

## **The Mars Volta "Telepatos"**

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### **"Telepatos"**

Just as he hit  
The ground  
They lowered a tow that  
Stuck in his neck to the gills  
Fragments of sobriquets  
riddle me this  
three half eaten corneas  
who hit the aureole  
Stalk the ground  
Stalk the ground  
You should have seen  
The curse that flew right by you  
Page of concrete  
Stained walks crutch in hobbled sway  
Auto-da-fe  
A capillary hint of red  
Only this manupod  
Crescent in shape has escaped  
The house half the way  
Fell empty with teeth  
That split both his lips  
Mark these words  
One day this chalk outline will circle this city  
Was he robbed of the asphalt that cushioned his face  
A room colored charlatan  
Hid in a safe  
Stalk the ground  
Stalk the ground  
You should have seen  
The curse that flew right by you  
Page of concrete  
Stain walks crutch in hobbled sway  
Auto-da-fe  
A capillary hint of red  
Only this manupod  
Crescent in shape has escaped

Pull the pins  
Save your grace  
Mark these words

On his grave

[x3]

You should have seen

The curse that flew right by you

Page of concrete

Stain walks crutch in hobbled sway

Auto-da-fe

A capillary hint of red

Everyone knows the last toes are

Always the coldest to go

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