

Mars Volta

"Noctourniquet"

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Make my bed in drought of barrel,
I haven't shot this thing in years,
Do you think I'll fold?

Calloused hands of detriment,
From a crossbow flinch of gasping air,
Do you think I'll...

Solomon, don't fall apart,
Their words have made a perfect burden,

Solomon your hollow heart,
A nomadic void of halcyon youth,

Remember at the hips where we once joined,
Severed by the scalpel when we were young,
Do you think I'll fold?

Held under the water in a breathless troth,
Buried in the plots of your front steps,
Do you think I'll fold?

Incinerate the faith that you were taught,
Incinerate your crone of useless flesh,
Do you think I'll...

Solomon, don't fall apart,
Their words have made a perfect burden,

Solomon your hollow heart,
A nomadic void of halcyon youth,
And if this life you long to flee,
You can stop the rain from falling,

Tie it on in your mind,
Its your noctourniquet,

And in your file will it read,
That you caved into the night?
Tie it on in your mind,
Its your noctourniquet,

Make my bed in drought of barrel,
I haven't shot this thing in years,
Do you think I'll fold?

Bucolic hymns that frolic from your hissing tongue,
The rivalry of siblings cut from saffron cloth,
Do you think I'll fold?

I'll reach out through the pavement with the shortest
straw,
Never a dull blade in your mother's drawer,
Do you think I'll fold?

Place it in the thirst of her endless flask,
The iridescent poison will quench foreboding,
Do you think I'll...

Solomon, don't fall apart,
Their words have made a perfect burden,

Solomon your hollow heart,
A nomadic void of halcyon youth,

Solomon, don't fall apart,
Their words have made a perfect burden,

Solomon your hollow heart,
No matter what it takes for you....

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