

Day of the Baphomets

The Mars Volta

Sawing off the pavement
Repenting their past lives
Might I be the only pain that's left to be left behind?
Clay and pygmy footsteps
Rusted, boil it clean
A bullet in linguistics
That only we can breathe

Now, I got a prayer that'll make you theirs now
Beneath sepulchres
Raise your entrails as an offer
Now, I got a prayer that'll make you theirs now
Beneath sepulchres
Raise your entrails as an offer

Following with pitchforks
In a cattle prodded theme
Signaling the sedative
To emaciate the queen
Bowing in constriction
Any time you leave
We've slipped ourselves in angels
In catabata leaves

Now, I got a prayer that'll make you theirs now
Beneath sepulchres
Raise your entrails as an offer
Now, I got a prayer that'll make you theirs now
Beneath sepulchres
Raise your entrails as an offer

In my sign I was born
To bring death at the footsteps of your home
Tonight I have sown
All the hair and crooked nails
That you all have worn
While your white sense of hope
I plant the vermin
Just who makes it so?

How long must we fold our hands?
Our guts are burning wheels again
Get a match that will make you thin
Come clean with the antidote
After all we came undone
A pair of sluts with hosts that fall
One day we will pay your debt
Our centipedes will pick the dead

Poachers in your home

How long must we fold our hands?
Our guts are burning wheels again
Get a match that will make you thin
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Follow every bottle out
And the cruelest smut, smut you know
It's the gash that autumn knows
Daughters lying at the door
Raise the body
Breathe your clear air
Everybody will call aloud
Everybody calls aloud
Everybody sing aloud

My hands secrete a monument

I am the reason
For your missing child
He might be home
But there's no trace
Under your pillow
I have left a spine
All the things we do
When you're away
I saw the message
That you wrote in the sand
Dismembered heads that come away
The anaesthetic of your gospel sin
Put a muzzle on the lamb

Put a muzzle on the lamb

Give me one page

Give me one page

Make it blank

Mix it, a leak will rain

Give me one page

Give me one page

Make it blank

We shall inflict your way

Maybe one day you'll stop and realize

All that you serve is dead

Give me your plate

Give me your plate

Make it break

Nothing you hold is safe

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Our guts are burning wheels again

Get a match that will make you thin

Come clean with the antidote

After all we came undone

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One day we will pay your debt

Our centipedes will pick the dead

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