

So Be It

Aesop Rock

Plate-spinner off a late dinner
One fallen plate away from a date with the plague bringer
One away from drugged-up in a cage
Or all the fun in the world succumb to sudden malaise
When his ship come in, what a run-in
Rudder bugging, sail sliced up, somebody, "Would you mind if I cut-in'd"
I would've in the young, wild and stubborn
But, honestly the current version might invite the upend
Auburn sky with multiple suns comp'd in
The rising and setting, steady referencing John Venn
Assembling these momentary overlapping super suns
Beautiful, but lumens ain't some renewable two for one to fool with
Fire with fire is not a great fight
Fire and fire is on the same side
A lotta history there, a couple novas even
Hard to see a closed circle in the throes of open season, but

Don't look down
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Come sit still
Let things fall

Cro mag at the park with a bag of birdseed
Stolen hand-warmers, flag of world peace
Street Roots word puzzle crusher, on commercial feed
Circumvent the tall man, searching for eternal peace
Nervous from the service, it make him the perfect worker bee
To what end? To what even is biodiversity?
I mean, four walls, all hours, no change of clothes
Low waterline, dry whole grain oats
Whole worth wrapped in what you can make with your bare hands
When sitting independent of the greater square dance
And whether after all the smoke clear and flares vanish
It can actually make another's arm hair stand
Well, can it? Soul Blade or Old Maid
I'm somewhere in the middle, pretty fizzled on the whole charade
Still mixing up the stolen with the homemade
Rapping for my life, and being difficult to locate

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On his second Arabica, hecka hackles up
Edging outta latency, take me to the miraculum
Backing off the b-team, blacking out name tags
Never name a rabbit you apprehend for the game-bag
Rabbit after rabbit, I'm backlogged
I'm bag over shoulder, handing rabbits out to pack dogs
Santa Claus, unbowed, running from the un-fun
Get about as far as the bodega and my lungs are done
Did the same shit yesterday
And the day before, oh, for heaven's sake
You can't just coach someone to "go out there and resonate"
You go out there hoping the residents already ate
Revenant, flare gun, life straw, tinder-sticks

Headed for the leopard's mouth, who let him out? He isn't chipped
They shoulda never let him out the chrysalis
Shit, if it's really wilderness on wilderness on wilderness

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