Mars Volta, The "Vicarious Atonement"

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Don't You Pretend
That I'm Not Alive
My Bones Never Ache
Unless She's Nearby
Where Is Your Face
In A Safe Of Dead Tongues
I Can See Your Reflection
In Your Totem First Born
I Suspect
You've Been Carrying A Pack Of Wolves
I Regret
Not Killing You While I Had The Chance

Maybe I Will Always Haunt You Mark The Somnolence With Truth Better Hang Your Dead Palace Than Have A Living Home To Lose In The River Ganges God Damns My Name

Don't Let These Hands Sharpen Your Eyes A Rasp Of Tails

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