

Cavalettas

The Mars Volta

A salty ring of night fatigue
When I get the sweats
From your listening
Primordial cymatics
Giving birth into reverse
Serrated mare ephemera
Undo her mother's curse

So if you
Break me a mirror
Hang the broken pieces
Of a place that isn't here
Don't hide that guilty smile
Condolences
Won't go away

The coins you bring
Left footprints
Blind thirst
And Braille liquor
My bed is stained
With fractures
Year after vitiated year
Four corners you are touching
They will liberate
My need
Bite marks
In the menagerie
With infidelic teeth

Is there something out there
Waiting to take hold

When that whore won't answer
Who is in control?

And the names you planted
Drop the seed into a hole

If you force me often

I might jump off the board

I am a deaf con of angora goats
Warning you all who pass this mote
It's only a matter of folding in time and space
Before I become your epidemic
Is this the first time at my conventicle
You better not talk
If you came here for semantics
It's only a matter of folding in time and space
Before I become your epidemic

Don't ignore my presence
Hidden reads the scrolls
By the time I asked her
The earth fell off the tongue

What once was laughter
Corrosive I became
Where a scarlet bruise grows
Sprout the fault we own

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Before I become your epidemic

Don't hide your guilty freight
Condolences won't go away
You've got that guilty smile
That culminates in bedlam

Is the safety that you feel
From the witness
Who was kept quiet
In the wings

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