

The Mars Volta

"Zed And Two Naughts"

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I'm not breathing any better
My lips crack with every grin
I hear a scraping plead of branches
Against my broken window
Why do I let you in?

Her silhouette holds me under
Can't poke me with these pins
Flotsam drip of nectar
The nexus began sprouting
When she says...

Saint Christopher
Don't go wandering
With no one left to save
'Cause no one's at the wheel
[x2]

Saint Christopher

Antidote claps with thunder
From a gash of staple rain
(She says) this bed will never rest you
The answer is in the summons
Why do I let you in?

The skulking fits the crowning
A wasted dusk of kin
Repulsion turns to nectar
When the pigment leaves my body
When she says...

Saint Christopher
Don't go wandering
With no one left to save
'Cause no one's at the wheel
[x2]

Saint Christopher

First born prey and first born caught

Crawling like an animal
Hold your breath it's feeding time
In this zed and two naughts

Painted a fulcrum of caves
Piled with dreams of
Phantom masses made of pastures
In labyrinths turning cystic maze

I've been hanging wreaths of cancer
On every door where children sing

Watch it all blister [x2]

Saint Christopher
Don't go wandering
With no one left to save
'Cause no one's at the wheel
[x4]

Saint Christopher

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