Desperate Graves

The Mars Volta

With qualms that I speak
Of the wrists I have cut
By flooding the tubs
Where the warmth held below

The lockets believe
That the secret of love
Has caught its own tail
And it just won't give up

When I breathe
The heavens can't hold me
And I can't believe anymore

The light breathes
The highest execution
Show me the wings I must cut

In your left of days
These are desperate graves

[Repeat: x2]
Give me the alter
Let me shine
The pendulum won't wait

If I slay your spirits
With twin covent vaults
That weakened your knees
In the pit of my palms

Dressed in the slurs
Of bovine engines
To feast upon the carcass
Of your mother

When I breathe
The heavens can't hold me
And I can't believe anymore

The light breathes
The highest execution
Show me the wings I must cut

In your left of days
These are desperate graves

[Repeat: x2]
Give me the alter
Let me shine
The pendulum won't wait

When I turn the dial
And leave the gas on
I'm the matchstick
That you'll never lose

These are the splinters
Made from a single blade
I'm the matchstick
That you'll never lose

I'm like the key
That locks you in
I'm the matchstick
That you'll never lose

When you wear the burning
Of all my ferns
I'm the matchstick
That you'll never lose

In your left of days
These are desperate graves

[Repeat: x4]
Give me the alter
Let me shine
The pendulum won't wait

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