

Blood Sandwich

Aesop Rock

Yup
Steps up to the plate
Little brother, Little League
'87 he was 8
Rookie season for the skinny slugger
Newly out of tee-ball
Pit against a pitcher with a ripper you could eat off
Church, and a grip of loons run to 3rd first
Granny yelling "Go Cubs!", nose in her word search
See MILFs like apes on a monolithic bleacher, and are advocating war and peace in lieu of
sport and leisure
"Hi Peggy"
I was 10, chewing on a sweet tart
Little brother, left-field, Queen's guard
Mean arm, knees bent
Two out, two on bags
When I caught him staring down at something moving through the grass
Hold up
Tagged runner, and the whole cast rotate
Not before he could identify the culprit
Granny yelling, "Go Cubs!"
Graham yelling, "Gopher!"
New left-fielder give a fuck about a homer
Got a homie, little rodent, head and shoulders out his hovel
No baseball in the bubble
Ruh-roh
Parents thought it adorable
The players followed suit
Inning crawling to a close
Head coach not amused
Coach seeing red
Coach on the diamond dragging 27 inches of aluminum behind him
When he transverse third, the families turn nervous
The following is a transcript of man vs vermin
Here we go
Man stands out by a hole
Pest pops up to patrol
Man plays live whack-a-mole
In a scene that would try every child as adults
Woah
Pallbearer with a ball mitt
Thrown over the fence

Coach hit the bench
Both teams lose
"Good game. Good game"
Granny yelling "Go Cubs!", Cubs ain't playing
My little brother is a funny dude
A lot of funny shit happened to him
My other brother pretty funny too
Ain't seen him in a minute though
Just in case of rough waters, I wanna put one up for my brothers
Just in case of rough waters, I wanna put one up for my brothers
Yup
Not a part of the machine
Big brother, big idea, 9-0, 16
Neubaten tee, plaid flannel laden adolescent art kid
Tony Hawk hair, Skinny Puppy denim
And a record player vomiting Alien Sex Fiend
Peel sessions in a Christian home for field testing
It's real youth in the palm of your hand
When your mom thinks Satan is involved in a band
We were buried in the Village Voice
Checking who was playing where
Pulled his head up out the paper, pushing out a single tear
Five words, like a beacon of light in the mist
"Ministry live at the Ritz"
It was Christ has risen to Chris
Three loaves, two fish
Miracle of mechanized loops on 2-inch
Coming to a theater he would be there in the flesh
Moms didn't say "No," but she didn't say "Yes"
Copped tickets, ha the plot thickens
Countdown to ultimate concert experience
Moms still worrying
"Why are they called Ministry? Are they a cult?"
Maybe she could properly investigate
Bought a mag with an Al Jourgensen interview
Read a couple sentences, glanced at a pic or two or three
That's all, no fair trial
Simply, "You will not be going to the show and that's final!"
What occurred next were the top of the lungs of a son who unjustly had lost what he loved
In a moment that would transcend anger to high art
Said, "This is something I am willing to die for!"
Can you even imagine a death in the fam from industrial fandom?
Anyway, no body count no concert and Chris kicked rocks in his mismatched Converse
My older brother is a funny dude
A lot of funny shit happened to him
We hadn't spoken in a couple moons
I called him last night
"How you doing?"
Just in case of rough waters, I wanna put one up for my brothers
Just in case of rough waters, I wanna put one up for my brothers

Just in case of rough waters, I wanna put one up for my brothers

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