

Rabies

Aesop Rock

Hey warm cider, barn full of spiders
Orange moon, starry night, particle excitors
In a pageant rivaled only by the origin of fire
Now add an organism from alternative environs
A dozen pair of cartoon eyes in a thicket
To see a neophyte get sliced into ribbons
Some here to pick lice off each other and assimilate
Duck a suit troubleshoot his moody user interface
Chewing suckerproof flew to fully disengage
Float his only vanishing point away from the picture plane
Go to where the radio trails off
And people catch rabies on the way to their mailbox
Under a sideways rain cornering the briar
Still pull a broadsword from a hoarded synthesizer
Nap in a hole in a tree
Cat leaving voles at my feet
Talking Master P, memory foam everything
Jettison the rest and roulette us a new trajectory
Spinal Tap eleven, tapping resin out the evergreen
Designated dark horse, headless independently
Sidewalks end with ponds and frog eggs
Buried bones in his very own blurry sasquatch vids
Led light fueled ants to a hot lens
Eight o clock kittens vs cobwebs; fight
Maps won't work hereIce over bittersweet nightshade
Antlers rise from his migraine
Shred or die; life's strange
How do you identify?
Knew it from a [?] or peckish with a Vespertine
Me? I'm pretty useless
Til the roof is painted Gemini to set him free
Eat his own body weight in genocide
Who came back a decorated dog of war
Who wants more though he currently stuck in the dog door
Additionally, "dog" isn't even his final form
Just a period between greenhorn and hyperion
Peer into the eye of a primordial experience
Portamento warriors and unforgiving wilderness
Borderline ethereal noah's ark roll tone
Add a little up high downlow too slow
Found acquaintances a pain to babysit
So he gave away his shit and gave 'em all the slip

Now pets hit the ceiling when the wind blows
Fish float belly up song birds crash in the windows
Swizzle apple cider vinegar and dish soap
Suicide flies take dips in the killzone
Still shuffle through a stack of old photos
Taken before the vericose verified chronos
I don't know it feels weird
I'd rather feed an apple to a deer
I might've heard something in the walls
Could've been voices
Could've been claws
Could've been the rebel yell
Or something more involved
Pounding on the front door and standing on the lawn like
"What up?" Ain't shit

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>