

Televators

The Mars Volta

Just as he hit
The ground
They lowered a tow that
Stuck in his neck to the gills
Fragments of sobriquets
Riddle me this
Three half eaten corneas
Who hit the aureole

Stalk the ground

Stalk the ground

You should have seen
The curse that flew right by you
Page of concrete
Stain walks crutch in hobbled sway
Auto de fe
A capillary hint of red
Only this manupod
Crescent in shape
Has escaped

The house half the way
Fell empty with teeth that
Split both his lips
Mark these words
One day this chalk outline
Will circle this city
Was he robbed of the asphalt
That cushioned his face?
A room colored charlatan
Hid in a safe

Stalk the ground

Stalk the ground

You should have seen
The curse that flew right by you

Page of concrete
Stain walks crutch in hobbled sway
Auto de fe
A capillary hint of red
Only this manupod
Crescent in shape
Has escaped

Pull the pins
Save your grace
Mark these words
On his grave

Pull the pins
Save your grace
Mark these words
On his grave

Pull the pins
Save your grace
Mark these words
On his grave

You should have seen
The curse that flew right by you
Page of concrete
Stain walks crutch in hobbled sway
Auto de fe
A capillary hint of red
Everyone knows the last
Toes are always the coldest
To go

Lyrics Submitted by Eli Phillips

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