

Mars Volta

"Cassandra Geminni - A. Tarantism"

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I think i've become like one of the others
I think i've become like one of the others
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There was a frail syrup dripping off his lap danced
lapel
Punctuated by her decrepit prowl she washed down the
hatching gizzard
Soft as a mane of needles
His orifice icicles hemmoraged by combing her torso to
a pile
Perspired
The trophy shelves made room for his collapse
She was a mink handjob in sarcophagus heels

Bring me to my knees
Read the sharpened lines
All my arms
Bled me blind
Faucet leaks in the shadows
Spilling from morgue lancet caressed your fontanel

I've sworn to kill
Every last one
Every last one
Panic in the shakes of the wounded
Panic in the worms
Onto the floor and out of your mouth and out of your
eyelids
No there's no light
In the darkest of your furthest reaches
No there's no light
In the darkest of your furthest reaches

All your dreams splintered off
Leech by leech on this catafalque
Anyone will tell you
Yes anyone
Chance had me setting a trip wire alarm
Your mother flirted with disease
When she skinned that costume by it's navel strings

Panic in the shakes of the wounded
Panic in the worms
Onto the floor and out of your mouth and out of your
eyelids
No there's no light
In the darkest of your furthest reaches
No there's no light
In the darkest of your furthest reaches
No there's no light
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Shock lest shackles free you
Volt face cons
Abandon you again
I won't feel
Not this time

Shock lest shackles free you
Volt face cons
Abandon you again
I won't feel
Not this time

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