

sanssouci palace (4 years later)

Milo

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yo
Dun-dun, dun-dun-dun, dun-dun, dun-dun, dun, dun
Dun, dun, yeah, yeah

Do-gooders are closest to evil, I note as I stroll the cathedral
Rogue taxidermist macrame timelines like curtains
Sanssouci palace, gold rope dooky chain malice
Kabuki callus, moody and stylish, using Cristal as a stylist
Thousand car pileup in Kabul, my Liu Kang cool, jukebox mule
Gunny sack ran a thread, I'm at they head loosing marbles
Anxiety in car fulls and car ride
All you see is potato chips on my bar tab archive
Blue like steel guitar hard slide
Blue like Wilhelm Reich, Bygone Organite
Hammond organ squeal, 360 deal, down to the Focusrite
I could never keep my focus right
Locus always shifting, Plutonian physics
Lonely like weekend only visits, hmm, hmm

Temptations the time I become a loathsome inventor
Memory wholly dementia, enemy trying to hold my to how they remember
Night tremor fugue in a hammer pant suit
Black organist, organon organic
Whole man how God intended, the American way
The paragon prays, this is what merits praise
And Fridays with F. Gary Grey, Sarah staring strays
As does good fortune, never green horses
Goodby remorses, I'm flying over you
Yeah

Ro' Lazarus, go maverick, the pull had 'em asking about magnets
They ain't seen me up early at the asscrack with it
They ain't seen, they ain't seen, they ain't seen
Must get sleep, must consummate with lover
All rappers seem to seek out what makes them suffer
Must get sleep, must consummate with lover
All rappers seem to seek out what, yo

In my palm, the weight of ammo was felt
Wave the stick like like I just sewed the canvas myself
Tobagen cut sharply, cut a rug nicely
Exit stage center with the buttercream icing
Stripped of my handicaps, fitted like pop meant
Bebop so ill, money clip engraved with the guild name
Left my copy of Leviathan at the gun range
Butter gin for the wunderkind who made a career of out loud wondering
Smellin' like satsuma, spit it like your math tutor
No time for the subtle cynic, befuddled critic with whimsy
Beard like Gimli, and if my light shine dimly it still shine
Iridescent moleskine, grown mousy
Cue ball, gender Mahal, cupid shuffle Gronkowski
Take my house keys, doubting Thomases get brow beat
Hoisting poetry, big bags of nostrum groceries
I am not what you suppose, but far different

Whoever you are holding me now in hand
Without one thing all will be useless

I give you fair warning before you attempt me further
I am not what you suppose, but far different
Therefore, release me now
Before troubling yourself further