

Mars Volta, The "Inertiatic ESP"

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Now I'm lost
Now I'm lost
Now I'm lost
Now I'm lost

Last night I heard lepors
Flinch like birth defects
It's musk was fecal in origin
As the words dribbled off of its chin
he said:
I'm lost

I'm lost
Now I'm lost
Now I'm lost...

Dolls wreck the minced meat of pupils
Cast in oblong arms length
The hooks have been picking their scabs
Where wolves hide in the company of men
it said:I'm lost

I'm lost
Now I'm lost
Now I'm lost...

Are you peaking in the red?
perforated at the neck

What of this mongrel architect
a broken arm of sewers set
past present and future tense
clipside of the pinkeye fountain

What of this mongrel architect
a broken arm of sewers set
past present and future tense
clipside of the pinkeye fountain

Now I'm lost
Now I'm lost

Now I'm lost...

It's been said
long time ago
you'll be the first and last to know...

You'll never know
You'll never know
You'll never know
You'll never know...

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