

# Molochwalker

## The Mars Volta

The world is burned, it never hurts  
shanks round the bend when you're foaming at the binge

On your serrated edge, you're like a snail that sticks  
The hiss I make is warning to the scoundrel

When you walk the plank, tell me what you see  
Moloch in the time of mutiny

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When the body wants to fix this frame  
the guilty presence starts to villicate

Fall into the strangle, skip around the neck  
this albatross is warning with extreme prejudice

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Half of the time  
I'm never clean

Filth of my filth  
can't get no relief

Half of the time  
I see the weak

Don't roll your eyes  
and still you can't see

All of my coins  
you've taken and gave

Filled 'til you're bawling  
and still you're empty

What's that satchel of numbers doing?  
Can't my fingers tell extinction?