

Mars Volta "Vicara Eyes"

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Por quando te vi enfermo con mentiras
Este ladron cuenta se dio
Trapa mal hecho de trampas
te lo juro que yo si te mato
Y con cada dia que se pase acuerdate
Quien era el mas poderoso

Don't let me, Don't let me go
There is a venom in numerical lies
Your convalescent thorns
Are but a crown of magnets
They fold the shakes inside that third glass eye
Come on and give it to me
Come on and die

In your viscera eyes
Cataracts close the blinds
Let me let comfort come drown by your side

Hay mi hija no me llores
Porque te quito de esta cruz
A noche te vi caminando
Sin la alma de tu cuerpo

En los brazos
sin luz
stains fall into the brick wall severed
four of them were watching
while the other three did hide
the culprit spat the seed
from the podium of glass
shattering the sigil
that you thought was deified

Don't let me, Don't let me go
there is a venom in numerical lies
your convalescent thorns
are but a crown of maggots
they rot the shakes
inside that third glass eye
come on and give it to me
come on and die

In your viscera eyes
cateracts close the blinds
let me let comfort come drown by your side

Wait
I've seen the ark shake
from your mnemonic tongue
But the braille
that you weave
of itself ,it shall read aloud
Yes it will
I said, she's falling, she's still falling
But no one wants to come
She's crawling, she's still crawling
On your burial ground

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