

## The Mars Volta

### "Aegis"

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The days are catching up to me  
My unconscious fear unbound  
Is it time to tailor fit the notion  
That come Sunday I'm in the ground?

The obelisk fumes have occupied  
Emphatically austere  
A smelter pile made by the debt collector  
Where the children should be seen, not heard

Even if there is no way back home

I'm not running away  
[x4]

Can you hear him saber rattling  
With bones I've left behind?  
Obloquy is the bulwark of his implants  
Am I your son or just a clone?

Dasehra, you were sworn to be  
A window to my night  
My subterfuge, just branches to the mandrake  
Where the children should be seen, not heard

Even if there is no way back home

I'm not running away  
[x4]

Under the aegis of cognition  
I am dead, I will escape

Engrammic marks of ligature  
I am dead, I will escape

Under the aegis of cognition  
I am dead, I will escape

Engrammic marks of ligature  
Am I dead, will I escape?

I'm not running away  
[x8]

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