

## In Absentia

The Mars Volta

There was once a boy  
With knives stuck in his voice  
All he wanted, all he wanted was a little affection

Until one day he came  
To tempt his mother's taste  
All she wanted, all she wanted was to spread her infection

Spit and spindle we refuse  
Burning fumes of lucid youth to mend  
Her broken thoughts

They've stolen all my love  
Buried in absentia

Can you hear my vitreous heart  
Breaking in absentia

Smokestacks burn  
I won't turn  
I won't ever let you go

They've stolen all my love  
Yes, they've stolen all my love

He returns alone  
Changes here nor there

Does he want some  
Does he want a little insurrection?

Withhold my regrets  
Insomnatic fate

Opt out of incision  
Tear down the reason  
I've just gotta get out of here

Spit and spindle we refuse  
Burning fumes of lucid youth to mend  
Her restless limbs

They've stolen all my love  
Buried in absentia

Can you hear my vitreous heart  
Breaking in absentia

Smokestacks burn  
I won't turn  
I won't ever let you go

They've stolen all my love  
Yes, they've stolen all my love

Taken by the night  
Dye the gates remembrance

Check the puzzle, does it fit  
I am alpha and omega

And on the seventh day I rise  
Past the pangs of my resistance

When the son gives up his throne  
What becomes of this theft

Dasehra, make these shackles go away  
Dasehra, make these shackles go away

Dasehra, won't you help me stand my ground if I should fall

Dasehra, as long as I am injured  
Dasehra, as long as I remember

Dasehra, as long as I am injured  
Dasehra, as long as I remember