

The Mars Volta

"The Malkin Jewel"

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I must've crawled through your bedroom door in a fit of
jealous breath
Perched upon the backest foot of your unsuspecting
bed
From the blossom rags of my jackal croon to the stems
of the cinquefoil
I give to you the shrapnel with which to sprinkle in a soil
because

All the traps in the cellar go clickety clack
Cause you know I always set them for you
All the rats in the cellar form a vermin of steps
You know they're going to take me to you

You wash it down with harlot soap, well is this what you
want
I'll paint your steps with the lilac stains of a smelter
revenant
My cutlery is rattling in the dormant wooden drawers
From the palm of my throne I'm begging you to cut the
orchid cord because

All the traps in the cellar go clickety clack
Cause you know I always set them for you
All the rats in the cellar form a vermin of steps
You know they're going to take me to you

I know a girl that was woven in spindle and thread
Trapped in the bivouac of taffeta scaffolding wed
She tosses and turns and wakes off the children in
beds
Yawning with hunger they take turns of nourishment

And she says, aah...
Somebody, somebody help me
Is there anybody that can set me free
From the mountains of avarice they sent me to you
My ankle turns flesh to gravel

