

Halo Of Nembutals

The Mars Volta [vindrira.blogspot.com]

When the earth let you go
When the verdict is vermin
By the fork in my tongue
When you run out of sermon

When sooner or later
Is still not enough
What a foul little temptress
Your daughter's become

[Repeat: x2]
Deviate all by means in name
Cause we all crawl in quicksand the same

The night I begged you to come to me
The limp in your talk and the scent of your bleed
It's still not enough roulette to let you go

You covered your wounds in a bandage of sloth
The deeper the slur that rang from her laugh
If something tells me to keep it together

How could you turn your back on me?
I've summoned the stampede of infidel feet
For all I ever wanted is all you ever flaunted

[Repeat: x2]
Deviate by all means in name
Cause we all crawl in quicksand the same

Vanish a fifth dementia
Tables of ring worms have hung themselves
Disarray
Communion shaped

Serpents raise in prisms and rainbows escaped

They sent in the necrophiliacs
Carcinogen tartans that smolder in asp
Disarray

Communion shaped

Serpents raise in prisms and rainbows escaped

Reading from bottomless palindromes

Hear my request to be disowned

Disarray

Communion shaped

Serpents raise in prisms and rainbows escaped

[Repeat: x2]

Deviate by all means in name

Cause we all crawl in quicksand the same

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