

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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