

Mars Volta, The "Cut That City"

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Neonecropopulace has no reflection
Neocaeczaristic phallic ruins
Just east of the rival denial the techs are breathing
Welcome to this neotokyo

Gridlocks will warn the chromlech alarm
Bouquet of cuticles
Landscape tantrums
Tramontane torching the tramontane
I've heard the mumbling of citadels shifting on the
richter scale

The alleys will flow
Marble intercourse
Roil the pantheon of subterfuge
Tramontane torching the tramontane
This marabout isn't untouchable
Indentured by servitude

Neoinfidels Let's plug them in
Neopolygraphic Trip chords
Centrocircuiphobia the fallacy
Welcome to neotokyo

Tore the wings off seraphin,
fed them to the anglophiles
In this stag cabaret
the bark of buildings surged
through the whipping volt adobe.

Go to the lexicon you sluggard if you will.

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