

Conjugal Burns

The Mars Volta

The horsemen you have brought deserve me
Some how they've made it through the floor
The clocks you set are they reversing
Before this visit turns conjugal
Ever more maybe tonight

So my half is waiting
Filed to a pulp
Used insomnia's been cleansing with floods
I got a pain inside that'll rip through the very fabric of time
Cause I've been with you before
God gave me sin
I've got to get born
Just so you know
There's too many reasons

Too many reasons
[x4]

You set the silver down to guard me from the weak
You check the spelling for nothing, nothing
You set the silver down to guard me from the weak
You check the spelling for nothing, nothing
You sent yourself the flood

All of this time
Bed sore containment
Where am I now that the music has faded?
[x2]

And I'm nowhere near the place
You sent me here to breathe
But I'm drawing closer to the present
And I'll find a space with no memories
I've got a second chance to inhabit the living

If Goliath won't speak I'm blinded by heaven
When will your Eden come die?
If the liars that blink are bound by the sender
Trinkets you gave have all rusted down

All of this time...

You better steal this chance to give birth to more
You'll wear those healing damns down to the plug

All of this time...

You better steal this chance to give birth to more
You'll wear those healing damns down to the plug