

## Lucro sucio

## The Mars Volta

Rings of seven  
You tied us down  
Then lit sixty barrels to burn remains  
In search of a haven  
We stormed it for you but your family of thieves have never known of repent

This I know  
This I know  
This I know  
This I know  
If you believe in the outlands we roam

Don't tangle your feet with spiders that molt  
The quick of my blade to the choke in your throat  
When least you expect it  
The further I'll get  
To a hole in your heart  
Where God's never slept

This I know  
Do you believe in the outlands we roam

The filthiest lucre lies in the unknown  
We can hide in the hills till our blood runs cold  
The torment I chase weeping nitroglycerin  
I've seeded the ground with my rifle lies faith

This I know  
Yes I believe in the outlands we roam

Cazadora  
Como brillas  
Agua negra  
Almas perdidas

Cazadora  
Como brillas  
Agua negra  
Almas perdidas

Better believe we're going to find you  
Before the night is through  
And all we ever wanted was one last chance  
Oh yeah

But for all we really know we've been buried since the beginning

The glow in the water  
The hum of the dead  
The labyrinth we're lost in  
The gold that you crave burnt offerings  
I'm burnt offerings  
Burn my offerings  
Do you accept?

I'm burnt offerings  
Burn my offerings

This I know  
This I know  
This I know  
This I know