

Televators

The Mars Volta

Just as he hit
The ground
They lowered a tow that
Stuck in his neck to the gills
Fragments of sobiquets
Riddle me this
Flinch stitcheing
Aureole
Stalk the ground
Stalk the ground

You should have seen
The curse that flew right by you
Page of concrete
Stained walks crutch in hobbled sway
Autodafe
A capulary 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
Autodafe
A capulary hint of red

Only this manupod

Crescent in shape has escaped

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
Autodafe
A capulary hint of red
Everyone knows the last toes are
Always the coldest to go

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