Cicatriz ESP

The Mars Volta

Do you recall it's name? As it suggested beck and call This face and heel Will drag your halo through the mud Ash of Pompei Erupted in a statues dust Shrouded in veils Because these handcuffs hurt too much Still scalping these ticketless applause and when they drag the lake theres nothing left at all...

Sutured contusion Beyond the anthills of the dawning of this plague Said, "I've lost my way" Even if this cul-de-sac would pay To reach inside a vault Whatever be the cost Sterling clear blackened ice and when they drag the lake Theres nothing left at all...

I've defected...

Sutured contusion Beyond the anthills of the dawning of this plague Said, "I've lost my way" Even if this cul-de-sac would pay To reach inside a vault Whatever be the cost Sterling clear blackened ice and when they drag the lake Theres nothing left at all...

I've defected...

I've defected... Tištěno z www.txp.cz

Beyond the anthills of the dawning of this plaque Said, "I've lost my way" even if this cul-de-sac did pay beyond the anthills of beyond the anthills of said ive lost my way even if you even if you even if you who reached inside a vault whatever be the cost sterling clear blackened ice and when they drag the lake there's nothinkg left at all I've defected... Drag your vessel Punch your clock in

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