

Frances The Mute

The Mars Volta

- A. In thirteen seconds
- B. Nineteen sank, while six would swim
- C. Five would grow and one was dead

It's been thirteen seconds
Since you all last said
I've become the apparition
You predicted for my death
You said that flirting brings you
Closer to the end
You can bait into the water
But you'll never get the hint
And like a stain of bricks goes
Dancing by your head
Plucked from an icebox
Grafted on my skin
My coat has hid the marks
Mink hits the shovel fix
Near the sway of pendulums
Boar abrasions and a kiss'
She said, 'I'll never let them hurt you
I'll never let them in
What you took from me is mine
What is mine I'll never give'
Mascara glass in the molar weeds
Herash,a serpent infancy
His eye patch pushed a gap of sand
Into his shine a sedative
More and more the dirt collects
You'll never find her body now
Her closet festered in a secret air
Blonde underneath a blackened hair
He never knew the colony
Gestated in his bed
Mingle with the carnivores you've something both in common now
Till one day his wasted breath
Swollen throat and karma debt
Set foot inside a parlor, to find her drunken by receipts
He held her by the ankles

Gutted at the nave, yes gutted and depraves
He tied a rope around her legs
And let her hang for seven days

[Chorus] This never happened, but I saw you leave,
And crawl into a bed of broken windows

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