

Mars Volta, The "Cygnus....Vismund Cygnus"

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[1. Sarcophagi]

The ocean floor is hidden
From the viewing lens
A depth perception
Languished in the night
All my life I've been sewing the wounds
But the seeds sprout a lachrymal cloud

[2. Umbilical Syllables]

NiÃ±o preparete
Que vas sufrir
NiÃ±o preparete
Salte veneno
NiÃ±o preparete
Salte de aquÃ
NiÃ±o preparete
Labios temblando
NiÃ±o preparete
Salte veneno
NiÃ±o preparete
Salte de aquÃ
NiÃ±o preparete
Brincan los cuerpos
Vas a sufrir

My my my nails peel back
When the taxidermist ruined
Goose stepped the freckling impatience
All the brittle tombs
Five hundred little q's
I'm splitting hairs to match the faces

Come on now
All night
I'll hunt for you
Let me show you what I mean
Sangre
Sonando
De rabia nacÃ

Now this train don't lie
An abortion that survived
A lineage of bastard mastacation
All the severed proof
Talons scratch my suite
These are the feathers that replace them

Come on now
All night
I'll hunt for you
Let me show you what I mean
Sangre
Sonando
De rabia nacÃ

Who do you trust?
Will they feed us the womb
Chrome the fetal mirage
Will they feed us the womb

I found the remnants of a crescent fang
It cleaned my wing down to the bone
Umbilical syllables left to decode
There was no cradle
I can taste it

Come on now
All night
I'll hunt for you
Let me show you what I mean
Sangre
Sonando
De rabia nacÃ

Who do you trust?
Will they feed us the womb
Chrome the fetal mirage
Will they feed us the womb

Bring me this plague
She took a drink
Those nicotine stains
On his every word
My scavenger quilt
Will only hide the truth
Bring me
Bring me this plague

[3. Facilis Descenus Averni]

I count the days to find
What was left behind
Only these names I clutch
Will lead me to my home
Somehow this river marks
A wrinkle hand in mine
And everyday that parts
The water into two
Mothers and feathers start
To drown the living proof
I can't remember
these lakes of blood
Wrapped in a blanket
There sweats a cut

Who do you trust?
Will they feed us the womb
Chrome the fetal mirage
Will they feed us the womb

Who do you trust?
Will they feed us the womb
Chorme the fetal mirage
Will they feed us the womb...

[4. Con Safo]

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