

Soothsayer

The Mars Volta

My love becomes a mangle dyeing autumn in its leaves
When it broke me in the branch where my antlers come to feed
And I swam a hundred days in the bosom of this filth
Carry on this drought as I tighten this belt

This deceit has no arms
Bended will take what's yours
This deceit has no arms
Bended will take what's yours
Calling me
She's calling me
This it may have come to falter
We have become these pleads

In a field of balding marble where the medicine awaits
The hourglass pokes at the ribs of my cage
At half rations I'm finished
At half rations the minutes
All that happens was given
Coil and embrace