

Mars Volta, The "Tetragammaton"

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Tell me it's over
rusbel awaits
i've been to the surface
and nothing is there
eyelids sank muffled
in the nerve aura sound
but when she awakes
will she still be with us

my heart is darkclots
leap year is late
how did you get here
ask all but the bait
from a christ that went hissing
constricting his cells
we summon by candle by book and by bell

glossolalia coats my skin
glycerin and turbulence
stuffed the voice inside of god
mirrors to the animals

the sermon goes mourning
pricking it's hail
slothful the child
that preys on the seed
shall behead the drough
wound under sleeves
i hope you have room
in a thicket of vines

give me a moment
to clean what you've stole
the streets will hang high
stretch ribs and let taste
we'll cover the smell with silver nitrate
mending the cuts of your prosthetic faith

glossolalia coats my skin
glycerin and turbulence
stuffed the voice inside of god

mirrors to the animals

then so long
dear mnemonic
assume the form
you've given me and i'll spill

now hold on
just hold my hand
say that they made you
but you brought your own leash
tell me no more no
say i'm the last one
outside
by the drift
you read my will
of thread and itch
failure to comply
as failure to deacease
and still you won't know everything
i've built the fall

sulking drained the fall of my pale will
swarming by your steps
licking the ankles of blasphemers guilts
it only meant to drape a plastic
over the stuck pig scalp of head
to cover the sock where the flatline had spread
the kiosk in my temporal lobe
is shaped like rosalyn carter
she says my map is home again
but torn face down
i have only but a million blemishes
to tell you all about
in the end they just gagged me
to make him come out

gas me the hind
of your five legged snare
tooth picks the eye
but no things there
down drags your waltz
cross the altar top
from a sleep that
depravation knew
trespass your form
i'm void of dusk
i'd ask to look
but the mask stays on

you'll levitate

teutonic print
cruelty is the wrath
of my instrument

in the end they just gagged me
to make him come out

you locked the cuffs
arsenic erupts
will you drink the shadow
of my red hair

you and your false
witness to god
you've one in the chamber
but your finger got stuck

let slip the sound
of a cry for help
but all was lost
on the night you walked

palms speak through eyes
serve your memory lost
i contaminate with insignias

in the end they just gagged me
to make him come out

glossolalia coats my skin
glycerin and turbulence
stuffed the voice inside of god
mirrors to the animals

wait till it get my hands on you
i won't forget a face that left me

just you wait
till i get my hands on you
i can't
you won't remember

unwrap my corpse
and let it thaw
in the eye of the needle
i can't get out

they'll check my wrist
i'll faint a pulse
i'm not the human
you thought i was

if you pet the night
sixth pentacle dice
if you roll the seven
st. michael dies

they'll be no ransom
don't shut my mouth
i scald the answer
you're afraid of

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