

Zed and Two Naughts

The Mars Volta

I'm not breathing any better
Mallets crack with every grin

I hear the scraping plea of branches
Against my broken window

I won't let you in

The silhouette holds me under
Can't poke me with these pins

Flotsam drip of nectar
Nexus bean sprouting

When she says

Saint Christopher
Don't go wandering

With noone left to save
Cause noone's at the wheel

Saint Christopher

Antidote claps with thunder
From a gash of staple rain

This bed will never rest you
The answers in the sermons

I won't let you in

The stoking fits the crowning
A wasted gust of kin

Repulsion turns to nectar
When the pigment leaves the body

When she says

Saint Christopher
Don't go wandering

With noone left to save
Cause noone's at the wheel

Saint Christopher

Lastborn prey and firstborn caught
Crawling like an animal

Hold your breath its feeding time
In this zed and two naughts

Painted a fulcrum of caves
Piled with dreams of

Phantom masses made of pastures
Labyrinths turning, cystic maze

I've been hanging wreaths of cancer
On every door where children sing

Watch it all blister

Saint Christopher
Don't go wandering

With noone left to save
Cause noone's at the wheel

Saint Christopher