

Imago

The Mars Volta

My anguish told you
A persistent lie

The parasitic psychics that you push by wheel
Were spoken to me everytime

And like a charlatan
You counterfeit the vessels through flesh and time

These pacts we keep in secret
Drinking from a well that was cured by drought

My torment adores you
When my strings are tied

Out of compulsion I must decimate
The sapless embryonic miles

And like a charlatan
You counterfeit the vessels through flesh and time

These pacts we keep in secret
Drinking from a well that was cured by drought

My knives are burrowed voices
Glistened by the handles so they won't let go

These limbs are out of reaches
Extensions of a spirit that is not controlled

My heart is trapped inside
And I refuse to accept this throne

My night's unfolding
Reads like a page of test results

This sterile codex
Is missing all my last resolve

And like a charlatan
You counterfeit the vessels through flesh and time

These pacts we keep in secret
Drinking from a well that was cured by drought