

Mars Volta "Dyslexicon"

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Nature red in tooth and claw
I haven't seemed to keep my powder dry
I always seem to hear it in your laughter

The second that I fell in love
with the handle of your revolver
I always seem to hear it in your laughter

I begged to you a second chance
with dried white roads to Bethlehem
I always seem to hear it in your laughter

Am I the valency that you deny?

In the time of the sixth sun
we are cattle to the prod
and I burn this dictionary
because its my dyslexicon

When I collapse and bury all the things unconsciously I
hear
cackling in chloroform this spectre will ensnare
I always seem to hear it in your laughter

A braided strand of children's manes
acquired with impunity
I always seem to hear it in your laughter

The things you say to me
are deaf in tongue
I always seem to hear it in your laughter

Am I the valency that you deny?

In the time of the sixth sun
we are cattle to the prod
and I burn this dictionary
because its my dyslexicon

You've never tasted heaven
stood the mother filled with grief
in the wake of Monday morning

finds the seventh day

If fate is your endearment
through pistil and through stem
in the wake of Monday morning
finds the seventh day

And on the seventh day
you will come to find
my prism is not colorblind
in death's mosaic spirit
finds the seventh day

That's why I repent
that's why I go under
that's why I repent for the night

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we are cattle to the prod
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