

## Cue the sun

### The Mars Volta

Shadow stains under my eyes  
Sinking my rabies in wet cement  
Tell me how to hide this suspicion  
Rotting in my belly like a cosmic hearse

Tell me why you're changing the locks again  
Tell me how you reason what I can't handle  
No haven for the flammable ones  
Manacle spells  
The famine pulse  
Incinerated  
Sometimes, I burn numb to the surge of the toughest love  
Pin-prick my arms, carving my chest  
And gotta get out of here  
Oh, oh

They don't want you to know  
They hide what you see  
All the people you'll hurt  
If you refuse to cue the sun

Decimated, infiltrated, decimated by the mask I've always worn  
Decimated, infiltrated, decimated by the mask, I hope you know

They don't want you to know  
They hide what you see  
All the people you'll hurt  
If you refuse to cue the sun

They don't want you to know  
They hide what you see  
All the people you'll hurt  
If you refuse to cue the sun