

Cassandra Gemini: Multiple Spouse Wounds

The Mars Volta

You can't bend your crooked arms or fold your punctured proof
The air is growing cold and there's nothing you can do
Soon there'll be no gauze, inside the confessional
Only rows of crows, defrocking every breath

And one day you'll remember
Behind the melting cones,
you always had a family In the burial of your home

I'll peel back all of my skin
Peel back and let it all run

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