

Mars Volta

"Trinkets Pale of Moon"

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By the landfill I rest
I burn their clothing before I dig into the ground
I am Janus-faced denial with vines
you'll wish you hadn't run

Clarity is calling me
I hear the hums of tiny beating drums
I feigned umbrage at my bruising fist
you'll wish you hadn't run

And with these trinkets pale of moon
senescent charms become a bludgeon of wrinkles
when I nurse your tired heart

And every time you hear the screams
of lullabies collapsing
walk towards the echo and let it hold you trembling

Their gourds are punctured easily
amnesia fumes in little twists of silk
induce this multistrobe with melody
you'll wish you hadn't run

I sing here at the seedy urn
my father taught me when I was young
you wear the tattered fringe of hangnail regalia
you'll wish you hadn't run

And with these trinkets pale of moon
senescent charms become a bludgeon of wrinkles
when I nurse your tired heart

And every time you hear the scream
of lullabies collapsing
walk towards the echo and let it hold you trembling

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