

Cicatriz E.S.P.

The Mars Volta

Do you recall it's name
As it suggested beck and call
 This face and heel
Will drag your halo through the mud
 Ash of Pompeii
 Erupting in a statues dust
 Shrouded in veils
Because these handcuffs hurt to much
 Scalping these ticketless applause
And when they drag the lake there is nothing left at all
 Seutuerd contusion
 Beyond the ant hills of the dawning of this plague
 Said I've lost my way
 Even if this cul de sac would pay
 To reach inside a vault whatever be the cost
 Sterling clear
 Blackend ice
When they drag the lake there's nothing left at all

I've defected

Seutuerd contusion
Beyond the ant hills of the dawning of this plague
 Said I've lost my way
 Even if this cul de sac did pay
 To reach inside a vault whatever be the cost
 Sterling clear
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When they drag the lake there's nothing left at all

I've defected

Beyond the ant hills of the dawning of this plague
 Said I've lost my way
 Even if this cul de sac did pay
 Beyond the ant hills of said I've lost my way
Even if you reach inside a vault whatever be the cost
 Sterling clear
 Blackend ice

When they drag the lake there's nothing left at all

 This is my last incision
 The stitches have defected
 Drag me a vessel
 Coveting all you know see and hear
 This is my last incision
 The stitches have fallen off
 Sterling clear blackened ice
 And when they drag they lake there's nothing left at all

I've defected

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