

# Meccamputechture

## The Mars Volta

Amputechture came  
Philistine praise  
Bottomless pit of empty names  
Incarcerated habits poured from the palms  
Severing the breast  
Dancing on his arms

Beneath those locks  
Of dirty red hair  
A necklace of follicles with sabertooth monocles  
They want a bouquet of black rose gems  
Cascading kisses stalactite stems  
They went and built a capsule in the cyanide pond  
Where the holiest of water would have you to drown

Tomorrow we forget  
'Cause now has never left  
You gotta find my body  
In the mechacontext

You give me a corpse  
You live in it now  
You're stir from a camp nourishment plows

You give me a corpse  
You live in it now  
You're stir from a camp nourishment plows

Please dismantle all these phantom limbs  
It's the evidence of humans as ornaments

Humans as ornaments  
Humans as ornaments  
Humans as ornaments

Everyone stabs all the time  
Persuasion deflowers your sympathy  
Everybody has choosen to help the shovels that bury me  
  
This dirt is turning christ to make repent again

So I've heard  
They're cutting all the youngest ones  
Said this dirt is turning christ to make repent his lust  
So I've heard that the puppet tugs its pull

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Nova meat  
The prude slit whispers of bovine heaps  
Strapped to unearh of mantis flowers  
Prunefingers who tug in a zealot's shroud

I will scald supreme truth as it touches this house  
I will scald supreme truth

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It lacks a human pulse  
It lacks a human pulse  
It lacks a human pulse  
It lacks a human pulse

It lacks a human pulse  
It lacks a human pulse  
It lacks a human pulse-- don't know for sure now  
It lacks a human pulse-- don't know for sure now  
It lacks a human pulse-- ah, ah, ah

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