

Spare A Match

Aesop Rock

Electric charge comin' from the mainframe
I'm from where the phat beats stretch for mad blocks

My every little step set in a star,
Retina Scarred; tread in a sled of bedbugs got my dead head in a jar
Crazer camp stamp blank on the mug of settlers registered not protest nor approval regarding every morn futile.
My experience with a spirit alignment interference assigns division from clearance to ample scrambling.
Let's note the magnificence in the difference.
OK see two canaries on the wire aspire to separate luulabies both of which had me drifting.
Every clan ghostly orphan scared stiff in the bliss and list picking from the arrangement under burden. Bust.
Wallow in will to split the privelege cluster; Lackcluster as if a journey choice grew on the nearest chuckle path- dispatch trouble.
I've never seen the water so high in my poison life. Social conduct, 20 paces, about face, self destruct.
I know the key locations, sharp enough to catch those subtle signs cause, well, this here alley cat's been around the block a couple of times.
Lifting every tin can, sifting every mess; one man's trash, you know the rest, live it.
Pitching a battered platform out of mass hysterics perished in the blizzard.
When it's finished I plan to sit and observe the twister pivot.
Sleep and sleep well; sleep with a sacred array of fevers, wake as a pertinent version of a pipe dreamer.
Y'all can find me if you lookin for a friend- I'll be the only iron-clad oracle in a city of tin.

(it's like that)

I was born where crooked demeanor seemed to spawn merit;
I was born where all the king's men couldn't mend a broken spirit;
I was born where it don't matter if you stand, sit, or fall, to live and die as a brick brick brick in the wall.
And I'm a brick brick brick brick brick in the wall, and I'm a brick brick brick brick brick in the wall.
And I'm a brick in the wall, drop in the bucket, yes y'all.

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Spare a match for the most distorted orchid in the path.
Assorted orphans coursed in a morbid orbit forward toward the traps.
I make a tentative promise to flash frequent the most sacred abrasive based in allegiance to the makeshift mason's secrets.
Water basin leaking, plug it up.
The simple triple ring performance shoveled subtle imperfection.
I rung a life's worth of saturated costume gear over hell's balcony to nullify the drought and still the martyr farmers shout at me.
And so the epic went.

And every cirrus hung.
The bow breakers turned a cradle fatal, every spirit clung.
Croon for the slick Icarus brain children busy splitting the givingtree building fresh canoes for freaks to cross the spill in. i'm frantic.
My plan is dwindling with every pulse bump. Gods and monsters yield the lump sum of the dolt clump.
Be wary when the stratosphere tints.
I Scout like Atticus Finch, inching up slow in the games of reconnaissance.
Now cause to amend the Zen memorandum has surfaced in every holocaust citadel fix it plan.
12 easy steps to better picket line demeanor.
Gumshoe.
Stick stone conglomerate activate massive.
But the sky is falling. F-f-f-fuck you.
I've hired sweatshop labor to hold candles to the solar panels stitched in the back of my neck for nickels and sour milk by the week.
Cheek to the heartache.
At the center of my anthem lies a blend of temper tantrums substantial for me to lamp in.

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(Electrocharge commin' from the mainframe)
(I'm from where the phat beats stretch for mad blocks)
[Chopped and Screwed]