

# Mars Volta

## "Cassandra Gemini: Plant A Nail In The Navel Stream"

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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 hemorrhaged  
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 shadows  
Spilling from morgue lancet  
Caressed your fontanelle

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  
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

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Panic in the worms  
Onto the floor  
And out of your mouth  
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