

Day of the Baphomets

The Mars Volta

Sawing off the pavement
Repenting their past lives
Might I be the only payment left
To be left behind
Clay and pigment footsteps
Rust it boiling clean
Our bull let in linguistics
That only we can breathe

I gotta prayer that'll make you theirs now
Beneath sepulchers
Raise your entrails as an offer

Fondling with pitchforks
In a cattle prodded sea
Signaling the sedatives
To emaciate their queen
Bowing in constriction
Anytime you leave
We snuffed ourselves an angel
And cut her by the wings

I gotta prayer that'll make you theirs now
Beneath sepulchers
Raise your entrails as an offer

In my sight I was born
To bring death at the footsteps of your home
Tonight
I have sewn
All the hair and crooked nails
That you all have worn
While your wife
Sits at home
I plant the vermin
Because she needs it so

How long must we fold by hand
The nuns are burning wheels again
Dent of mattress to make it bare
Come clean with the anecdote
After all we came undone
Pale of sluts with host at fault
One day we won't pay your debt
Our centipedes will get theirs yet

Poachers in your home
Poachers in your home

How long must we fold by hand
The nuns are burning wheels again
Dent of mattress to make it bare
Come clean with the anecdote
After all we came undone
Pale of sluts with host at fault
One day we won't pay your debt
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Fold the river by the lips
As a cruel and smothered wind
Fits the gash with ornaments
Dawn is nodding off again
Raised the braille to read it clear
Gathered by the cholera
Rinse the burns in cauldrons
Help the palm we see a lens
My hands secrete a monument
My hands secrete a monument

I am the reason
Four your missing child
They might be home
But there's no trace
Under your pillow
I have left a spine
Oh the things we do
When you're away
I saw the message
That you wrote in the sand
Dismembered hints that carve away
The anesthetic of your gospel said
Put a muzzle on the lamb

Give me one page
Give me one page
Make it blank
Mace that I leak
Will rain
Give me one page
Give me one page
Make it blank
Race I inflict
Your way

Maybe one day you'll stop and realize
The throne that you serve is dead

Give me a plague
Give me a plague
Make it blank
Nothing you own is safe