

## **Mars Volta**

### **"Widow"**

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He's got fasting black lungs  
Made of clove splintered shards  
They're the kind that will talk  
through wheezing of coughs

And I hear him  
Every night in every pore  
Every time it just makes me warm

Freeze without an answer  
Free from all in shame

Must I hide?  
Cause I'll never  
Never sleep alone

Look at how they flock to him  
To an aisle of open sores  
He knows that the taste is such,  
Is such to die for

And I hear him  
Every night on every street  
The scales that do slither  
Deliver me from

Freeze without an answer  
Free from all in shame

Then I'll hide  
Cause I'll never  
Never sleep alone

Said I'm,  
Said I'm, said I'm, said I'm blood shot for sure  
Pale runs the ghost  
Swollen on the shore,  
Swollen on the shore

Every night in every pore  
The scales that do slither  
Deliver me from

Freeze without an answer  
Free from all in shame

Then I'll hide  
Cause I'll never  
Never Sleep Alone

Freeze without an answer  
Free from all in shame

Let me die  
Cause I'll never  
Never Sleep Alone

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