

Shere Kan

Aesop Rock

"You can come, I'll leap right over
Any day you like
System 605, Union 91"

I forever wallow in glitches, grimly distributed by side effects
Consumed, cocooned in antisocial trenches, drenched!
Gridled between dense pillars of polar value lies
a grey so blueless it's got I fiendin for the sky.
Synthesized lies rise synthetic
Sittin' inside solidified plastics who's lateral burns germ compatible...
My firm's radically piloted, dodging a fire swiftly
Yellow brick stalker walking shifty...
I am but a prototype Metroid programmed to Holocaust style
while you're soakin' in the stages of denial.
Your petty soldiers seem fragile like Giacometti sculptures,
embedded in aromatic cultures. We's rock steady vultures
Plus I's the guise of rowin' a soul.
My wingspan stands flags in the snow of the poles.
Berserk!
Swerve my alignment towards solitary confinement and jade it.
Stripping, color my passion mitigated;
I'm Slipping...

You always seem like a small grey cat to me
Sleepin underneath the silvery moon...
Paws curled beneath your head
'til the sun came round just around noon.
And you would greet me, purring in your doorway,
Drawing up your tail around my hips
And I would go to your mouth wide open,
waitin' for my language to come from your lips...
And I move you.
And you like it.
Just enough
To let me.
But I hate you...
Cause you're lonely.
And you know how
To forget me...

For the love of my personal practice I reside
where obstructive fluxes and societal withdrawl collides.
Slide fuel by the fury
Spun a ring around my honor
but the opulence took shelter in my horror.
Melancholy masquerade
Cast amongst the braiding of belligerence
and blazing terror that blew the lock down off my placement.
I stay special agent till the sky falls
Reverse the curse till my fellow lost children disperse

And your footsteps leading down the pathway
never seem to be quite like my own...
Your mind is smokey circles
it blinded me till I turned towards home...
And you would watch me far in the distance
hands held high above your head.

I only leave the territory when there's nothing left to be said.
And I move you.
And you like it.
Just enough
To let me.
But I hate you...
Cause you're lonely...
And you know how
To forget me...

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I make music and connect color to canvas,
swoop down from the trees with potpourris and other bandits.
Landed randomly upon the valleys of the grimace,
saw my planted leaf start burnin from the outside in.
Meaning your clout lies thin;
Salt prep the blades prior to five phase in my ever changin underworld.
Serate a day to decorate a traitor
That sting never fades like belly wounds from sling blades
Follow my portion, I'm gonna swallow distortion and spit the filter.

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