

Mars Volta

"Son Et Lumiere/inertiatic"

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Clipside of the pinkeye flight

I'm not the percent you think survives
I need sanctuary in the pages of the book
Gestating with all the other rats
Nurse said that my skin will need a graft
I am of pockmarked shapes
The vermin you need to loathe

Now I'm lost!
Now I'm lost!
Now I'm lost!
Now I'm lost!

Last night I heard lepers
Flinch like birth defects
Its musk was fecal in origin
As the words dribbled off of it's chin
It said, "I'm lost..."
I'm lost...
Now I'm lost!
Now I'm lost!
Now I'm lost!
Now I'm lost!
Now I'm lost!
Now I'm lost!

Dolls wreck the minced meat of pupils
Cast in oblong arms length
The hooks have been picking their scabs
Where wolves hide in the company of men
It said, "I'm lost..."
I'm lost...

Now I'm lost!
Now I'm lost!
Now I'm lost!
Now I'm lost!
Now I'm lost!
Now I'm lost!

Are you peaking in the red?

Perforated at the neck

What of this mongrel architect?
A broken arm of sewers set
Past, present and future tense
Clipside of the pinkeye fountain
What of this mongrel architect?
A broken arm of sewers set
Past, present and future tense
Clipside of the pinkeye fountain

Now I'm lost!
Now I'm lost!
Now I'm lost!
Now I'm lost!

It's been said
Long time ago
You'll be the first and last to know
You'll never know
You'll never know
You'll never know
You'll never know

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