

Mars Volta, The "Tourniquet Man"

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I've seen the only living traces
Flicker in the sulphur
The ones who do believe me
Place your favor
Before you lay your questions down
There's a matter of the payment to you
I slipped on crooked sores
In conclaves that you bothered

Let me be your tourniquet man
Let me keep you as a favor
When I fear your fingers
They will spell my name
As i trade the faces of the holders

Let me be your tourniquet man
Let me keep you as a favor

I can't diminish anymore
If i choose to dissolve in you
There's so much we can lose

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