

## **Mars Volta**

# **"The Malkin Jewel"**

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I must have crawled through your bedroom door  
in a fit of jealous breath  
perched upon the Bacchus foot  
of your unsuspecting bed

From the blossom rags in my jackal croon  
to the stems of this cinquefoil  
I give to you the shrapnel  
with which to sprinkle in the soil

Because...

All the traps in the cellar go clickety clack  
cause you know I always set them for you

Yeah, for you!

And all the rats in the cellar form a vermin of steps  
yeah, you know they're gonna take me to you

Yeah, to you!

Wash it down with harlot soap  
well, is this what you want?  
I'll paint your steps with the lilac stains  
of smelter revenant

My cutlery is rattling  
in the dormant wooden drawers  
from the palm of my throne I beckon you  
to cut the orchid cord

Because...

All the traps in the cellar go clickety clack  
cause you know I always set them for you

Yeah, for you!

And all the rats in the cellar form a vermin of steps  
yeah, you know they're gonna take me to you

Yeah, to you!

I know a girl that was woven  
in spindle and thread  
wrapped in a bivouac of taffeta  
scaffolding wed

She tosses and turns  
and wakes all the children in bed  
yawning with hunger  
they take turns of nourishment

She says...

Somebody, somebody help me  
Is there anybody that can set me free?

From the mountains of avarice this I beg to you  
My ether turns flesh to gravel

And all the traps in the cellar go clickety clack  
cause you know I always set them for you

Yeah, I set them for you!

And all the rats in the cellar form a vermin of steps  
cause you know they're gonna take me to you

Yeah, to you!

And all the traps in the cellar go clickety clack  
cause you know I always set them for you

Yeah, for you!

And all the rats in the cellar form a vermin of steps  
yeah, you know they're gonna...

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