

Mars Volta, The "Drunkship Of Lanterns"

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You've got the lot to burn
A shelve of pig smotherd cries
Is there a spirit that spits
Upon the exit of signs

Is anybody there?
(Spines in a Row)
These steps keep on growing long
(Spine as an arrow)
Bayonet trials rust propellers await
No, nobody is heard
Rowing sheep smiles for the dead
Nobody is heard

An antiquated home
Afloat with engines on mute
Sui generis ship spined around the yard

Is anybody there?
(Spines in a row)
These craft only multiply
(Spine as an arrow)
At the nape of ruins rust propellers await
No, nobody is heard compass wilting in the wind
Nobody is heard
Rowing sheep smile for the dead

Tansoceanic depth in this earth
In this cenotaph

Lash of one thousand eye brows clicking
Counting the toll
Counting the toll

You've got the lot to burn
A shelve of pig smothered cries
Is there a spirit that spits upon the exit of signs

Is anybody there?
(Spines in a row)
These steps keep on growing long

(Spine as an arrow)
Bayonet trials rust propellers await
No, nobody is heard
compass wilting in the wind
Nobody is heard
rowing sheep smile for the dead

Transoceanic depth in this earth
in this cenotaph

Carpel jets
hit the ground
Carpel jets
hit the ground
Carpel jets
hit the ground
Carpel jets
hit the ground

Lash of one thousand eyebrows clicking
Counting the toll
Counting the toll
Lash of one thousand eyebrows clicking
Counting the toll
Counting the toll...

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