

Mars Volta "Aegis"

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The days are catching up to me
my unconscious fear unbound
is it time to tailor fit the notion that come sunday I'm in
the ground?
The obelisk fumes have occupied
emphatically austere
a smelter pile made by the debt collector
where the children should be seen not heard
even if there is no way back home
I'm not running away
I'm not running away
Can you hear him saber-rattling?
With bones I've left behind
Obloquy is the bulwark of his implants
Am i your son or just a clone?
Dasehra you were sworn to be a window to my night
my subterfuge, just branches to the mandrake
WHere the children should be seen no heard
Even if there is no way back hoe
I'm not running away
I'm not running away
Under the Aegis of cognition I am dead, I will escape
Engrammic Marks of Llature, I am dead, I will escape
Under the Aegis of COgnition I am dead, I will escape
Engrammic Marks of Llature, Am i dead, will I escape?
I'm not running away
I'm not running Away

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