

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
in a vault of devil daughters

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
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