Thorns

Aesop Rock

I am not doomed (not doomed)
I burn bridges, not spoons (not spoons)
But I only burn the bridges, hitchin' life in locked rooms
Passive obstacle assessment:
Bound to blossom festive knock on wood
Salute the little lonely troglodyte that could
So they navigate the blame game with a bulls-
eye on a gold link wrapped around shrink-wrapped persona
Honor in a makeshift crooked thug version of sacred
Not to be mistaken with the purity with which my angel masons storm the base ment
Rope ladder descends from mothership, c-sectioned, monstrous
While a billion babies build forts out refrigerator boxes
Burrow, for the too far gone platoon craft billy clubs out fallen apple tree trunks
After apple seeds sunk well beneath them
My style sits softly in a synapse between fairytale and logic
Primarily Agnostic
Idle while the tidal title deem heat waves worthy of swallowing your journey
Wallowing across the nursery
I arrive tardy. I've offended every last pedestrian
Upon my way over to bless that bar seat
There's no excuse, I know, I'm sorry, but I'm here
[Slug:] Which is more than I can say for my love of these puppeteers
[Aesop Rock:] Well, they tug 'em all in perfect syncopation, make they momma s proud
Certified absurd prince of flattery
Product of a drunken, rhythm-driven faculty
Check a mortal mayhem discotheque, boogie with a bounced check and a cigaret te

I prick my finger on a thorn bush, picking you a lilac
You can water it with your envy and burn it with your livestock's
I guess you can come on my trip, why not?
Tie knots in our existence and marry-go-round your holy tripod
For every single flame the imploding sky drops
I cross the burned bridge of syringes [?] cyclops infinitely focused on movi ng this ice block
I could of land a nice job, but I plan to fight God
Understand I might stop at nothing, short of order distorted by torched porc elain images of man
My glands are quite dormant coordinated with porous
Won't forfeit my stance and transmission if I hit the right knob
Fright clot, numbs the thumb, run and stir the rice pot
The anger that hovered kept me in a tight lock
I'm parallel with every line Jesus Christ thought
Leaving heaven frozen, rolling a seven on this dice shot

Slow down, float showdown at the show
Minnesota to Manhattan until it gets broken loose
Holding you immobile to show you what we're going through
And ain't nothing changed and the rent's still overdue
Still hate the rappers that speak through the mean mugs
Ain't got no bite but you bark like a tree trunk
That shit doesn't flush
[Aesop Rock:] And every pipe is plugged
[Slug:] I know you're loving us (you ride the nuts like the dick was a bus)

Now hold tight, your whole energy doesn't flow right
It's enough to make me wonder if you prefer to just blowpipe
We're this close to giving you hoes a good choke
Clowns thinking they're profound man, they're not even a footnote
I walk around the world like a malnourished tourist
A refugee, caught between the referee and the purist
Circuits overloading, cyborgs about to explode
Release the little man inside my tired soul
Somebody must have let the lion out the cage
And got him high before he climbed up on the stage
Cause here I am again, glossy-eyed, topsy-turvy
And this is just another pitstop on the journey
Most of ya'll don't even inspire me to diss you
So caught up in the politics, forgot to kick the issues
Slug, call me Seven, ya'll know what I'm about
Now close your fucking mouth, before my balls fall out

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