Inertiatic ESP

The Mars Volta

Now I'm lost

Last night I heard lepers
Flinch like birth defects
It's musk was fecal in origin
As the words dribbled off of its chin

It said I'm lost
I'm lost
Now I'm lost

Dolls wreck the minced meat of pupils
Cast in oblong arms length
The hooks have been picking their scabs
Where wolves hide in the company of men

It said
I'm lost
I'm lost
Now I'm lost

Are you peaking in the red
Perforated at the neck
What of this mongrel architect
A broken arm of sewers set
Past present and future tense
Clipside of the pinkeye fountain

Now I'm lost

It's been said
Long time ago
You'll be the first and last to know
You'll never know

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