

Water Tower

Aesop Rock

(Vita es morte es vita
Life is death is life)

Found nothing but the feathers and the skull
On the porch like a present with a bow
Dinner's in a black earth gutted and uncoupled from the patchwork
Buried by a seven year cherub in the backyard
Epitaph and all
Disciple o' the cycles and sciences of birth in a fertilized hyacinth
Life in the vitamins invited up to cypresses
A testament to moxie in the miracle of lifelessness
It's tricky when you'd rather rot into the soil as a nutrient
Than navigate this mortal coil in human skin, dig
The nuances of putrefying jelly
Hit the levee when those feathers are a cancer in your besty
And I pick a ginger gold that's fed by a drunken uncle
One from a customer pumping that sumner blood work
Remember them ascending settling any high scores
Forty meters up with the heart of a high dive horse

Paint "No Rules" on the water tower Impossible, impossible

(Hold the f**k up
Who is you talking to?
Cause ain't nobody talking to you
You can't do a motherf**king thing)

I told my ex in '97 I was falling on my weapon
Ripped the phone up out the wall
The 'Po would drag me from my bedroom
An embarrassing ordeal involving hospitals and questions
And the kinda doctors who use words like "cognitive" and "spectrum"
While explaining why you're selfish to romanticize a ruse
And watch unruly roots pull you to Lucifer by your shoes I mean, it isn't perfect but don't misconstrue the purpose
Any urge isn't discernible from community service to the kiddo
Plus she'd make a beautiful widow
But that's an altruistic ticket to a room with no windows
Hmm you'd think he would've learned back in the eighties
When they pulled him out of class over concerns about his safety
But he didn't, it wasn't cause he doesn't get the message
More he doesn't judge a man by how honorable his death is
On a scale you made up anyway
Half past out to pasture
Whether clapped or batteries in backwards

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(Check this shit out here
Don't be trying to come all for me
Cause you is not all of that with your f**ked up haircut)

I had a pet lizard, he never got an obit
Fed him crickets, it was dead a f**king month before I noticed
An older me would note that whether disposable goldfish
Or theist, we certainly become the Earth as equals in a circle
Unique until the spirit isn't willing

While the flesh is still a staple of the labor forcing whistling
It's roadkill evoking emotion his own totem don't
That's a reality you evade or grow to own
Social code broken, a hierarchy to gasp at
Black labs over wack dads on the admat
Tabby over parasite, bats at the parish
A civil war becoming of ungovernable atoms
I'm born from the guts of stars and black tar pits
Iron Maiden denim paint the devil under grawlix
Crawls out a clawed coffin to huff and puff
Somewhere in between the dust and dust

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