

Cassandra Geminni: Tarantism

The Mars Volta

I think I've become like one of the others
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There was a frail syrup dripping off His lap danced lapel, punctuated by her Decrepit prowl she washed down
the hatching Gizzard soft as a mane of needles His orifice icicles hemorrhaged By combing her torso to a pile
Perspired the trophy shelves made room for his collapse She was a mink handjob in sarcophagus heels

Bring me to my knees
Read the sharpened lines
All my arms, bled me blind
Faucet leaks in shadows
Spilling from morgue lancet
Caressed your fontanelle
I've sworn to kill every last one
Every last one
Panic in the shakes of the wounded
Panic in the worms
Onto the floor And out of your mouth Out of your eyelids

No there's no light, in the darkest Of your furthest reaches
No there's no light, in the darkest Of your furthest reaches

All your dreams, splintered off
Leech by leech on this catafalque
Anyone will tell you, yes anyone
Chance had me setting a trip wire alarm
Your mother flirted with disease
When she skinned that costume by it's navel strings
Panic in the shakes of the wounded
Panic in the worms, onto the floor
And out of your mouth out of your eyelids

No there's no light, in the darkest Of your furthest reaches
No there's no light, in the darkest Of your furthest reaches
No there's no light, in the darkest Of your furthest reaches
Shock lest shackles free you
Vult face cons abandon you again I won't feel not this time

Lyrics submitted by nadja.

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<https://damnlyrics.com/>