

Molochwalker

The Mars Volta

The world is burned, it never hurts
Shanks round the bend when you're foaming at the binge

On your serrated edge, you're like a snail that sticks
The hiss I make is warning to the scoundrel

When you walk the plank, tell me what you see
Moloch in the time of mutiny

When you walk the plank, tell me what you see
Moloch in the time of mutiny

When the body wants to fix this frame
The guilty presence starts to villicate

Fall into the strangle, skip around the neck
This albatross is warning with extreme prejudice

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Half of the time
I'm never clean

Filth of my filth
Can't get no relief

Half of the time
I see the weak

Don't roll your eyes

And still you can't see

All of my coins
You've taken and gave

Filled 'til you're bawling
And still you're empty

What's that satchel of numbers doing?
Can't my fingers tell extinction?

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