

Vicarious Atonement

The Mars Volta

Don't you pretend
That I'm not alive
My bones never ache
Unless she's near by
Where is your face
In a safe of dead tongues
I can see your reflection
In your totem first glare(?)
I suspect
You've been carrying a pack of wolves
A regret
Not killing you while I had the chance
I know 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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