

Alba del orate

The Mars Volta

Just because I see lightning rods in your blinding swathe
Just because god washes his love
I'm looking for fractures in time
To give me parallels
To give me other selves when I needed it most

A lake of love can wash it all
Unread notes in floating bottles
I fix the breaks, but blame myself
These numbing pools have lost their touch

But I drove it to the bottom
Yes, I drove it over you
But I drove it to the bottom
Yes, I drove it over you