

# Desperate Graves

[The Mars Volta \[vindrira.blogspot.com\]](http://vindrira.blogspot.com)

With qualms that I speak  
Of the wrists I have cut  
By flooding the tubs  
Where the warmth held below

The lockets believe  
That the secret of love  
Has caught its own tail  
And it just won't give up

When I breathe  
The heavens can't hold me  
And I can't believe anymore

The light breathes  
The highest execution  
Show me the wings I must cut

In your left of days  
These are desperate graves

[Repeat: x2]  
Give me the alter  
Let me shine  
The pendulum won't wait

If I slay your spirits  
With twin covert vaults  
That weakened 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 breathe  
The heavens can't hold me  
And I can't believe anymore

The light breathes  
The highest execution  
Show me the wings I must cut

In your left of days  
These are desperate graves

[Repeat: x2]  
Give me the alter  
Let me shine  
The 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'm like the key  
That locks you in  
I'm the matchstick  
That you'll never lose

When you wear the burning  
Of all my ferns  
I'm the matchstick  
That you'll never lose

In your left of days  
These are desperate graves

[Repeat: x4]  
Give me the alter  
Let me shine  
The pendulum won't wait

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