

The Mars Volta

"Noctourniquet"

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Made my bed in drought of barrel
I haven't shot this thing in years
Do you think I'll fold?

Callous hands of detriment
From a crossbow flinch of gasping air
Do you think I'll...

Solomon, don't fall apart
Their words have made the perfect burden

Solomon, your hollow heart
A nomadic void of halcyon youth

Prenatal at the hips were we once joined
Separated by the scalpel when we were young
Do you think I'll fold?

Held under the water in a breathless troth
Buried in the plot of your front steps
Do you think I'll fold?

Incinerate the faith that you were taught
Incinerate your crone of useless flesh
Do you think I'll...

Solomon, don't fall apart
Their words have made the perfect burden

Solomon, your hollow heart
A nomadic void of halcyon youth

Solomon, don't fall apart
Their words have made the perfect burden

Solomon, your hollow heart
A nomadic void of halcyon youth

And in this life you long to flee
You can stop the rain from falling

Tie it on in your mind
It's your noctourniquet

And in your file will it read
That you caved into the night?

Tie it on in your mind
It's your noctourniquet

Made my bed in drought of barrel
I haven't shot this thing in years
Do you think I'll fold?

Bucolic hymns that frolic on your hissing tongue
The rivalry of siblings cut from saffron cloth
Do you think I'll fold?

I reach right through the pavement with the shortest
straw
Never a dull blade in your mother's drawer
Do you think I'll fold?

Place it in the thirst of her endless flask
The iridescent poison will quench forboding
Do you think that...

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