

# Noctourniquet

## The Mars Volta

Make my bed in droughts of beryl  
I haven't shot this thing in years  
Do you think I'll fold?

Calloused hands of detriment  
From a crossbow flinch of gasping air  
Do you think I'll

So long, don't fall apart  
The words have made a perfect burden

Sewn along your hollow heart  
We'll never hassle you

Remember at the hips where we once joined  
Severed by the scalpel when we were young  
Do you think I'll fold?

Held under the water in a blacklist trough  
Buried in the plots of your front steps  
Do you think I'll fold?

Incinerate the faith that you were taught  
Incinerate your crown of useless flesh  
Do you think I'll

So long, don't fall apart  
The words have made a perfect burden

Sewn along your hollow heart  
We'll never hassle you

And if this life belonged to me  
You can stop the rain from falling

Tie it on in your mind  
Its your noctourniquet

And in your fight to live and breathe

Then you keep it to the night

Tie it on in your mind  
Its your noctourniquet

Made my bed in droughts of beryl  
I haven't shot this thing in years  
Do you think I'll fold?

Your color seems to flower from your hissing tongue  
Your livery of siblings cut from saffron cloth  
Do you think I'll fold?

I'll reach out through the pavement with the shortest straw  
Lavera, don't play in your mother's drawer  
Do you think I'll fold?

Come hasten to the first drop of endless flasks  
Heretics and peasants with a quench forboding  
Do you think I'll

So long, don't fall apart  
The words have made a perfect burden

Sewn along your hollow heart  
We'll never hassle you

So long, don't fall apart  
The words have made a perfect burden

Sewn along your hollow heart  
Whatever one takes, whatever one takes for you

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