

# Dyslexicon

## The Mars Volta

Nature red in tooth and claw  
I haven't seemed to keep my powder dry  
I always seem to hear it in your laughter

The second that I fell in love  
With the handle of your revolver  
I always seem to hear it in your laughter

I begged to you a second chance  
With dried white roads to Bethlehem  
I always seem to hear it in your laughter

Am I the valency that you deny?

In the time of the sixth sun  
We are cattle to the prod  
And I burn this dictionary  
Because its my dyslexicon

When I collapse and bury all the things unconsciously I hear  
Cackling in chloroform this spectre will ensnare  
I always seem to hear it in your laughter

A braided strand of children's manes  
Acquired with impunity  
I always seem to hear it in your laughter

The things you say to me  
Are deaf in tongue  
I always seem to hear it in your laughter

Am I the valency that you deny?

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You've never tasted heaven  
Stood the mother filled with grief

In the wake of Monday morning  
Finds the seventh day

If fate is your endearment  
Through pistil and through stem  
In the wake of Monday morning  
Finds the seventh day

And on the seventh day  
You will come to find  
My prism is not colorblind  
In death's mosaic spirit  
Finds the seventh day

That's why I repent  
That's why I go under  
That's why I repent for the night

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