

Blank Condolences

The Mars Volta

I heard it moving through tiny blades of grass
Nursed in the bosom where they circle the drain
They kept unwinding through the portraits eyes
Smother the floor while they writhed

Out here, buried beneath your tombs
My nails scrawl in blood, I will always haunt you
Out here, beneath the things you do
Exhumin' ruins
If you audit all the omens, broken fevers out of time
Wouldn't you want to have closure?
(When your blindness becomes home)

And in that house, you know I lost myself every time
Frozen in fetal positions in the wake of every touch
And I'm waitin', so my question is
How many more are sequestered?

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Burn your fields of sage
It won't keep me from collecting that
Bounty on your head, bounty on your head
Is not a crown of thorns

She will rise
She will rise again

Let them dry, real slow, perfectly
No one can hear your voice
And here we are in the ground
Just muffled by deceit
And here we are
Caressing the blank condolences
And there you go
Cowering past the pulpit
Every track holds a rope
And scribbled yarn on a board