

## Mars Volta

# "Miranda That Ghost Just Isn't Holy Anymore: Pisacis (Phra-Men-Ma)"

Visit "[Miranda That Ghost Just Isn't Holy Anymore: Pisacis \(Phra-Men-Ma\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

- 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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