

## The Mars Volta

### "Cygnus...Vismund Cygnus: A. Sarcophagi"

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The ocean floor is hidden  
From your viewing lens  
A depth perception  
Languished in the night  
All my life, I've been  
Sewing the wounds  
But the seeds sprout  
A lachrymal cloud

Nino preparete  
Que vas sufrir  
Nino preparete  
Salte veneno  
Nino preparete  
Salte de aqui  
Nino preparete  
Labios temblando  
Nino preparete  
Salte veneno  
Nino preparete  
Salte de aqui  
Nino preparete  
Brincan los cuerpos  
Vas a sufrir

My nails peel back  
When the taxidermist ruined  
Goose stepped the freckling impatience  
All the brittle tombs  
Five hundred little q's  
I'm splitting hairs to  
Match the faces

All night long I'll hunt for you  
Let me show you what I mean  
Sangre  
Sonando  
De rabia naci

Now this train don't lie  
An abortion that survived

A lineage of  
Bastard mastacation  
All the severed proof  
Talons scratch my suite  
These are the feathers  
That replace them

All night I'll hunt for you  
Let me show you what I mean  
Sangre  
Sonando

De rabia nacÃ

Who do you trust  
Will they feed us the womb  
Chrome the fetal mirage  
Will they feed us the womb  
I found the remnants  
Of a crescent fang  
It cleaned my wing  
Down to the bone  
Umbilical syllables  
Left to decode  
There was no cradle  
I can taste it  
Come on now

All night I'll hunt for you  
Let me show you what I mean  
Sangre  
Sonando  
De rabia naci

Who do you trust  
Will they feed us the womb  
Chrome the fetal mirage  
Will they feed us the womb  
Bring me this plague  
She took a drink  
Those nicotine stains  
On his every word  
My scavenger quilt  
Will only hide the truth  
Bring me  
Bring me this plague  
I count the days to find  
What was left behind  
Only these names I clutch  
Will lead me to my home  
Somehow this river marks

A wrinkle hand in mine  
And everyday that parts  
The water into two  
Mothers and feathers start  
To drown the living proof  
I can't remember these lakes of blood  
Wrapped in a blanket  
There sweats a cut  
Who do you trust  
Will they feed us the womb  
Chrome the fetal mirage  
Will they feed us the womb

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