

# Televators

## The Mars Volta

Just as he hit  
The ground  
They lowered a tow that  
Stuck in his neck to the gills  
Fragments of sobiquets  
Riddle me this  
Three half eaten corneas  
Who hit the area  
Stalk the ground  
Stalk the ground

You should have seen  
The cursive flu i'd buy you  
Page of concrete  
Stained walks crutch in hobbled sway  
Auto-da-fe  
A capillary hint of red  
Only this manupod crescent in shape has escaped

The house half the way  
Fell empty with teeth that split both his lips  
Mark these words  
One day this chalk outline will circle this city  
Was he robbed of the asphalt that cushioned his face  
A room colored charlatan hid in a safe  
Stalk the ground  
Stalk the ground

You should have seen  
The curse that flew right by you  
Page of concrete  
Stain walks crutch in hobbled sway  
Auto-da-fe  
A capillary hint of red  
Only this manupod crescent in shape has escaped

Pull the pins  
Save your grace  
Mark these words  
On his grave  
Pull the pins  
Save your grace  
Mark these words  
On his grave  
Pull the pins  
Save your grace  
Mark these words  
On his grave

You should have seen  
The cursive flu i'd buy you  
Page of concrete  
Stain walks crutch in hobbled sway  
Auto-da-fe  
A capillary hint of red  
Everyone knows the last toes are  
Always the coldest to go