# Meccamputechture

## The Mars Volta

Amputechture came
Philistine praise
Bottomless pit of empty names
Incarcerated habits poured from the palms
Severing the breast
Dancing on his arms

Beneath those locks
Of dirty red hair
A necklace of follicles with sabertooth monocles
They want a bouquet of black rose gems
Cascading kisses stalactite stems
They went and built a capsule in the cyanide pond
Where the holiest of water would have you to drown

Tomorrow we forget
'Cause now has never left
You gotta find my body
In the mechacontext

You give me a corpse
You live in it now
You're stir from a camp nourishment plows

You give me a corpse
You live in it now
You're stir from a camp nourishment plows

Please dismantle all these phantom limbs
It's the evidence of humans as ornaments

Humans as ornaments
Humans as ornaments
Humans as ornaments

Everyone stabs all the time
Persuasion deflowers your sympathy
Everybody has choosen to help the shovels that bury me

This dirt is turning christ to make repent again

So I've heard
They're cutting all the youngest ones
Said this dirt is turning christ to make repent his lust
So I've heard that the puppet tugs its pull

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It's the evidence of humans as ornaments

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Nova meat
The prude slit whispers of bovine heaps
Strapped to unearth of mantis flowers
Prunefingers who tug in a zealot's shroud

I will scald supreme truth as it touches this house
I will scald supreme truth

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It lacks a human pulse
It lacks a human pulse
It lacks a human pulse
It lacks a human pulse

It lacks a human pulse
It lacks a human pulse
It lacks a human pulse-- don't know for sure now
It lacks a human pulse-- don't know for sure now
It lacks a human pulse-- ah, ah, ah
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