

Mars Volta

"Miranda That Ghost Just Isn't Holy Anymore: Pisacis"

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- a. VADE MECUM
- b. POUR ANOTHER ICEPICK
- c. PISACIS (PHRA-MEN-MA)
- d. CON SAFO

I've always wanted
To eat glass with you again
But I never knew how
How to talk without
Walls dropping on the eve
The nest they made couldn't break you
Along the fallen
Scowled a fence of beaks
But the temple is scathing
Through your veins
They were scaling
Through an ice pick of abcess rekoning
And when Miranda sang
Everyone turned away
Used to the noose they obey
And whoever said that they would scatter
Separating the mother from child
She can bat a broken eyelid

Raining maggots from it's sty
And with the traces that she leaves
She will skin you out alive
All the children go grinding their jaws
The sweet smell of their toothless canals
And the damn she will break, make an ocean from this
lake
As they siphon off all of our blood
And when Miranda sang
Everyone turned away
Used to the noose the obey

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