

The Mars Volta

"Lapochka"

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How long must I wait
How long must I wait
Till the mountains of avarice turn blue?

How long must I wait
How long must I wait
Till the moleskin I pick becomes fuse?

Avulsion limps its spurs in the pinches of my earth
The dust I kick of animus shatters

Recorded on my reels of tape, the trauma stops my
flow
And in your suppression tastes sulfur

Hear the children say
Tear of mended sails

How long must I wait
How long must I wait
Till the mountains of avarice turn blue?

How long must I wait
How long must I wait
Till the moleskin I pick becomes fuse?

As if suddenly your avalanche
Reverses my polarity

And secretly I know that come Sunday morning
You'll be standing at the pulpit to an empty room

Hear the children say
Tear of mended sails

How long must I wait
How long must I wait
Till the mountains of avarice turn blue?

How long must I wait
How long must I wait

Till the moleskin I pick becomes fused?

The drowning water you drank, passed on by birth
I'm no longer willing to give you control
[x2]

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