Mars Volta
"Zed and Two Naughts"

I'm not really better
Mallets crack with every breath, yeah
I hear them scraping through the brancheÂš
Against my broken window

When I'll let you in
A silhouette holds me younger
Can't poke me with his pinch, yeah
Flops and drips of nectar
And excess being

When she says
Saint christopher
Don't go on wondering
There's no one left to save
Cause no one's at the wheal
Saint christopher
Don't go on wondering
Nothing left to say
There's no one left to save
CauÂše no one's at the wheal
Saint christopher

And the cracks with under
From a gash of stipple rain
This bed will never rest you
The answer's in the summon
While I lay here in
The stow can fix the crown in
A wasted dusk of tears
The potion turns to nectar
When the pigment leaves the body

When she says:
Saint christopher
Don't go on wondering
There's no one left to save
Cause no one's at the wheal
Saint christopher
Don't go on wondering
Nothing left to say
There's no one left to save

CauÂše no one's at the wheal
Saint christopher

Thanks for praying, thanks for all
Go, don't like it anymore
Have your breakfast feed in time
And they say it ain't too notch
And they say it ain't too notch

Painted a full room of caves
I'll bring dreams of better masses
Made of pastures
Labyrinths turning, city maze
I've been hanging, breeds of cancer
Every door our children sing
Watching a blizzard
Watching a blizzard

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Cause no one's at the wheal
Saint chriÂštopher