

# Organon

Milo

You can pop bottles with models in fancy bars  
I'll be reading Aristotle but moaning dancing with the stars  
When I close my eyes, I can visualise an echo  
Hip hip is a puppy mill that's sponsored by Petco store clerks  
The jerk's spamming twitter feeds with "Let's go."  
We should have a fireplace  
The type of space to meditate through the ugliest of dire straits  
For some reason my toenails grow too rapidly  
Reading Rumi and wishing that I knew myself actually  
Every morning I burn myself at the coffee machine  
Cause I'm pep talking a loser who's scared to follow his dreams  
I'm Jamie Foxx and this is Any Given Sunday  
With faulty d line [?] protecting my thoughts from their gunpla  
y  
If I'm not broken and faulty  
Then I guess I'm a Vulcan who's balding  
So I grow my afro hairs long and wonder where my pieces of flai  
r have gone

Crip wrote a song called The vent in my consciousness  
Expanded through a hole in my tent  
I feel like a troll in some sense  
Cause I'm monitoring this monitor like I'm patrolling a fence  
(Yeah)  
And rap is just my foot post  
The type of pen pal to make a very good host  
When you come over on a cross-country visit  
I'm all too eager to dismiss Newtonian physics  
Why don't I live in a musty tree fort?  
I'm the raging bull with a very weak snort  
I just wanna buy a big chunk of land  
And climb fig trees until I'm a great hunk of a man  
We have no interest in reading very long biographies  
That you people write in third person so obvious