

Meccamputechure

The Mars Volta

Amputechure came
Philistine praise
Bottomless pit of empty names
Incarcerated habit tore from the palms
Severing the breast
Melting on his arms

Beneath those locks
Of dirty red hair
A necklace of follicles with sabertooth monocles
They want a bouquet of black rose gems
Castrating kisses stalactite stems
They went and built a capsule in the cyanide one
Where the holiest of water would have you to drown

Tomorrow is a gift
'Cause now is never left
You gotta find my body
In the Mecca context

You give me a corpse
You live in it now
You're staring from unkempt nourishment plows

You give me a corpse
You live in it now
You're staring from unkempt nourishment plows

Please dismantle all this phantom limbs
It's the evidence of humans as ornaments
Humans as ornaments
Humans as ornaments
Humans as ornaments

Everyone stares all the time
Persuasion deflowers your sympathy
Everybody's choosing to hold these shovels and burying me

This stir is turning Christ to make repent again
So I've heard
They're cutting all the youngest ones
Said this dirt is turning Christ to make repent his lust
So I've heard
That the puppets tugs its pull

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It's the evidence of humans as ornaments
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Now for meat
The pin slipped whispers of both of our heaps

Swept to an earth of Magdalen's frowns
Prune fingers who tug at a zealot's shroud

I obsconse supreme truth as it touches this house
I obsconse supreme truth...

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Everyone stares all the time
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Everybody's choosing to hold these shovels and burying

It lacks a human corpse
It lacks a human corpse
It lacks a human corpse
It lacks a human corpse
It lacks a human corpse
It lacks a human corpse
It lacks a human corpse - don't know for sure now
It lacks a human corpse - don't know for sure now
It lacks a human corpse - Ah, ah, ah