Caught In The Sun

Mars Volta

I am coming this way
Caught in this world
Caught in this world
Caught in this world
You remember differing
Who will save you?
In your oddWho will be the first?
And I feel sorry for all the anglophiles
Who's a member of the sevenage of our club
Let me see what's inside your backpack
In a back full of bones
And I know im in favor copied
Are you caught in this land?Whats your odd?And I felt the tips of your paddling broken back up
Scribbly written like a back capulary
It beats all these coajulate seats
That you so proudly wear around your necks like a badge of courage
And this is where I'll be not having a bag of my privilege sworn
And I'm wanted like a picket on your bleedingHow blurred is it?
How bad is it?
Go to your...Tell me if the pair allergic
Has equized in the used screams
It has sewers swallowing in the vast fellony
Its a blood sail in its hills
It distracted to the animal farmCaught in this world

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