

Desperate Graves

The Mars Volta

The swarms that I speak are the wrists I have cut
By flooding the tubs where the warmth held her up

The lockets believe that the secret of love
Has caught it's own tail and it just won't give up

When I breath
The heavens can't hold me and I can't believe anymore
The light brings
The highest execution
Show me the wings I must cut

[x2]
In your landfill days
These are desperate graves
Give me the altar
Red will shine
This pendulum won't wait

If I slay your spirits with twin current volts
That weaken your knees in the pit of my palms

Dressed in the slurs of bovine engines
To feast upon the carcass of your mother

When I breath
The heavens can't hold me and I can't believe anymore
The light brings
The highest execution
Show me the wings I must cut

[x2]
In your landfill days
These are desperate graves
Give me the altar
Red will shine
This pendulum won't wait

When I turn the dial and leave the gas on
I'm the matchstick

That you'll never lose
These are the splinters made from a single blade
I'm the matchstick
That you'll never lose
I light the key that locks you in
I'm the matchstick
That you'll never lose
And you'll wear the burden of all my burns
I'm the matchstick
That you'll never lose

[x4]

In your landfill days
These are desperate graves
Give me the altar
Red will shine
This pendulum won't wait

Lyrics submitted by Shiloh.

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