thermals  
In a warehouse air where his dairy curdles  
St. Vincent de Paul trying to square the circle  
Circle the source of his power  
Foresight born at the corner of Howard on sale  
Cherry-pick blewin the pale  
It's a blue nose chewin' his tail  
Losing his coat  
Schmoozing a high in the headrush  
Hack up bile over H1N1 and then some  
One eye on the bread crumbs  
Other eye on the drenchrom  
Other other eye on the income  
Good knife in a grin  
Shoot dice with the lice and the ring worms  
Peg leg, smells like Medellin wake in the night  
Make a pipe outta anything  
Take five take a dive in the cellophane  
Turn five into five six seven eight  
Back out black out  
Some weren't fancy  
Shake in the back seat of Aesop's camry  
Dude, seat full of chips and sandwich meat  
From the crypt in the end  
If ya give an address and a rib or a piss  
Don't question the mystery fish  
Just picture shrimp on a pillow of grits  
Close your eyes, lick your lips  
I'm at the cafe ordering a cup of fresh  
Sarah gave me two, I gave one to Rex  
He said, "Fools ain't shit plus f\*\*k the pigs  
They could never understand what Sumner is"  
(word up word up word up)  
I'm off the grid  
I'm through the gate  
I fly these kites into the fray  
(word up word up word up)  
I'm out the box  
I'm through the mud  
I fly these kites into the cut  
NorCal fried bacteria  
No I.D. survive the vivarium  
Try soft feel sourdough and heroin  
Eat with the chimera fly with the seraphim-ight  
Hold court with the cats and dogs  
Who hold cools like an orb in a dragon's claw  
And terry cloth robes outside detox surly  
Curse of the beat cop doctor a slurpee  
And not no Xerxes fear no moon man  
Stay true like a wolf wearing wolf pants  
Ooh, never could avoid himself  
For long enough to contain or employ his help  
And now we look both ways at the asteroid belt  
Buzzed, gross unholy unloved

Still hear an ex in his head yelling, "Kiss the ring!"  
From a fortune of fisher king  
And from assistant care blisters in his hair  
New day new diary of disrepair  
Soups on two tongue crucifix to bear  
No shoes no shirt no fiscal year  
I said "Hello" to Marshall every morn for six  
He yelled at me every time, "That's amore, bitch!"  
Only took one tooth to crack the bug juice to chug  
Turn the bum to a Sun Tzu, bug  
Outside home is an open swim  
Occultism in the throes of corrosive wind  
A cold meal with the ghost of friends  
A whole host of meds  
A deal on a Tone Loc cassette  
I stepped over a body in the door  
I pretend he asleep but it's probably more, God damn!  
Profound apathy, heart with a crack  
I'm ships in the night  
I'm darts in a map  
Word up