

Mars Volta

"Empty Vessels Make the Loudest Sound"

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If I trust in the wind she will pave me a different road
I will try and start over but I think I must choose
someone else
I improved from the pages where the letters lack the
pigment of trust
Must be on my way I gotta get home
Won't be back some day so let it unfold
I've abandoned the outcome in search of the rest I
desert
You can do what you will with my body but I won't ring
the bell
I've omitted the chapters that bow and admit defeat
Must be on my way I gotta get home
Won't be back some day so let it unfold
High in a mountain of calvanist people
Searching for a lighthouse in the fog
High in a mountain of calvanist people
Searching for a lighthouse in the fog
Of the flowers that grew from the cracks in the ground
you pulled
Didn't you think he would warn me through the thorns
of my waken dreams
On the riddles connecting the dots of this consolation
Must be on my way I gotta get home
Won't be back some day so let it unfold
High in a mountain of calvanist people
Searching for a lighthouse in the fog
High in a mountain of calvanist people
Searching for a lighthouse in the fog
I found the reason to leave you with this love
All I can do is forgive your broken heart
Trapped in this town of amber for too long
All I can do is forgive your broken heart
High in a mountain of calvanist people
Searching for a lighthouse in the fog
High in a mountain of calvanist people
Searching for a lighthouse in the fog

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