

The Mars Volta

"Trinkets Pale Of Moon"

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By the landfill I lust
I burn the clothing before I dig into the ground

I am Janus faced belial with vines
You're going to wish you hadn't run

Claire Audina is calling me
I hear the hearts of tiny beating drums

I feigned umbrage at my bruising fists
You're going to wish you hadn't run

And with these trinkets pale of moon
Senescent charms become a bludgeon of wrinkles
When I nurse your tired heart

For every time you hear this strain
Of lullabies collapsing
Walk towards the echo and let it hold your trembling

Their gourds are punctured easily
Amnesia fumes in little twists of silk

Induce this multistrobe with melody
You're going to wish you hadn't run

I sing your epicedium
My father taught me when I was young

You'll wear the tattered fringe of hangnail regalia
You're going to wish you hadn't run

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Senescent charms become a bludgeon of wrinkles
When I nurse your tired heart

For every time you hear this strain
Of lullabies collapsing
Walk towards the echo and let it hold your trembling

