

Mars Volta, The "Cicatriz ESP"

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Do you recall it's name?
As it suggested beck and call
This face and heel
Will drag your halo through the mud
Ash of Pompei
Erupted in a statues dust
Shrouded in veils
Because these handcuffs hurt too much
Still scalping these ticketless applause
and when they drag the lake
theres nothing left at all...

Sutured contusion
Beyond the anthills of the dawning of this plague
Said, "I've lost my way"
Even if this cul-de-sac would pay
To reach inside a vault
Whatever be the cost
Sterling clear blackened ice
and when they drag the lake
Theres nothing left at all...

I've defected...

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even if you
even if you
who reached inside a vault
whatever be the cost
sterling clear blackened ice
and when they drag the lake
there's nothing left at all

I've defected...

Drag your vessel
Punch your clock in
I've defected...

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