

The Malkin Jewel

The Mars Volta

I must have crawled through your bedroom door
in a fit of jealous breath
perched upon the Bacchus foot
of your unsuspecting bed

From the blossom rags in my jackal croon
to the stems of this cinquefoil
I give to you the shrapnel
with which to sprinkle in the soil

Because...

All the traps in the cellar go clickety clack
cause you know I always set them for you

Yeah, for you!

And all the rats in the cellar form a vermin of steps
yeah, you know they're gonna take me to you

Yeah, to you!

Wash it down with harlot soap
well, is this what you want?
I'll paint your steps with the lilac stains
of smelter revenant

My cutlery is rattling
in the dormant wooden drawers
from the palm of my throne I beckon you
to cut the orchid cord

Because...

All the traps in the cellar go clickety clack
cause you know I always set them for you

Yeah, for you!

And all the rats in the cellar form a vermin of steps
yeah, you know they're gonna take me to you

Yeah, to you!

I know a girl that was woven
in spindle and thread
wrapped in a bivouac of taffeta
scaffolding wed

She tosses and turns
and wakes all the children in bed
yawning with hunger
they take turns of nourishment

She says...

Somebody, somebody help me

Is there anybody that can set me free?

From the mountains of avarice this I beg to you
My ether turns flesh to gravel

And all the traps in the cellar go clickety clack
cause you know I always set them for you

Yeah, I set them for you!

And all the rats in the cellar form a vermin of steps
cause you know they're gonna take me to you

Yeah, to you!

And all the traps in the cellar go clickety clack
cause you know I always set them for you

Yeah, for you!

And all the rats in the cellar form a vermin of steps
yeah, you know they're gonna...