

The Mars Volta "The Whip Hand"

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When you leave the night on
Contagions bind your doublespeak
Malice tends to choke my father's grip
But his hands are always clean

Walk towards the light
Convalesce your fetish in me
You make me older
Swatting flies in the vaseline

And I'm not getting any better
In this plot of dormant wakes
The thorns decipher, speak serrated
From the figure of an eight

That's when I disconnect from you
That's when I disconnect from you
That's when I disconnect from you
That's when I disconnect

No turning back now
Too many shovels past the rubicon
Must I desecrate it?
Why can't you tell me where you've gone?

Christened to die
Paranoia as hoaxing device
Just when I find out
Moirra draws the moth to fire

Where the bluest burn of spirits
Draws the stem of hyacinth
You will hardly ever hear it
Because the muzzle always fits

That's when I disconnect from you
That's when I disconnect from you
That's when I disconnect from you
That's when I disconnect

I am a landmine, I am a landmine

So don't just step on me, so don't just step on me
'Cause I'm a landmine, 'cause I'm a landmine
And I can blossom in the pedals of an ECT

That's when I disconnect from you
That's when I disconnect, disconnect from
That's when I disconnect from you
That's when I disconnect, disconnect from

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