

The Mars Volta "Halo Of Nembutals"

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"Halo Of Nembutals"

When the earth let you go
when the verdict is vermin
By the fork in my tongue
when you run out of sermon

When sooner or later
is still not enough
What a foul little temptress
your daughter's become

Deviate all by means in name
cause we all crawl in quicksand the same
[x2]

The night I begged you to come to me
the limp in your talk and the scent of your bleed
It's still not enough roulette to let you go

You covered your wounds in a bandage of sloth
the deeper the slur that rang from her laugh
If something tells me to keep it together

How could you turn your back on me?
I've summoned the stampede of infidel feet
For all I ever wanted is all you ever flaunted

Deviate by all means in name
cause we all crawl in quicksand the same
[x2]

Vanish a fifth dementia
tables of ringworms have hung themselves
Disarray...
Communion shaped...

Serpents raise in prisms til rainbows escape

They sent in the necrophiliacs
Carcinogen tartans that smolder in asp
Disarray...

Communion shaped...

Serpents raise in prisms til rainbows escape

Reading from bottomless palindromes

hear my request to be disowned

Disarray...

Communion shaped...

Serpents raise in prisms til rainbows escape

Deviate by all means in name

cause we all crawl in quicksand the same

[x2]

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