

The Mars Volta "Molochwalker"

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For all this burn, it never hurt
Shanks around the bend when you're foaming at the
binge

On your serrated edge, you're like a snail that steps
The hiss I make is warning to the scoundrels

When you walk the plank, tell me what you see
Moloch in the time of mutiny
[x2]

When nobody wants to fix this frame
The guilty presence starts to vellicate

Fall into the strangle, skip around the neck
This albatross is warning with extreme prejudice

When you walk the plank, tell me what you see
Moloch in the time of mutiny
[x4]

Half of the time I'm never clean
Filth of my filth can't get no relief

Half of the time I see the weak
Don't roll your eyes if still you can't see

All of my coins have been taken again
They fill your void and still you're empty

What's that set of numbers doing?
Count my fingers until extinction

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