

# Tetragrammaton

## The Mars Volta

Tell me it's over  
Rusbel awaits  
I've been to the surface  
And nothing is there  
Eyelids sank muffled  
In the nerve aura sound  
But when she awakes  
Will she still be with us

My heart is darkclots  
Leap year is late  
How did you get here  
Ask all but the bait  
From a christ that went hissing  
Constricting his cells  
We summon by candle by book and by bell

Glossolalia coats my skin  
Glycerin and turbulence  
Stuffed the voice inside of God  
Mirrors to the animals

The sermon goes mourning  
Pricking it's hail  
Slothful the child  
That preys on the seed  
Shall behead the drough  
Wound under sleeves  
I hope you have room  
In a thicket of vines

Give me a moment  
To clean what you've stole  
The streets will hang high  
Stretch ribs and let taste  
We'll cover the smell with silver nitrate  
Mending the cuts of your prosthetic faith

Glossolalia coats my skin  
Glycerin and turbulence

Stuffed the voice inside of God  
Mirrors to the animals

Then so long  
Dear mnemonic  
Assume the form  
You've given me and I'll spill

Now hold on  
Just hold my hand  
Say that they made you  
But you brought your own leash  
Tell me no more no  
Say I'm the last one  
Outside  
By the drift  
You read my will  
Of thread and itch  
Failure to comply  
As failure to deace  
And still you won't know everything  
I've built the fall

Sulking drained the fall of my pale will  
Swarming by your steps  
Licking the ankles of blasphemer guilts  
It only meant to drape a plastic  
Over the stuck pig scalp of head  
To cover the sock where the flatline had spread  
The kiosk in my temporal lobe  
Is shaped like rosalyn carter  
She says my map is home again  
But torn face down  
I have only but a million blemishes  
To tell you all about  
In the end they just gagged me  
To make him come out

Gas me the hind  
Of your five legged snare  
Tooth picks the eye  
But no things there  
Down drags your waltz  
Cross the alter top  
From a sleep that

Depravation knew  
Trespass your form  
I'm void of dusk  
I'd ask to look  
But the mask stays on

You'll levitate  
Teutonic print  
Cruelty is the wrath  
Of my instrument

In the end they just gagged me  
To make him come out

You locked the cuffs  
Arsenic erupts  
Will you drink the shadow  
Of my red hair

You and your false  
Witness to God  
You've one in the chamber  
But your finger got stuck

Let slip the sound  
Of a cry for help  
But all was lost  
On the night you walked

Palms speak through eyes  
Serve your memory lost  
I contaminate with insignias

In the end they just gagged me  
To make him come out

Glossolalia coats my skin  
Glycerin and turbulence  
Stuffed the voice inside of God  
Mirrors to the animals

Wait till it get my hands on you  
I won't forget a face that left me

Just you wait  
Till I get my hands on you

I can't  
You won't remember

Unwrap my corpse  
And let it thaw  
In the eye of the needle  
I can't get out

They'll check my wrist  
I'll faint a pulse  
I'm not the human  
You thought I was

If you pet the night  
Sixth pentacle dice  
If you roll the seven  
St. michael dies

They'll be no ransom  
Don't shut my mouth  
I scald the answer  
You're afraid of

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