

Mars Volta, The "Halo Of Nembutals"

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When the earth lets you go
When the verdict is vermin
By the fork in my tongue
When you run out of sermon
When sooner or later
is still not enough
What a foul little temptress
your daughter's become

Deviate by all means in name
'Cuz we all crawl in quicksand the same

The night I begged you to come to me
The limp in your talk
and the scent of your bleed
And still I'm not willing to let you go
You covered your wounds
in a bandage of sloth
The deeper the slur that rang from her laugh
And something tells me to keep it together

How could you turn your back on me
I've summoned the stampede of infidel feet
For all I ever wanted is all you ever flaunted

Deviate by all means in name
'Cuz we all crawl in quicksand the same

Vanished to 5th dementia
Cables of ringworms
have hung themselves
Of this I ate...
Communion shaped
Serpent rays in prism tail rainbows escape

They sent in the necrophiliacs
Carcinogen tar
turns to smoldering asp
Of this I ate...
Communion shaped
Serpent rays in prism tail rainbows escape

Read it from bottomless palindromes
Hear my request to be disowned
Of this I ate...
Communion shaped
Serpent rays in prism tail rainbows escape

Deviate by all means in name
'Cuz we all crawl in quicksand the same

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