

Mars Volta

"Viscera Eyes"

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Por cuando 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 eyes
Your convalescent thorns
Are but a crown of maggots
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 a podium of glass
Shattering the sigil
That you thought was deitized

Don't let me, don't let me go
There is a venom in numerical lies
Your convalescent thornss
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
Cataracts close the blinds
Let me let comfort come drown by your side

Wait I've seen the arc 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
No one wants to come
She's crawling she's still crawling
On your burial ground
I said she's falling, she's still falling
No one wants to come
I said she's crawling she's still crawling
On your burial ground

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