

Mars Volta, The "Ouroborous"

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It appears to me
Quoting alarms
The guillotine smirks
In your house I smothered
Sight unseen
Sworn to harm
Ground to a powder
And soaked through the board

Don't you ever, ever, ever trust my mercy
Don't you ever, ever, ever trust my mercy
When will you flirt with all that's burning?
Keep them safe and by your side

Of all that's left
A lucid home
Anecdote settles in the smear of this corpse
If the larvae speaks ask where to go
They mount the maker with a sulphur in fume

Of all the warnings that you gave me
With all components in the fault
Have you ever heard me scraping?
It will be hard to hold

All I hear
Mending the gap
Fall in here
Might not make it back
Call that someone
May they hear you
Take me with you
It's not safe in here

And all you ask is why, why, why
And all you ask is why I'm certain you're holding on
Mirror floats to the surface
Holding on

They lost the presence they were holding
Looks like the tenants flickered off

If the cell that holds me breaks me
It will be hard to hold

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