

## Trinkets Pale of Moon

The Mars Volta

By the landfill I rest  
I burn their clothing before I dig into the ground  
I am Janus-faced denial with vines  
you're gonna wish you hadn't run

Clarity is calling me  
I hear the hums of tiny beating drums  
I feigned umbrage at my bruising fist  
you're gonna wish you hadn't run

And with these trinkets pale of moon  
senescent charms become a bludgeon of wrinkles  
when I nurse your tired heart

For every time you hear the strain  
of lullabies collapsing  
walk towards the echo and let it hold you trembling

Their gourds are punctured easily  
amnesia fumes in little twists of silk  
induce this multistrobe with melody  
you're gonna wish you hadn't run

I sing here at the seedy urn  
my father taught me when I was young  
you wear the tattered fringe of hangnail regalia  
you're gonna wish you hadn't run

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