

Mars Volta, The "Cassandra Gemini: Plant A Nail In The Navel Stream"

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There was a frail syrup dripping off his lap danced
lapel
punctuated by her decrepit prowl
she washed down the hatching
Gizzard soft as a mane of needles
His orifice icicles hemorrhaged
By combing her torso to a pile
Perspired the trophy shelves made room for his
collapse
She was a mink handjob in sarcophagus heels...

Bring me to my knees
Read the sharpened lines
All my arms
Bled me blind

Faucet leaks in shadows
Spilling from morgue lancet
Caressed your fontanelle

I've sworn to kill
Every last one
Every last one

Panic in the shakes of the wounded
Panic in the worms
Onto the floor
And out of your mouth
Out of your eyelids

No there's no light
In the darkest of your furthest reaches
No there's no light
In the darkest of your furthest reaches

All your dreams
splintered off
Leech by leech
On this catafalque

Anyone will tell you

Yes anyone
Chance had me setting a trip wire alarm

Your mother flirted with disease
When she skinned that costume
by it's navel strings

Panic in the shakes of the wounded
Panic in the worms
Onto the floor
And out of your mouth
Out of your eyelids

No there's no light
In the darkest of your furthest reaches
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