

The Mars Volta "Metatron"

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"Metatron"

Maybe I'll break down
Maybe I'll try
Circumvent inoculation
And I just want a cut
When will I break down?
Lately I might
Un-connect the fascination
And I just want to touch

This is a list
They're my demands
Forget the question
Come on bring your nervous hands
You read it in my letter
"Patience worth is dead"
Suffocate the inkwell
"I am legion" said the pen
Her seraph snout
And cruciform limp
I blame the shrouding of a lesser man
My sigil contraptions
They walk with no crutches
Don't show me the hinges
I am absent

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She came to me
When she was pouring out of drool
Under sedation
Under vulgar multitudes
If you stay and try
To fix what you did

The sheets were wet from all those messages
A million petitions
Her lock with no key
You forfeit the right to be believed
Full implant
Shapeless as a jewel
And I am stranded by eternal solitude

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The vault that I call home
It falls beneath your palms
Before I crawl my way out
She calls
When you're standing right outside my window
Water thirsting
You're standing right outside my window
Water thirsting
When will I drown?

I'll never get a distant shot
Heard vessper pure
I never want to see your face
Until the word is made flesh
You'd better ask Metatron
Those flowers that withered away
In the pages of your book
For one day they won't block your route

In the dead plot you dream in
Ten go away
Ten born of pray
Ten go away

Folding wormholes
My time is riding in the alphabet
Folding wormholes
My time is writing on the wall

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Debase by your sentence
I fell in the trap
What door slid behind me?
I can't see it anymore
When she sleeps as a witness
Got no better hands
Tied a single stutter
Do you speak my dialect?
Accidents will happen
Keep your earnings to yourself
One sip under the table
Until it moves all by itself
In the eye of fatima
I've kept all your dreams
In a waking solution of indictment

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