

# Drunkship of Lanterns

The Mars Volta

You've got the lot to burn  
A shelve of pig smotherd cries  
Is there a spirit that spits  
Upon the exit of signs  
Is anybody there  
(spines in a row)  
These steps keep on growing long  
(spite as an arrow)  
Bayonet trials rust propellers await  
No  
Nobody is heard  
Rowing sheep smiles for the dead  
Nobody is heard  
An antiquated home  
Afloat with engines on mute  
Sui generis ship spined around the yard  
Is anybody there  
(spines in a row)  
These craft only multiply  
(spine as an arrow)  
At the nape of ruins rust propellers await  
No  
Nobody is heard compass wilting in the wind  
Nobody is heard  
Rowing sheep smile for the dead  
Transoceanic depth in this earth  
In this cenotaph  
Lash of one thousand eye brows clicking  
Counting the toll  
Counting the toll  
You've got the lot to burn  
A shelve of pig smothered cries  
Is there a spirit that spits upon the exit of signs  
Is anybody there  
(spines in a row)  
These steps keep on growing long  
(spine as an arrow)  
Bayonet trials rust propellers await  
No  
Nobody is heard compass wilting in the wind  
Nobody is heard rowing sheep smile for the dead  
Transoceanic depth in this earth in this cenotaph  
Carpel jets  
hit the ground  
Carpel jets  
hit the ground  
Carpel jets  
hit the ground  
Carpel jets  
hit the ground  
Lash of one thousand eyebrows clicking  
Counting the toll  
Counting the toll  
Lash of one thousand eyebrows clicking  
Counting the toll  
Counting the toll  
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