

1. Most Hated Man

VERSE I

Listen up, listen up, I could limit you,
keep it up and pretend I could live with you,
like I'd ever let you enter any finitude.
What's the fucking plan when an interview is criminal?
Most hated man, most hated man, most hated man.
How the fuck I'm finna get a rhythm with the man who
got his britches full of litter and a spinner for the dope man?
Most latent man, most latent man, most latent man.
I could teach you wring that water,
but you're never gonna feel
what you think you can, no.
If it's there at all, then it's infinite,
and it's coming through like you're wishing it,
I feel blood in your wrist like I'm pinching it, no fixing it, nah.

◀◀◀ I listen to the things you say
and the way you breathe
on the other side.
Swear I can tell
that I fucked up,
I'm missing you, but
I'm tied with pride.
Vicissitudes
are all I do,
you miss the way
that I tell you why.
And I can tell
you justify
the time you spent with me in the storm on the courts outside.

VERSE II

Palmettos and gessos and spirits,
cleaning my brushes on mirrors,
feeling my blood getting cleaner,
wishing you'd see what I'm nearing.
Quicken the shit that you speaking--
omit needless words, I'm geeking:
I'm sentimental, selfish, held this shit like a pocket mirror.
Most hated man, most hated man, most hated man.
Speaking on the phone with her, she talkin' bout, go west young man.
Most latent man, most latent man, most latent man,
I'm a sentimental minute from sayin', fuck it, I'm goin west like, yes I can.
Most chastened man, most chastened man, most chastened man.
I could teach you to chase my shadow,
but you never gonna catch what I never been, no.
If it's there at all then I'm into it,
save space in your head for the intimate,
and pretend we good for a little bit, for a little bit.

◀◀◀

Do you really really want your way
to be covered with a hundred shames?
If you do then I will always be your most hated man.
You remember when I left my case
in your mail when we ain't talked for days?
If you do then I can almost feel a less-hated man.



2. ~~Liquor Chicken Horse~~

(Joel goes "la la la")

3. ~~Make the Rules~~

Looks like you're falling apart.
Even Picasso couldn't show us
you, all these little squares.
Make the rules then you break 'em.
Make the rules then you break 'em away.

How we doin' now?
Take a minute to illuminate the fool in us:
I thought a minimal hiatus would have been enough.
Feelin like I'm looking simply at the cinema.
I'm at the end of a montage:
makin order while I'm mixing up a loss.
Gotta finish if I'm with it or I'm not.
I got to respect you,
and I got to halfway trust you,
there are some things I must do,
like musty wisdom decrees it,
like take a ventricle outta my chest and fuckin' freeze it.
(And thaw that shit when you're around, now.)
Lookin' like you did on screen,
you got those visible seams.
Immune to ostentation, takin layers like a theme,
not like suggestions, hope you get soothing dreams.
Don't wanna promise and drop it; that shit's a brutal thing.
But you keep choosing me:
with every global rotation you holdin' to the scheme.

CATHERINE THROUGH CATHARINE:

Feels like I'm falling apart.
Steel facade is cracking up,
you're breaking in.
Flood every vein in my heart,
and you tell me this is love, a holy sin.
Silence, distance shields from shame,
still you refuse to play my game.

(2x):
And I've heard every word,
And I know every line.
Nothing I haven't heard:
Is it true this time?

4. ~~Sitting~~ Stiller

I got many memories, I know it's true.
I live through my enemies, I always do.
Mixing static images to warp the view.
Trembling semblance of an idea without the truth.

When he got trim on the face, an
adolescent think he can take it,
Or wake and bake and make and
later think he spake unadulterated,
Like, "I'm just faded and underrated , I never regurgitate it."
If you hate it, negate it,
Tickle off the dust like E(zra) P(ound) did,
And make it new:
And shake the shelf you inherited,
Though you know you ain't merit it,
Take what falls on your lap.
I've gotta submerge any neurons filled with memory's sap.

<<<CATHARINE

I got many memories, I know it's true.
I live through your enemies, I always do.
I miss you sitting stiller when I sell a view.
I try to rationalize the shit that won't come true.
Oh, oh, some mystic solution,
Oh, say, logistics rule.

I know I taste the venom writ into in the mid of it,
I know I'm middling when shit comes to forgiveness,
I know it flouts all sense I resent you a little bit,
I know how innocence engenders fear and trembling, but
Will you leave me the sting I choose?
And your face is a press from Muse.
Oh, oh, some mystic solution,
Oh, say logistics rule

5. ~~ETC~~

Name one thing that I got on you,
You aint got on me.
It's not a score for sure, but you close to knowin'
That that's what I keep.
When smokin' loud, I see the shroud,
and I let that shit sweep
Down around what I'm sleepin on,
what I keep around like it's clean.
You tryin' callin' me when I'm three hours retired.
I let you know some things, but I still feel disquiet.
You got a job when the kindlings always fired,
You tamper with the smoke detector, now I'm glad you lying.
Etcetera, what's relevant is better love,
what I jettison is reticence, etcetera, etcetera.

◀◀◀ We greedy with the medicine,
And the future just as menacing,
So I understand your decadence, etcetera, etcetera.
If making love is meddling,
My sediment unsettling,
Then metaphor's my element, etcetera, etcetera.
You suffer through my regimen,
My regiments is jealous, and
you fuckin with me celibate, etcetera, etcetera.

(WB YEATS BREAKDOWN)

MUSKRAT:

\+ \ They burn everything I am,
And what little I have,
Oh, they burn everything I am,
Oh, etcetera, etcetera.

◀◀◀

\+ \

Assimilate what I can't relate,
what I can't escape, I span the grate,
try to celebrate what elevates,
trying to grab up on its leg while it escalates.
You tryin' callin me when I'm six hours retired,
you know me better, you said it, I tried to kill it, I fed it,
my mind as wretched as reddit,
at the bottom of comments, you want a star or a comet,
well, I'm neither, I'm sonically afraid to spill like a faucet.
You say I'm twisted, I lost it,
but that the way that we blossom, and I am
Coppin' from prophets to say,
you gotta take losses, and you need that kenosis,
cuz that's the way that we toss it,
so feel the breeze on your noses,
invent a new name for roses,
and let the leaves of mimosas close on you:
that's a world you gotta let go to respect, though, so I get your
affection and I accept it, but close those doors before I am,
taking nasty exceptions in the crassest directions, so good night, now,
night now, night, yeah, etcetera, what's relevant is better love,
etcetera, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera.

6. Subsubsubculture

VERSE I

Can I get the timeline one time,
Back in time with the rhyme,
Mike Crichton on the line,
Like I'm dilating the iratest of my latest
Violation of the guide through which y'all made it.
Emotivism is a lie but ya might hate it,
I know you try, so I buy that you might claim it.
Build a prison with the "I," double "I made it,"
Wonder why, with the sky, finna fly away with
Any semblance of why you was trying to make it.
I know you crying but your crime ain't accommodating.
Call me criminally down with the parlance,
Bitch, I'll be down in the boglands where me and Grendel is talkin, like
Catch a fly with the eye, Whitman cries,
cripple "my", scupper "I", crumple "shy," but you can't save it.
Old school, cook it down, with a frown, hate it,
Collard greens, chicken stock, with the broth in it
That's the only way to fly when you're rhyme-makin'
I'm talkin' middle finger to the ego, no fakin'.

CHORUS (COFFEY):

<#> Charlotte Corday that shit
And brandish revolution
Kill your heroes and leave them there to soak.
It's never true enough or good enough to please you,
Spoon feed you what you want and gladly watch you choke.
Destroyed by madness, hysterical and naked,
It's a party, it's our pleasure, it's our prize.
In my zeppelin, I'm taking off for conquests.
Climb aboard, we'll civilize the sky.

VERSE II

How the fuck you know my livin' is large?
Bitch, I hurry like a barge when I'm skipping the charge,
and I got any number independent women telling me
how independence got 'em feeling chained in the yard,
all starched like a sarge, or a uniformed guard,
if you wanna taste pain, wear a corset or a star.
And I got any number independent women telling me
how entertaining it is when you begin to jaw,
so, liberate it if you wanna feel good,
but explaining what the flame is straight embargoes the goods.
So, shut it down if you aim for wood
Start to wiggle like you should until you think you understood.
I'm talkin wings to fling out your thing for the better:
celebration's premature if you caught got up in the fetters,
and letter-begetters get up in dada garments and sweaters, you get it?
don't need no saccharine Icarus getting fixed up and bickering
'til that mixture is trickling in the ocean, 'til he trippin and fed her.
Don't interpret Armageddonous letters;
Alighieri on the steep: I'm in the steps of my betters, get treadin'.

<#>

7. ~~Needles or Leaves~~

Round and round and round,
and I got found like a Vesuvius skeleton
at the bottom of hell, and you could bury my ashes,
flashin' baskets of ashes;
matches the patches of lashes,
as if (azure the pastures of heaven)
Actually bashing my head in,
actually fast as a pyroclastic flow and nowhere
near as deadly as your fellow men. It's relevant,
Hell, if it's any better forget it,
get a handkerchief, wet it,
I remember you said it:
explain the way aims lead to dead ends,
you can frame the way you think,
the way you wink at dead men.
You can think about the lava slippin on down to town.
You can think about the muthafuckas shaking the ground.
You can think about them watchin' from the opposite town,
You can think about the barkin' dogs afraid to drown.
When they hit it, forbid it, but shit, it glittered in the middle.
Admit it, you miss it, I miss it, and cities relive it,
and set it down.
Ignore the simmering ground, and let it down, down,
feel the deities frown, and look around, round,
savor seminal sounds,
while you listen, get the image like the final allowed,
And when it ends, we ain't got shit left to mend,
We ain't got nothin that's static,
but we can always pretend, so let's pretend.

We had letters and and a picnic and a plan and everything,
And I let you drive cause you look free behind the wheel.
To put it simply, I ain't got shit to do but dream.
Now I'm lookin down to remember the trees, like,
What caught the light--was it needles or leaves?
What caught me first with them subtle degrees
In the leaves? If you keep me bereaved, I got
Seminal moments to uncover what you mean.
Wish I could tell you that I love it when you speak.
Come and help me find a presence in your absence,
Call me up, hear me splashin in some absinthe,
Wish I could speak about you like bitchin' passage.
It's been a minute since I balanced on my axis.

I celebrate you like I know what's going on, and
I got no business tellin' you, help me with my song.
Crackin' it up cuz I got enemies in my lawn, but
Pay attention it goes on and on and on.
Lift it up to the sky if you got one.
Sunlight when it's warm mean I lost one.
Talk some, won't you talk some?
Won't you talk to me like it's 2010 and 1
AM? We could stay up for the hell of it
When it's 10 we got some urgency, so make it quick,
So make it stick and limit it; your facade is so paper-thin,
I perceive that you got personality not fake as shit.
So why your eyes the vacantest?
And when it's 10 you may not say you quit,
but can't you wish for supersim?
We play until the whistle,
this'll be here when the morning hits,
But say now wait a minute.
Explain the way aims lead to dead ends,

You can frame the way you think,
the way you wink at dead men,
and we got visible limits but we can always pretend.

(\)I remember the way that you got away from everything, and you
Looked so sorry for the deer beneath the trees, and you
Made me coffee with it steaming through the leaves, and you
Left the tent undone so I could fake my sleep, and you
Walk around so light, don't sound like anything, and you
Left the tent undone so I could watch you leave
Through the leaves, if you keep me bereaved, I got
Seminal moments to uncover what you mean.
Wish I could tell you that I love it when you speak.
Come and help me find a presence in your absence,
Call me up, hear me splashin' in some absinthe.
Wish I could speak about you like bitchin' passage.
It's been a minute since I balanced on my axis.
You should have this, lookin' at it, think it's tragic?
But haven't you grasped it?
We could suffer, yeah, but we could pull a hat trick.

COFFEY:

[:]Dont walk away, don't walk away
Give me a week, a day, an hour, just a night,
I'll catch up, I'll catch up

(\)

[:]

8. Kairos

I thought you made it easy when you split the country.
I trusted friends and got permissions from the others.
I crowd my mind and took commissions from my brother,
And in the spring I lost my appetite for wonder.
Wonder what the hell you caught from me,
Wonder what the fuck a month sans talking means.
Wonder what you could have lost with me,
With the filamental evidence across a week.
Made me believe a simple symbol could 180 shit,
Made me agree that cohesion transcend a mental fit,
Like, put a wall around us, cynical mental mode never surround us,
Clinical mental mode never around us, this bound us.

(Make it new, make it new, make it new, now)

◀◀◀ I lost you,
Shifting every grain of self I could get for protection.
I should sooner have recanted;
Whatever happens, narrative don't come before affection.

I thought you made it easy when you split the country.
I trusted friends and took my mind away from Cali.
I limped on snow enough to know how not to balance,
And in the moment I was thinkin' of your powers.
Wonder what you could have caught from me,
Wonder what the fuck a month sans talkin means.
Wonder what I coulda lost and seized,
With the brick and snow silhouette across the street,
Made me believe a simple symbol could 180 shit,
Made me agree that cohesion transcend a mental fit,
Like put a wall around us, cynical mental mode never surround us,
Clinical mental mode never around us, this bound us.

(Make it new, make it new, make it new, now)

◀◀◀

I thought you made it easy when you split the country.
I trusted friends and got permissions from the others.
I crowd my mind and took commissions from my brother,
And in the spring I lost my appetite for wonder.
Wonder what the hell you caught from me,
Wonder what the fuck a month sans talking means.
Wonder if it took a load off, oh God,
I know I'm nothing more than so flawed.

Tell me any fuckin' thing that make you wanna send a rhythm:
intermittent meddler, I met him at a gallery show, let me know
"Deadly flow is the most we can show." If we want to go anywhere,
We can go anywhere there's a residual animal stickin' inside the ribcages
Of woes we know, so close the door, and hose the phone,
I'm way past admitting (at minimum) liminal spaces exist,
and I'm into the thought that among 'em is hung avenues where we'll never go.

9. Peripatetic

I ain't got time to go anywhere but you got anyone else you could go with.
I ain't got anyone telling me how we could do this and how we should go.
I ain't got anyone, but you got everyone telling you how to stay low.
I wish for anyone uttering words of condolence and you gotta know, so:
Peripatetic, don't want you to get it, I'm uttering words on the solo.
I wish for verisimilitude but I'm not sure I can judge what that is, though.
Listen to me talk my shit, and let me feel you tolerate it.
I have never met someone that made me feel so tolerated.
I can feel the way you watch me, so I'm feeling enervated.
Listen to the speeches that continues unabated,
Draw another gift and then you tell me that you made it,
Similar attention is a gift; I never saved it,
Then I could the day we met no longer say I'm graceless.
Listen to me talk my shit, and let me feel you tolerate it.
I have never met someone that made me feel so tolerated.
I can feel the way you watch me so I'm feeling enervated.

I love you more than I could tell you and complete it.
Consider images of utterance depleted.
You mustn't judge me over how I never speak it.
I listen every time you tell me, stale is equal.
My roots are leaving me so fallow and so treeless.

Listen to me talk my shit, and let me feel you tolerate it.
I have never met someone that made me feel so tolerated.

I love you more than I could tell you and complete it.
Consider images of utterance depleted.
You mustn't judge me over how I never speak it.
I listen every time you tell me, stale is equal.
My roots are leaving me so fallow and so treeless.

What are you planning to do with me,
What are you meaning to do?

10. Donnybrook

Take a second while the light growing,
soften all the time slowing,
but you got a class going, Devin got a glass flowin.
Simulate the center, Commune with the bitter winter,
Coming at you when you got a civil picture of the intervening
Moons, and soon you get strewn, with Mnemosyne runes,
Like sofa teaspoons, like
Stay awake when the crowd got dope,
Stay awake when you done with the hope,
Get learned and you finished being woke,
Listen in like a transcon roach,
Touch tide when the moon get close,
Lick pens when the clock gets low,
But you never gonna stick it in the post.
And now I know we got problems, and no way we can alter,
Twist that shit at the altar.
I get finished with the lip sometimes,
I get an image of your list sometimes.
And I'm ignorant of this sometimes.
Please admit it when you want my ruth-lines.
Please admit it when you,
Please forgive it when I kick your rail-ties.
Please, I'm livid with a ligature lifeline.
I know you kick it with a similar clothesline.

{“}

I believe in you,
But you're nothing to help,
And I believe in you,
More than i could in my self.
And you're not a thing in my life but you're everything else,
Yeah, you're everything else to me.
And you're not alone in your house,
you've got everyone else, you've got everyone else to see.

We listen viciously and fissures form without a word.
You miss the pith, why can't you list against the shit you heard?
I get finished with the lip sometimes.
I get an image of your list sometimes.
And I'm ignorant of this sometimes.
Please admit it when you want my ruth-lines.
Please admit it when you,
Please forgive it when I kick your rail-ties.
Please, I'm livid with a ligature lifeline.
I know you kick it with a similar clothesline.
I know you listen to a different signature,
all of my ministers get inside, minimal,
cinophile miniatures, spit a lie, sinister,
brother mine, lickin dirt, trippin' up on the lip of hurt.
To finish her, administer: I know you get a little hurt,
I wish I could alert you to the way you emerge.
And I prefer your weight, 'cause I breathe that way,
and you lead my train, through a different way,
like I need your sway, and
you're not a thing in my life,
but you're everything else, yeah, you're everything else I claim.

{“}



I wish for a month in your life
But you're down by the waves,
and you're drinking the green salt sea.

Please permit me to say it to your face,
please permit me to make myself plain.
And you're not a thing in my life but you're everything else,
You're everything else to me.
And you're not alone in your house, you've got everyone else to see.
I wish for a month in your life,
But you're down by the waves,
and you're drinking the green salt sea.

