

Mars Volta, The "El Ciervo Vulnerado"

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I'VE BEEN DRINKING BLACK MIRROR AGAIN
THE CLOSER WE PART
I NEEDED TO TOUCH YOUR LIPS
WITH THE NAIL IN MY HEART
THE NIGHT THAT YOU CAUGHT ME
MY COFFIN DID WALK
I FELL AT YOUR MERCY
I FELL IN YOUR GRAVE
MECCAMPUTECHTURE
THAT STANDS IN MY WAY
THE YOUNGER I STAY
AN ELDERLY CHILD
THE LONGER THE MIRROR GIVES BIRTH
TO THE DEATH I FILE

IF YOU CONSUME ME I WILL NOT LET YOU GO
IF YOU WALK RIGHT THROUGH ME
MY VOICE WILL TAINT YOUR THROAT
BLESSED BE THE WRONG I'VE DONE

SOMEONE IS WATCHING US
SOMOENE HAS FOUND
FLOURESCENT LIGAMENTS
ON A BLACK WHITE TILE
WHY DO YOU CALL THEM
IF YOUR KINGDOM WON'T COME
THE YOUNGER I STAY
FOREVER I ROT

IF YOU CONSUME ME I WILL NOT LET YOU GO
IF YOU WALK RIGHT THROUGH ME
MY VOICE WILL TAINT YOUR THROAT
BLESSED BE THE WRONG I'VE DONE

BECAUSE THE FLIES MY MOUTH SPILL
BARE THE CHILDREN AT PLAY

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