

The Mars Volta

"Widow"

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He's got fasting black lungs
Made of clove splintered shards
They're the kind that will talk
through wheezing of coughs

And I hear him
Every night in every pore
Every time it just makes me want to

Freeze without an answer
Free from all in shame

Must I hide?
Cause I'll never
Never sleep alone

Look at how they flock to him
To an aisle of open sores
He knows that the taste is such
Is such to die for

And I hear him
Every night on every street
The scales that do slither
Deliver me from

Breathe without an answer
Free from all in shame

And I'll hide
Cause I'll never
Never sleep alone

Say that
Say that I'm blood shot for sure
Pay that ride on a ghost
I'm floating on the shore
Floating on the shore

Every night in every pore
The scales that do slither

Deliver me from

Breathe without an answer
Free from all in shame

And I'll hide
Cause I'll never
Never Sleep Alone

Breathe without an answer
Free from all in shame

Let me die
Cause I'll never
Never Sleep Alone

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