

The Mars Volta "Meccamputechure"

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"Meccamputechure"

Amputechure came
Philistine praise
Bottomless pit of empty names
Incarcerated habits pour from the palms
Severing the breast
Nursing all the young

They needed those locks
Of dirty red hair
A necklace of follicles with sabertooth monocles
They want a bouquet of black rose gems
Castrating kisses stalactite stems
They went and built a capsule in the cyanide pond
Where the holiest of water would have you to drown

Tomorrow we forget
'cause now has never left
You gotta find my body
In the mechacontext

You give me a corpse
You live in it now
You stir from a camp nourishment plows

Please dismantle all these phantom limbs
It's the evidence of humans as ornaments
Humans as ornaments
Humans as ornaments
Humans as ornaments

Everyone stabs all the time
Persuasion deflowers your sympathy
Everybody has chosen to help
The shovels that bury me

This dirt
Is turning Christ to make repent again
So I've heard
They're cutting all the youngest ones
Said this dirt

Is turning Christ to make repent his lust
So I've heard
That the puppet tugs its pull

Please dismantle all these phantom limbs
It's the evidence of humans as ornaments
Humans as ornaments
Humans as ornaments
Humans as ornaments

Everyone stabs all the time
Persuasion deflowers your sympathy
Everybody has chosen to help
The shovels that bury me

Nova meat
The prude slit whisper of bovine heaps
Strapped to unearthen of mantis flowers
Prune fingers who tug in a zealot's shroud

I will scald supreme truth
As it touches this house
I will scald supreme truth

Please dismantle all these phantom limbs
It's the evidence of humans as ornaments
Humans as ornaments
Humans as ornaments
Humans as ornaments

Scald supreme truth as it touches this house
Scald supreme truth as it touches this house

Everyone stabs all the time
Persuasion deflowers your sympathy
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Everyone stabs all the time
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It lacks a human pulse *[repeat]*

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