

Mars Volta "Aberinkula"

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Have you seen the living
Tired of their own shells
All the non-believers
Torso in the well

Am I the one you're after
The novice made to find
Stray abhorations stalking
Plans that forgot me ninety-nine times

The only thing to alter
Stands in the way of you
I want your cramps
To fit the fillings of my teeth

Have you seen the living
Tired of their own shells
All the non-believers
Torso in the well

And don't you try and ask me
Your expiration date
Plans that forgot me ninety-nine times
You'll be the one who opens the gate

Carry water in a basket
Where the hole was dug the first time
The head that carries the body
A blood that flows through veins

Have you seen the living
Tired of their own shells
All the non-believers
Torso in the well

When it calls I'll answer
Do you need to repent?
Plans that forgot me ninety-nine times
I'll stick around for ninety-nine times

The fault lines you prepare have darkened
Blank rings instead of sight

Goliath, are you receiving?
Dismembered you've arrived

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