

# The Mars Volta

## "Miranda That Ghost Just Isn't Holy Anymore"

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### "Miranda That Ghost Just Isn't Holy Anymore"

*[a. VADE MECUM]*

I've always wanted  
To eat glass with you again  
But I never knew how  
How to talk without  
Walls dropping on the eve  
The nest they made couldn't break you  
Along the fallen  
Scowled a fence of beaks  
But the temple is scathing  
Through your veins  
They were scaling  
Through an ice pick of abscess reckoning

And when Miranda sang  
Everyone turned away  
Used to the noose they obey

And whoever said that they would scatter  
Separating the mother from child  
She can bat a broken eyelid  
Raining maggots from its sty  
And with the traces that she leaves  
She will skin you out alive

All the children go grinding their jaws  
The sweet smell of their toothless canals  
And the dam she will break,  
Make an ocean from this lake  
As they siphon off all our blood

And when Miranda sang  
Everyone turned away  
Used to the noose they obey

And when Miranda sang  
Everyone turned away  
Used to the noose they obey

And when Miranda sang  
Everyone turned away  
Used to the noose they obey

*[b. POUR ANOTHER ICEPICK]*

I think I've become like one of the others  
I think I've become like one of the others  
I think I've become like one of the others

There was a frail syrup dripping off  
His lap danced lapel, punctuated by her  
Decrepit prow she washed down the hatching  
Gizzard soft as a mane of needles  
His orifice icicles hemorrhaged  
By combing her torso to a pile  
Perspired the trophy shelves made room for his  
collapse  
She was a mink hand job in sarcophagus heels

Bring me to my knees  
Read the sharpened lines  
All my arms,  
Bled me blind  
Faucet leaks in shadows  
Spilling from morgue lancet  
Caressed your fontanelle  
I've sworn to kill every last one  
Every last one  
Panic in the shakes of the wounded  
Panic in the worms  
Onto the floor  
And out of your mouth  
Out of your eyelids

No there's no light, in the darkest  
Of your furthest reaches  
No there's no light, in the darkest  
Of your furthest reaches

All your dreams, splintered off  
Leech by leech on this catafalque  
Anyone will tell you, yes anyone  
Chance had me setting a trip wire alarm  
Your mother flirted with disease  
When she skinned that costume by its navel strings  
Panic in the shakes of the wounded  
Panic in the worms, onto the floor  
And out of your mouth  
And out of your eyelids

No there's no light, in the darkest  
Of your furthest reaches  
No there's no light, in the darkest  
Of your furthest reaches  
No there's no light, in the darkest  
Of your furthest reaches

Shock lest shackles free you  
Vult face cons  
abandon you again  
I won't feel not this time

Shock lest shackles free you  
Vult face cons  
abandon you again  
I won't feel not this time

*[c. PISACIS (PHRA-MEN-MA)]*

Brick by brick, the night eclipsed  
Pricked by cuticle thorns  
Dried the sleep on nursery slits  
Into this life I'm born  
Heaven's just a scab away  
I'd like to see you after just one taste

Sink your teeth into the flesh of midnight  
Night forever more,  
Let them see it has begun  
The others I've become

If you should see the dice,  
Charmed with its snaked choked eyes  
You'll wear the widows weeds  
Because they're just your size  
Behind the snail secretion,  
Leaves a dry heave that absorbs  
A limbless procreation,  
Let the infant crawled deformed  
A bag replaced the breath of these suffocating sheets  
And now when the craving calls  
I'll scratch my itchy teeth

Come on and sing it now...

Sink your teeth into the flesh of midnight,  
Night forever more  
Sink your teeth into the flesh of midnight,  
Night forever more

She fell for the whispers,

Sister flooded deaf tears  
That night tore a river,  
In her baron womb mirror  
And his multiple sons with their mandible tongues  
Set crucified fires to petrified homes...  
Let it burn

And the owls they were watching  
And the owls didn't care  
Then the owls came a knocking,  
Placenta in their stares  
They will feed on all the carnage,  
Leftover from the flood  
And in the corner of their eyes,  
Fled sister L' Via  
Sister L' Via

Now the pieces went floating,  
Reflecting all at dusk  
Conceived from the stabbing,  
was Vismund Cygnus

Twenty five wives in the lake tonight...

*[d. CON SAFO]*

Twenty five wives in the lake tonight  
Raw bark in the water of the marble shrine  
Twenty five snakes pour out your eyes  
Yeah the icepicks cumming on the marble shrine  
Twenty five snakes are drowning

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