

# Conjugal Burns

The Mars Volta

The horsemen you have brought deserve me  
Some how they've made it through the floor  
The clocks you set are they reversing  
Before this visit turns conjugal  
Ever more maybe tonight

So my half is waiting  
Filed to a pulp  
Used insomnia's been cleansing with floods  
I got a pain inside that'll rip through the very fabric of time  
Cause I've been with you before  
God gave me sin  
I've got to get born  
Just so you know  
There's too many reasons

Too many reasons  
[x4]

You set the silver down to guard me from the weak  
You check the spelling for nothing, nothing  
You set the silver down to guard me from the weak  
You check the spelling for nothing, nothing  
You sent yourself the flood

All of this time  
Bedsore containment  
Where am I now that the music has faded?  
[x2]

And I'm nowhere near the place  
You sent me here to breathe  
But I'm drawing closer to the present  
And I'll find a space with no memories  
I've got a second chance to inhabit the living

If Goliath won't speak I'm blinded by heaven  
When will your Eden come die?  
If the liars that blink are bound by the sender  
Trinkets you gave have all rusted down

All of this time...

You better steal this chance to give birth to more  
You'll wear those healing damns down to the plug

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