

Empty Vessels Make the Loudest Sound

The Mars Volta

If I trust in the wind she will pave me a different road
I will try and start over but I think I must choose someone else
I am pulled from the pages where the letters lack the pigment of trust

Must be on my way, Iâ€™ve got to get home
Wonâ€™t be back someday, so let it unfold

Iâ€™ve abandoned the outcome in search of the rest I deserve
You can do what you will with my body but I wonâ€™t ring the bell
Iâ€™ve omitted the chapters that bow and admit defeat

Must be on my way, Iâ€™ve got to get home
Wonâ€™t be back someday, so let it unfold

I am a mountain
Of cavernous people
Searching for a lighthouse in the fog

Of the flowers that grew from the cracks in the ground you paved
Didnâ€™t you think he would warn me through the thorns of my waking dreams
When the riddles connected the dots of this constellation

Must be on my way, Iâ€™ve got to get home
Wonâ€™t be back someday, so let it unfold

I am a mountain
Of cavernous people
Searching for a lighthouse in the fog

I found a reason to leave you with this load
All I can do is forgive your broken heart
Trapped in this tower made of amber for too long
All I can do is forgive your broken heart

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