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...