

Mars Volta, The "Cavalettas"

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A salty ring of night fatigue
When I get get get the sweats from you listening
Primordial cymatics giving birth into reverse
Serated mure ephemera undo her mother's curse

So if you break
Break me a mirror
Hang the broken pieces of a place that isn't here
Don't hide that guilty smile
Condolences won't go away

The coins you bring left footprints
Blind thirst and braille liquor
My bed is stained with fractures year after vitiated year
Four corners you are touching
They will liberate my need
Bite marks in the menagerie with infidelic teeth

So if you break
Break me a mirror
Hang the broken pieces of a place that isn't here
Don't hide that guilty smile
Condolences won't go away

Is there something out there
Waiting to take hold?
When that whore won't answer
Who is in control?
And the names you planted
Drop the seed into a hole

And the names you planted
Drop the seed into a hole
If you force me often
I might jump off the board

I am a deaf con angora goats
Warning you all who pass this mote
It's only a matter of folding time and space
Before I become your epidemic
Is this your first time at my conventicle?

You better not talk if you came here for semantics
It's only a matter of folding time and space
Before I become your epidemic

Don't ignore my presence
Hidden reads the scroll
By the time I asked her
The earth fell off the tongue
What once was laughter
Corrosive I became

What once was laughter
Corrosive I became
Where a scarlet bruise grows
Sprout the fault we own

Don't hide your guilty fright
Condolences won't go away
You've got that guilty smile that culminates in Bedlam
[x4]

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