

Mars Volta "Inertiatic Esp"

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Clipside at the pinkeyed flight
Im not the percent you think survives
I need sanctuary in the pages of this book
Gestating with all the other rats
Nurse said that my skin will need a graft
I am of potmocked shape, the vermin you need to
loathe
Now I'm lost

Last night I heard lepers
Flinch like birth defects
It's musk was fecal in origin
As the words dribbled off of it's chin

It said I'm lost
I'm lost
Now I'm lost

Dolls wreck the minced meat of pupils
Cast in oblong arms length
The hooks had been picking their scabs
Where wolves hide in the company of men

It said
I'm lost
I'm lost
Now I'm lost

Are you peeking in the red?
Perforated at the neck
What of this mongrel architect
A broken arm of soon will set
Past present and future tense
Clipside of the pinkeye fountain

Now I'm lost

It's been said
Long time ago
You'll be the first and last to know
You'll never know

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