

Mars Volta

"Meccamputechure"

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Amputechure came
Philistine praise
Bottomless pit of empty names
Incarcerated habits
Tore from the palms
Severing the breast
Nursing all the young

They needed those locks
Of dirty red hair
A necklace of follicles with sabertooth monocles
They want a bouquet of black rose gems
Castrating kisses
Stalactite stems

They went and built a capsule in the cyanide pond
Where the holiest of water would have you to drown

Tomorrow we forget
Because now has never left
You gotta find my body
In the Mechacontext

You give me a corpse
You live in it now
You stir from a camp
Nourishment plows

You give me a corpse
You live in it now
You stir from a camp
Nourishment plows

Please dismantle all these phantom limbs
It's the evidence of humans as ornaments
Humans as ornaments
Humans as ornaments
Humans as ornaments

Everyone stabs all the time
Persuasion deflowers your sympathy
Everybody has chosen to help

The shovels that bury me

This dirt is turning Christ
To make repent again
So I've heard
They're cutting
All the youngest ones
Said the dirt is turning Christ
To make repent his lust
So I've heard
That the puppet
Tugs it's pull

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Nova meat
The prude slit whisper of bovine heaps
Strapped to unearthen of mantis flowers
Prunefingers who tug in a zealot's shroud

I scald supreme truth as it touches this house
I scald supreme truth

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It lacks a human pulse
It lacks a human pulse
It lacks a human pulse

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