

## Inertiatic ESP

## The Mars Volta

Now I'm lost

Last night I heard lepers  
flinch like birth defects  
its musk was fecal in origin  
as the words dribbled off of its chin  
it said I'm lost  
I'm lost

Now I'm lost

Dolls wreck the minced meat of pupils  
cast in oblong arms length  
the hooks have been picking their scabs  
where wolves hide in the company of men  
it said I'm lost  
I'm lost

Now I'm lost

Are you peaking in the red  
perforated at the neck

What of this mongrel architect  
a broken arm of sewers set  
past present and future tense  
clipside of the pinkeye fountain

Now I'm lost

It's been said  
long time ago  
you'll be the first and last to know

You'll never know