

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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