

Mars Volta "Lapochka"

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How long must I wait
How long must I wait
Til the mountains of avarice turn blue?

How long must I wait
How long must I wait
Til the moleskin I pick becomes fused?

The avulsion whims its spurs in the pinches of my earth
The dust I kick of animus shatters

Recorded on my reels of tape, the trauma stops my
flow
and in your suppression tastes sulfur

Hear the children say
(Inexpressible innocence)

How long must I wait
How long must I wait
Til the mountains of avarice turn blue?

How long must I wait
How long must I wait
Til the moleskin I pick becomes fused?

As suddenly your avalanche
reverses my polarity

And secretly come Sunday morning
standing at the pulpit to an empty room

Hear the children say
(Inexpressible innocence)

Tear of mended sails

How long must I wait
How long must I wait
Til the mountains of avarice turn blue

How long must I wait

How long must I wait
Til the moleskin I pick becomes fused?

The drowning water you drink, passed on by birth
I'm no longer willing to give you control

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