

Viscera Eyes

The Mars Volta

Por quando te vi enfermo con mentiras
Este ladron cuenta se dio
Trapa mal hecho de trampas te lo juro
Que yo si te mato
Y con cada dia que se pase requerdate
Quien era el mas poderoso

Don't let me, don't let me go
There is a venom in numerical lies
Your convalescent thorns
Are but a crown of magnets
They fold the shakes inside that third glass eye
Come on and give it to me
Come on and die

In your viscera eyes
Cateracts close the blinds
Let me let comfort come drown by your side

Hay mi hija no me llores
Porque yo te quito de esta cruz
A noche te vi caminando sin la alma de tu cuerpo
En los brazos sin luz

Stains fall into the brick wall severed
Four of them were watching
While the other three did hide
The culprit spat the seed from a podium of glass
Shattering the sigil that you thought was deitized

Don't let me, don't let me go
There is a venom in numerical lies
Your convalescent thorns
Are but a crown of maggots
They rot the shakes inside that third glass eye
Come on and give it to me
Come on and die

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Wait
I've seen the arc shake from your mnemonic tongue
But the braille that you weave of itself, it shall read aloud
Yes it will
I said, she's falling, she's still falling
But no one wants to come
She's crawling, she's still crawling
On your burial ground
She's falling, she's still falling
But no one wants to come
I said, she's crawling, she's still crawling

On your burial ground