

# Vicarious Atonement

## The Mars Volta

Don't you pretend  
That I'm not alive  
My bones never ache  
Unless she's near by  
Where is your face  
In a safe of dead tongues  
I can see your reflection  
In your totem first glare(?)  
I suspect  
You've been carrying a pack of wolves  
A regret  
Not killing you while I had the chance  
I know I had the chance

Maybe I will always haunt you  
Mark the somnolence with truth  
Better hang your dead palace  
Than have a living home to lose  
In the river Ganges, God damns my name

Don't let these hands  
Sharpen your eyes  
A rasp of tails

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