

## Mars Volta, The "Goliath"

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That night I remember  
What you slipped in my glass  
We came rewinding when  
I foamed at the mouth  
While the lights winked at me  
And now my shape is kept

The rain it can't hide  
Wash the pain from this hex  
Is it so permanent  
Did she catch a left eye  
When it blinks three times?  
Or once just to seal you in?  
In your drunken breath  
Did it stain like us  
In place of poison heat?  
I gotta rid this world of your intention  
Swap the corpse in the casket

Give me that corpse please  
The one that tore nightly  
I really want it now  
Fold the arms slowly  
Don't want you to hold me  
It fits just like a glove  
Does he make you feel alright?

When I seep inside your truth  
Through suspicious little coughs  
You sank your nails inside a key  
While the door you shut closed up  
The black stockings you kept  
Smell of wet cigarette  
Torn of lust that you could not keep  
I have slept inside your fault  
To have you keep me here on this leash  
For the rest of your pets  
I will feed to the theft  
As we consummate the vows of defeat  
And when you pray for an end to this  
I do believe this is eternity

Give me that corpse please  
The one that tore nightly  
I really want it now  
Fold the arms slowly  
Don't want you to hold me  
It fits just like a glove  
Your closet is bulging  
White marrow withholding  
Does it make you feel alright?

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The one that tore nightly  
I really want it now  
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Don't want you to hold me  
It fits just like a glove  
Your closet is bulging  
White marrow withholding  
Does it make you feel alright?

Never heard a man  
Speak like this man before  
Never heard a man  
Speak like this man before  
All the days of my life  
Ever since I've been born  
Never heard a man  
Speak like this man before  
Watch me now  
Say, say, say it loud  
Say, say, say it loud

Hold your heavy burden  
In a pocket full of drink that I've drunk  
Spit the remnants in your direction  
This is the closest to any kingdom  
That you will come

I'm starting to feel a miscarriage coming on  
It's numbing a stump  
Clearing in my throat  
And I just can't lose grip of it  
She fumigated my mental hygiene  
I'm all out of pulse  
But I know you can resuscitate me

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