Flash Burns From Flashbacks

The Mars Volta

I never knew if I should ask you
I never thought the time was right
He's the proof, the untouched ruse
A courtroom sketch of lifeless eyes

The constant need to disassemble
The soft veneer that holds his reins

I think I'm comin' undone
He bought the gavel to run
All the crooked, little cities

Will the starlets guard their drinks now?
Forty winks 'til slumberland
Push the hoax and drill the script
Teleprompter or polygraph?

I'll try to erase it
But your faith has set the trap

I think I'm comin' undone
He bought the gavel to run
All the crooked, little cities

The burning film in your projector
Ulcerous amnesia
Memories, they're not so fond of my mind

But I will erase you
Flash burns from flashbacks

I think I'm comin' undone
He bought the gavel to run
All the crooked, little cities

No, no, no, no, no, no, no
No, no, no, no, no, no, no
I think I'm comin' undone
No, no, no, no, no, no, no
I think I'm comin' undone
I think I'm comin' undone
No, no, no, no, no, no, no
I think I'm comin' undone
I think I'm comin' undone
No, no, no, no, no, no, no
I think I'm comin' undone

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