

# Metatron

## The Mars Volta

Maybe I'll breakdown  
Maybe I'll try  
Circumvent inoculation  
And I just want a cut

When will I breakdown  
Lately I might  
Unconnect the fascination  
And I just want to touch

This is a list  
They're my demands  
Forget the question  
Come on, bring your nervous hands

You read it in my letter  
'Patience worth is dead'  
Suffocate the inkwell  
I am legion said the pen

Her seraph snout  
And cruciform limp  
I blame the shrouding  
Of a lesser man

My sigil contraptions  
They work with no crutches  
Don't show me the hinges  
I am absent

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She came to me when she was  
Pouring out of drool  
Under sedation  
Under vulgar multitudes

If you stay and try  
To fix what you did  
The sheets were wet from  
All those messages

A million petitions, her lock with no key  
You forfeit the right to be believed  
Full implant, shapeless as a jewel  
And I am stranded by eternal solitude

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The vault that I call home  
It falls beneath your palms  
Before I crawl my way out  
She calls

You're standing right outside my window  
Water thirsting  
You're standing right outside my window  
Water thirsting, will I drown

I'll never get a distance shot  
Heard vesper pure  
I never wanna see your face  
'Til the word is made flesh

You'd better ask Metatron  
Those flowers that withered away  
In the pages of your book  
For one day they won't block your route

In the dead plot you dream in  
Ten go away  
Ten born of pray  
Ten go away

Folding wormholes  
My time is riding in the alphabet  
Folding wormholes  
My time is writing on the wall

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Debase by your sentence  
I fell in the trap  
What door slid behind me  
I can't see it anymore

When she sleeps as a witness  
Got no better hands  
Tied a single stutter  
Do you speak my dialect?

Accidents will happen  
Keep your earnings to yourself  
One sip under the table  
Until it moves all by itself

In the eye of Fatima  
I kept all your dreams  
In a waking solution  
Of indictment

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