

# Desperate Graves

The Mars Volta

The swarms that I speak  
are the wrists I have cut  
by flooding the tubs  
Where the warmth held her up

The lockets believe  
that the secret of love  
has caught its own tail  
and its just won't give up

When I breath the heavens can't hold me  
and I can't believe anymore  
The light brings  
the highest execution  
Show me the wings I must cut

In your landfill days  
these are desperate graves  
Give me the alter  
red will shine  
This pendulum won't wait  
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Give me the alter  
red will shine  
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If I slay your spirit  
with twin current volts  
that weak in your knees  
in the pit of my palms

Dressed in the slurs of  
bovine engines  
to feast upon the carcass  
of your mother

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and I can't believe anymore  
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When I turn the dial  
and leave the gas on  
I'm the matchstick

that you'll never lose  
These are the splinters  
made from a single blade  
I'm the matchstick  
that you'll never lose  
I light the key that locks you in  
I'm the matchstick that you'll never lose  
And you'll wear the burden of all my burns  
I'm the matchstick that you'll never lose

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