

# The Whip Hand

## The Mars Volta

When you leave the lights on  
contagions bind your doublespeak

Malice tends to choke my father's grip  
but his hands are always clean

Walk towards the light  
Convalesce, your fetish in me

You make me older  
swatting flies in the vaseline

And I'm not getting any better  
in this plot of dormant wakes

thorns decipher speak serrated  
from the figure of an eight

That's when I disconnect from you  
That's when I disconnect from you

That's when I disconnect from you  
That's when I disconnect

No turning back now  
too many shovels past the rubicon

Must I desecrate it?  
Why can't you tell me where you've gone?

Christened to die  
paranoia has hoax and device

Just when I find out  
Moirra draws the moth to fire

When the moon has burned the spirits  
across the stem of higher self

You will hardly ever hear it  
because the moon will always fail

That's when I disconnect from you  
That's when I disconnect from you

That's when I disconnect from you  
That's when I disconnect

I am a landmine, I am a landmine  
so don't just step on me, so don't just step on me

Cause I'm a landmine, cause I'm a landmine  
and I can blossom in the petals of an ECT

That's when I disconnect from you  
That's when I disconnect, disconnect from

That's when I disconnect from you  
That's when I disconnect, disconnect from