

Mars Volta

"Miranda That Ghost Just Isn't Holy Anymore: Pour Another Icepick"

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I think I've become like one of the others
I think I've become like one of the others
I think I've become like one of the others

There was a frail syrup dripping off
His lap danced lapel, punctuated by her
Decrepit prowl she washed down the hatching
Gizzard soft as a mane of needles
His orifice icicles hemorrhaged
By combing her torso to a pile
Perspired the trophy shelves made room for his
collapse
She was a mink hand job in sarcophagus heels

Bring me to my knees
Read the sharpened lines
All my arms,
Bled me blind
Faucet leaks in shadows
Spilling from morgue lancet
Caressed your fontanelle
I've sworn to kill every last one
Every last one
Panic in the shakes of the wounded
Panic in the worms
Onto the floor
And out of your mouth
Out of your eyelids

No there's no light, in the darkest
Of your furthest reaches
No there's no light, in the darkest
Of your furthest reaches
All your dreams, splintered off
Leech by leech on this catafalque
Anyone will tell you, yes anyone
Chance had me setting a trip wire alarm
Your mother flirted with disease
When she skinned that costume by it's navel strings
Panic in the shakes of the wounded
Panic in the worms, onto the floor

And out of your mouth
And out of your eyelids

No there's no light, in the darkest
Of your furthest reaches
No there's no light, in the darkest
Of your furthest reaches
No there's no light, in the darkest
Of your furthest reaches

Shock lest shackles free you
Volt face cons
abandon you again
I won't feel not this time

Shock lest shackles free you
Volt face cons
abandon you again
I won't feel not this time

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