

# Saturn Missiles

## Aesop Rock

If you step on the lawn I keep the foot  
Peep, in the pot go 6 degrees of cooked geese  
Boiling, blitz the beach of mashed peas  
Over 10 meat hooks with a blister each  
I'm all pincher, fever-y hoodie on, hoodie off  
Sweat thru his E.T. sheets to the worry dolls  
Never met a quiet storm that didn't grow into a choir of colliding horns that go click click clack  
In territorial syntax  
Sitting on the porch with his lids pinned back  
Pinball wiz in a thimble of sims  
I'm a symbol of whimsy abridged  
Kiss me I'm dead, nursing a mystery Dayquil  
Led Zep staring daggers down page mill  
How pray tell do he sit pretty when the ol' 1 2 unglue in a tizzy  
Please hold for the don't play dull boy  
Click, I am not a page or a pull toy  
Came in the door and the floor is lava  
Killjoy if your core more Norman Rockwell  
Born home sick for an invisible address  
Bat shit, bumble and bat around catnip  
One black heart Katamari massive  
Packed in a fat category 5 rat nest  
Nose on his sleeve, holes in his inner peace  
Robot phone like a tentacle of flippancy  
Hate you, hate you more, no I hate you infinity  
And Pangaea break into smithereens  
Interlude prest-o change-o  
If it move to quick oh whey oh  
Right brain go white train Ramo  
Mustache any old Money, "no!"  
Merrily merrily merrily merrily  
In a cobweb tomb on a hotbed of heresy  
Frog men schooled by the god Ed Emberly  
Pull dog sleds and exhume Dead Kennedys  
Bet, moth into kerosene awful  
A caution to straw men lost on vaudeville  
A-morally mixing business with 144 dixie whistlers  
Lawn chair, strong man twisted whiskers  
NASCAR Bic in his missing fingers  
Outcast from a system of kiss-the-ring-ers  
Are you privy to the misadventures  
It's electric, meeting in the middle of the street

With a lethally modified piccolo pete  
There is admittedly an incredible mystique  
To meddling in the reason a city won't sleep  
48 strings of 12  
That ring ring ring, whiz bang, jingle bells  
And melt bootleg G.I. Joes to black taffy, classic  
Fire in the hole backdrafting  
Fold wild life out of the wolf pack wrapping  
Full moon, bad knee, wool hat, caffeine  
TNT plunger in all caps ACME  
Blast off half the whole damn mapscreen  
No sling no spear  
I'm a patchwork of 86'd springs and gears  
Who been stung by an un-linked pinky swear  
During his what-in-the-fuck-was-I-thinking years  
Maybe an awkward phase  
Like his acne and sophomore fade  
Played, calling all out-of-work action figures  
It was death by saturn missiles.

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