

Play Dead

Aesop Rock

Batshit, I'm batshit
My ship's crashed, my zags zig
I'm all whiplash in that black tent
Black ash on my flag pan
I go zip zap and y'all backspin
Y'all spacecrafts call mayday
I like tailspins when they backlit
Cats scrambling for that safe space
Plays defense around dead zones
Next up to call explode
Rest up, I go death punch
Your reign's effed up you FO
Stow episodes and all star maps
To get veterans to bring barf bags
Bring hellfire and little party hats
For those parting ways with they tarmac
Blast off and get waxed off
These saboteurs are like pack dogs
I might zoom off in they boomerang
Line 'em up and they're illuminated
Goes "ooh" and "ahh" and you too late
We got a failure to communicate
In my rearview's a little planet Earth
And my calendar is straight doomsdays

Fuel up and I steamroll
You better moonwalk when I screen scroll
I feed cats the ways to these gamma rays
And my hands shake, it's all sleeper hold
Ease in and get heave-ho'd
With no easy mode and no foul play
Bounty hunters get found out
Power up or get outpaced

Ease away to 3 A.M
He found freedom in the mayhem
Amen
Amen
Gimme a lost world to locate
Get ghosted, walk or don't obey
Okay
Okay

Time is not being a good friend
Smoke is being a good bookend
I'm no joke, I only go full send
Don't poke at the purebred bull-head
Dogfights that call for all fight songs
Start crossing names off the flight log
Might light cigars off the fireball
We're well past any kind of dialogue
Warfare and on warfare
I like rocket fuel in my morning air
I like red buttons under iron fists
And my stunt double's like "I quit"
The kid 360 all side eye
And pluck wild geese from that twilight

I go hyperspeed and can't drive for shit
I just bob and weave when y'all skydive
Lights blink and my screens glitch
If I lose it all I ain't need the shit
I call bombs away and turn mobs away
You're all "die alone", I'm all "not today"
We go eye for eye around pale moons
Fighter pilots find Jesus
I don't tread soft with that special sauce
See you was better off in some mail room

Dumb luck and no late pass
I get gussied up and I gate crash
And playing laser tag and plain stupid odds
Tag my name on they fuselage
Outlier in the main event
I keep downsizing y'all's data set
Infiltrators get checkmate
It's maybe best to just play dead

Ease away to 3 A.M
He found freedom in the mayhem
Amen
Amen
Safe and sound out the crash site
Lifeforms been reduced to flatline
That's right
That's right