

# 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.songarea.com/>