

# Televators

## The Mars Volta

Just as he hit  
The ground  
They lowered a tow that  
Stuck in his neck to the gills  
Fragments of sobiquets  
Riddle me this  
Flinch stitcheing  
Aureole  
Stalk the ground  
Stalk the ground

You should have seen  
The curse that flew right by you  
Page of concrete  
Stained walks crutch in hobbled sway  
Autodafe  
A capulary hint of red

Only this manupod  
Crescent in shape has escaped

The house half the way  
Fell empty with teeth  
That split both his lips  
Mark these words  
One day this chalk outline will circle this city  
Was he robbed of the asphalt that cushioned his face  
A room colored charlatan  
Hid in a safe  
Stalk the ground  
Stalk the ground

You should have seen  
The curse that flew right by you  
Page of concrete  
Stain walks crutch in hobbled sway  
Autodafe  
A capulary hint of red

Only this manupod

Crescent in shape has escaped

Pull the pins  
Save your grace  
Mark these words  
On his grave

You should have seen  
The curse that flew right by you  
Page of concrete  
Stain walks crutch in hobbled sway  
Autodafe  
A capulary hint of red  
Everyone knows the last toes are  
Always the coldest to go

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written by RODRIGUEZ, OMAR/BIXLER, CEDRIC  
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