

Mars Volta, The "Desperate Graves"

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The swarms that I speak
are the wrists I have cut
by flooding the tubs
where the warmth held her up

The lockets believe
that the secret of love
has caught its own tail
and it just won't give up

When I breathe the heavens can't hold me
and I can't believe anymore
The light brings
the highest execution
Show me the wings I must cut

In your landfill days
these are desperate graves
Give me the alter
red will shine
This pendulum won't wait

If I slay your spirit
with twin current volts
that weak in your knees
in the pit of my palms

Dressed in the slurs of
bovine engines
to feast upon the carcass
of your mother
When I breathe the heavens can't hold me
and I can't believe anymore
The light brings
the highest execution
Show me the wings I must cut

When I turn the dial
and leave the gas on
I'm the matchstick
that you'll never lose

These are the splinters
made from a single blade
I'm the matchstick
that you'll never lose
I light the key that locks you in
I'm the matchstick that you'll never lose
And you'll wear the burden of all my burns
I'm the matchstick that you'll never lose

In your landfill days
these are desperate graves
Give me the alter
red will shine
This pendulum won't wait

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