

## With Twilight as My Guide

The Mars Volta

I'm bolted from within  
from long conniving heights  
The hail it makes a special sound  
that always stays into the night  
She tells me I'm not capable  
of what they accuse me  
with no remorse  
I stand and say that  
guilty is what I plead

My devil makes me dream  
like no other mortal dreams  
With a blank eye corner  
The only way to see him  
in the tunnel where he slept  
By the longest tusk of corridors  
Numb below the neck  
in my heart  
Where he keeps them  
in a vault of devil daughters

When I bend in kicking form  
with twilight as my guide  
in every home  
the ghost veins gossip  
You can hear them if you try

When my quill begins to squirm  
from the ashes in your urn  
Your deviance is anything but faithful

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like no other mortal dreams  
With a blank eye corner  
The only way to see him  
in the tunnel where he slept  
By the longest tusk of corridors  
Numb below the neck  
in my heart  
Where he keeps them  
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Everybody  
hangs like dead leaves  
Don't you hurt these  
branches waiting  
I've been watching  
you fall to me  
Don't desert me  
I'm not waiting

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like no other mortal dreams  
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in the tunnel where he slept  
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in my heart  
Where he keeps them  
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