# Supercell

## Aesop Rock

Die already
None defied a one man walled city
Stone made flesh veins etched in his hands
Eighty-eight stance strengthened invasive plants
And rain dance on safely, brace for the supercell
Mutineer footage for your blooper reel who could tell
Pours hot tar from the top of the barn
Necktie on his head; condor on his arm
Dog star in a jar bordering unsustainable
Man called but may I call[?] but maybe I should pray a cult[?]
Systematic catholic or sigil of the baphomet unraveling
Either way his I.D. show a snake and skull
Always been a private dude who couldn't keep a tally
Of which lies he told who
Die his hair, shave, change names in his lazy drawl
Soon enough I will estrange you all
Like get ghost
On Dasher
Half dead carolers deck a hall, wreck a whole advent calendar
Brother on speakerphone lurkin' at the Burgerville
Bathrobe hammer toes murdering the curb appeal
What I be returning are forsaken with the craving and
Carnivourous vegetation that take him for his steakums
I don't know I gotta think about it
Truthfully I don't know which makes me a bigger coward
Either stomach all the hubris, cash in his two cents
Loose lips locked up over a chewed eucharist
Or, maybe reappropriate the energy
Hold up passin' the poultry to Hecate
Bull-headed burn out fled his own pedigree
And never better, never would've met your heaven anyway
Anyway, Mary Mary go make soup out of bones
Just know when the room go cold
I'm a ghost
G-H-O-S-T
Ghost ghost ghost
He's ghostFlea comb exorcism, and de-worming
Fitted for a curse and a cronenberg circling
Search party falling forward unthwarted
Meet him at the crossroads drawn and quartered
For a master of puppets, how sad are his cupboards
Non-dairy creamers, can of last supper

And a runneth over cup full of black tap water
Its a marvel of privacy over back honor
Raspberry jelly on his jesus toast
And turn heather gray sweats into Easter clothes
With no immediately measurable crime wave ice age
Christ's children still skin a cat sideways
I don't pick teams or administer bands
I'm in a creek with a pick in a panic go
Forcibly ejected or a voluntary death scene
Tell 'em what the out of order blinking EMF mean
Ghost
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/