

Mars Volta, The "Concertina"

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In denial
Who will come clean all the ravenous debris?
In disguise
Sideswiped by penance cerecloth sentencing
This scapegrace will pay, my barking harangue
Are you listening?
On the 14th you stole, what hasn't grown old
In denial,
file this under a bridge that he can't leave

Will those shadows glare?
From that blank-rimmed stare in a vacancy hush

Aunque me dejastes ahogando en el mar
Acuestate en la tierra de la realidad de tu sueño
Manos me recuerdo,
Solamente a ti te odio
Yo ya me voy
In denial
Who will clean up all this ravenous debris?
In denial
File this under a bridge that he can't leave

And the storyville sawbones couldn't tell
The prescription to mend
All the broken wills in the white lie ward
Don't you pretend
Tangled in thorns
To walk unborn

And this debt will collect
All the sickness that is left

Suddenly drives up
Sentencing valley
Count all the handshakes
Syringe overflows

Tangled in thorns
To walk unborn

And this debt will collect
All the sickness that you've set
And this debt will collect
All the sickness that is left

And this debt...

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