

Vermicide

The Mars Volta

There with them is error
We are sacrosanct
A taunting of ravens to you
My swarms have fit the holster
My faith burnt every house
Like no other manger
I am emptier with doubt

Bare them
Sevens
Three to a pall
Marks the
Venom
Lush and terminal

When I became your larvae
You fed me from your plates
Now my slouch is nervous
Sinking by the face
Wrinkled by this gravel
Skinless trace of time
Wear your cobwebs proudly
In your cheap and brittle sight
My glands emit this carnage
These pews bend back your knees

That uniform it wears you
When the ultimatum pleads

Bare them
Sevens
Three to a pall
Marks the
Venom
Lush and terminal

That cesspool it becomes you
Just north of the eyebrows
Squat the hole for a pucker
When the rations go blonde

The salted stitch is patient
Waiting to engulf
There is plasma from this hoax
Pretending to be us

Embalming all the fluids
I must, I must
I prefer to burn it
I must, I must

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