

Mars Volta "Televisors"

Visit "[Televisors](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Just as he hit
The ground
They lowered a tow that stuck in his neck to the gills
Fragments of sobriquets
Riddle me this:
Three half eaten corneas
Who hid the aureole
Stalk the ground
Stalk the ground

You should have seen
The curse that flew right by you
Page of concrete
Stain walks crutch and hobbled sway
Auto de fe
A capillary hint of red
Only this manupod
Crescent in shape has escaped

The house half the way
Fell empty with teeth that
Split both his lips
Mark these words
One day this chalk outline will circle this city
Was he robbed of the asphalt that cushioned his face?
A room coloured charlatan hid in a safe
Stalk the ground
Stalk the ground

You should have seen
The curse that flew right by you
Page of concrete
Stain walks crutch and hobbled sway
Auto de fe
A capillary hint of red
Only this manupod
Crescent in shape has escaped

Pull the pins
Save your grace
Mark these words
On his grave

Pull the pins
Save your grace
Mark these words
On his grave
Pull the pins
Save your grace
Mark these words
On his grave

You should have seen
The curse that flew right by you
Page of concrete
Stain walks crutch and hobbled sway
Auto de fe
A capillary hint of red
Everyone knows the last toes are
Always the coldest to go

Visit [Mars Volta](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.