The Mars Volta

Aegis

The days are catching up to me my unconscious fear unbound Is it time to tailor fit the notion that come Sunday I'm in the ground?

The obelisk fumes have occupied emphatically austere a smelter pile made by the debt collector where the children should be seen, not heard

Even if there is no way back home

I'm not running away I'm not running away I'm not running away I'm not running away

Can you hear him saber rattling with bones I've left behind? Obloquy is the bulwark of his implants am I your son or just a clone?

Dasehra, you were sworn to be a window to my night my subterfuge, just branches to the mandrake where the children should be seen, not heard

Even if there is no way back home

I'm not running away
I'm not running away
I'm not running away
I'm not running away

Under the aegis of cognition I am dead, I will escape

Engrammic marks of ligature I am dead, I will escape

Under the aegis of cognition I am dead, I will escape

Engrammic marks of ligature am I dead, will I escape?

I'm not running away
I'm not running away
I'm not running away
I'm not running away