

The Mars Volta "Tetragrammaton"

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"Tetragrammaton"

Tell me it's over, Rusbel awaits I've been to the surface
And nothing is there, Eyelids sank muffled
In the nerve aura sound, But when she awakes
Will she still be with us?

My heart is darkclots, Leap year is late
How did you get here, Ask all but the bail
From a Christ that went hissing
Constricting his cells
We summon by candle by book and by bell

Glossolalia coats my skin
Glycerin and turbulence
Stuffed the voice inside God
Mirrors to the animals

The sermon goes mourning, Pricking it's hail
Slothful the child, That preys on the seed
Shall behead the drought, Wound under sleeves
I hope you have room, In a thicket of vines

Give me a moment, To clean what you've stole
The streets will hang high, Stretch ribs and let taste
We'll cover the smell with silver nitrate
Mending the cuts of your prosthetic faith

Glossolalia coats my skin
Glycerin and turbulence
Stuffed the voice inside God
Mirrors to the animals

Then so long, Dear minemonic
Assume the form, You've given me and I'll spill

Now hold on, Just hold my hand
Say that they made you
But you brought your own leash
Tell me no more no, say I'm the last one
Outside, By the drift, You read my will
Of thread and itch, Failure to comply

As failure to de cease
And still you won't know everything
I've built the fall

Sulking drained the fall of my pale will
Swarming by your steps
Licking the ankles of blasphemers' guilts
It only meant to drape a plastic
Over the stuck pig scalp of head
To cover the sock where the flatline had spread
The kiosk in my temporal lobe
Is shaped like Rasalyn Carter
She says my map is home again, But torn face down
I have only but a million blemishes
To tell you all about

In the end they just gagged me
To make him come out

Gas me the hind, Of your five legged snare
Tooth picks the eye, But no things there
Down drags your waltz, Cross the altar top
From a sleep that, Depravation knew
Trespass your form, I'm void of dusk
I'd ask to look, But the mask stays on

You'll levitate, Teutonic print
Cruelty is the wrath, Of my instrument

In the end they just gagged me
To make him come out

You locked the cuffs
Arsenic erupts

Will you drink the shadow
Of my red hair

You and your falst, Witness to God
You've one in the chamber,
But your finger got stuck

Let slip the sound, Of a cry for help
But all was lost, On the night you walked

Palms speak through eyes
Serve your memory lost
I cantaminate with insignias

In the end they just gagged me
To make him come out

Glassolalia coats my skin
Glycerin and turbulence
Stuffed the voice inside of God
Mirrors to the animals

Wait till I get my hands on you
I won't forget a face that left me
Just you wait
Till I get my hands on you
I can't, You won't remember

Unwrap my corpse, And let it thaw
In the eye of the needle, I can't get out

They'll check my wrist, I'll faint a pulse
I'm not the human, You thought I was

If you pet the night, Sixth pentacle dice
If you roll the seven, St. Michael dies

They'll be no ransom, Don't shut my mouth
I scaled the answer, You're afraid of

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