

# Cotopaxi

## The Mars Volta [vindrira.blogspot.com]

When sanskrit was my mother tongue  
Scarabs filled my pillow  
Tarmac strips to pave for them  
And thrones from which to teach  
And in that pulse the future said  
The story had been spun  
You wet your bed so sleep in it  
Cards can't make a house

And up that hill go the last of my crumbs  
We'll be lucky if we eat tonight  
And up that hill go the last of my crumbs  
That's why I'll magnify a hole

When light years came  
And light years passed  
Tugging on the brink  
Spoils reported missing  
Put down in its sleep  
Strangled in the background  
Fitted for a mask  
The future won't believe you  
Past the ransom fast

And up that hill go the last of my crumbs  
We'll be lucky if we eat tonight  
And up that hill go the last of my crumbs  
That's why I'll magnify a hole

Don't beat around the pulpit  
There is no lost and found  
Where is the devil waiting  
Trying to disguise  
I've seen what you used to look like  
But down here you won't survive

I've got the weight of half of the world  
Don't stop dragging the lake  
I won't come home  
If you can't come home

Even if you make a grave with my name  
You better keep on looking for me

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