Zed And Two Naughts

The Mars Volta

I'm not really better

Mallets crack with every breath, yeah
I hear them scraping through the branches

Against my broken window

When I'll let you in

A silhouette holds me younger

Can't poke me with his pinch, yeah

Flops and drips of nectar

And excess being

When she says
Saint Christopher
Don't go on wondering
There's no one left to save
'Cause no one's at the wheal
Saint Christopher
Don't go on wondering
Nothing left to say
There's no one left to save
'Cause no one's at the wheal
Saint Christopher

And the cracks with under
From a gash of stipple rain
This bed will never rest you
The answer's in the summon
While I lay here in
The stow can fix the crown in
A wasted dusk of tears
The potion turns to nectar
When the pigment leaves the body

When she says:
Saint Christopher
Don't go on wondering
There's no one left to save
'Cause no one's at the wheal
Saint Christopher
Don't go on wondering

Nothing left to say
There's no one left to save
'Cause no one's at the wheal
Saint Christopher

Thanks for praying, thanks for all Go, don't like it anymore Have your breakfast feed in time And they say it ain't too notch And they say it ain't too notch

Painted a full room of caves
I'Il bring dreams of better masses
Made of pastures
Labyrinths turning, city maze
I've been hanging, breeds of cancer
Every door our children sing
Watching a blizzard
Watching a blizzard

Saint Christopher Don't go on wondering There's no one left to save 'Cause no one's at the wheal Saint Christopher Don't go on wondering Nothing left to say There's no one left to save 'Cause no one's at the wheal Saint Christopher Don't go on wondering There's no one left to save 'Cause no one's at the wheal Saint Christopher Don't go on wondering Nothing left to say There's no one left to save 'Cause no one's at the wheal Saint Christopher

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