Cycles to Gehenna

Aesop Rock

Baseheads locally approach all spark plugs
Total disregard for a dying man's shark jump
Post-meridiem pretty tungsten attracts any once—pale horse painted gunmetal black
Face masking, hard-shelled ebony propeller hat
Clubmans, gloved rakes grappling the clutch span
Tuck go the steel toe, metal gate spreading
For the dead-alive that rented parking space 37
2000 out the weekly under "Cycles to Gehenna" gets him floating over 20 busses
Fireproof and festive
Corners like a two-tired tiger so a too-tired rider can accumulate a few excited fibers to assign
Knows no zen in the art of maintenance
Only as the orchestrated patron saint of changing lanes baby
Here is how a great escape goes when you can't take your dead friends names out your phoneEyes and teeth, new moon on a scale that defies belief
Outside what our fundamental sciences teach,
every other mighty lion asleep
Gangway - mine eyes, mine teeth
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The man-ape translates glam thru the visor
Goes in water lillies
Am-scrays Giger, and man—ray
Crammed in a one-player campaign
Blinker like a hallowed bonfire over Samhain
Span where the praying hands mandate
Bars an extension of the arms
They're mutating instead of being farmed
Tonight beneath a marmalade venus
Haunted mowers chewing every glowing yard of mud between us
Going Ford, Jag, Datsun, Corvette, Lotus
All cones you can slalom when your focused
Via mechanical Dartmoor Frankensteined poorly
And sanctioned by a New Yank Yorkee
Who knew that any moment he could lose it to the decopaged suicide flooring
And still he keep his fuel tank portly, the 30 odd year old gears thank charlie
The scarfthank Mom's new hobby, kssssht! copy
Eyes and teeth, new moon on a scale that defies belief
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Gangway - mine eyes, mine teethIt was less an act of hubris

More a lonely hearts club at the helm ofa magic bullet
Away on a relentless bid for rarefied inertia
Rattletrap forks married to the patchy terra firma Ursa Minor getting warmer
I crowbar into the pecking order
The dreck between the whores and Betty Ford-ers
Hug a double yellow spine
Knobby rubber like a rat on a rope
Those little fuckers run on passion alone
This is the product ofa d.i.y. inadequate home
Grabbing a cabin in the-fuck-outta-dodge
Actin' a savage in the shadows of Rome
Amassed against insufferable odds
Fashioning gallows out of plastic and bone
I got the motordrome walls of death splintering under me
All-city galvanized bikes white knuckling
Bright light, tunnel kings tuck in the devil
PS - I wrote this on a self-destructing memo...
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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