

# Wax Simulacra

## The Mars Volta

Came back to tell yourself I broke in twos,  
Define the puncture, when will I know to,  
I found something to shake by the roots,  
I come along to see what's in your room,  
The Coma's spending time to answer you,  
I need something laid out for him,

Am I waiting now,  
Does my waiting howl,  
Am I waiting now?  
Does my waiting howl.

I bring an avalanche of taunted bones,  
Contaminate your cravings if you choose,

To pray something then extra will spill  
Whom after me form out a content high,  
Inhale the vapors that will heal your smile,  
Hope for something to shake by the roots.

Am I waiting now,  
Does my waiting howl,  
Am I waiting now,  
Does my waiting howl.

Bring me the tame,  
Witness germinating the child,  
The word of mouth stutters,  
Blink at the lonely guise

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