

No Case Gain

The Mars Volta

Someone's out on the wing of a plane
And she's headed for a storm
Clap back, reach my jugular
Are you now succumbin' to the silver guilt?
You pad my cell

Come sit a spell
And confess for a while
Digits speak to
Rosary-Rotary-Rosary
Coin slot, confessional booths
You're soakin' in a clawfoot tub
With those multicolored defects from my past life crimes

I never wanna come back
Twistin' and squirming from the beneath the cold (The cold)
And if you never see me again, it'll be too soon
These are the choices that you leave me with
Branded, I'm livestock, no case gain

Hold me under, hold me under
You gotta hold me underwater for two minutes longer
Hold me under, hold me under
You gotta hold me underwater for two minutes longer

Because my channel is phantom-bound
You can't have this
See you wear that fracture just a little too well
You can't have this
This is my new disintegration I've committed myself (You can't have this)

I'm never gonna come back
Find it in your heart just to call it a loss (A loss)
And if you never see me again, it'll be too soon
These are the choices that you leave me with
Branded, I'm livestock, no case gain

Pull me under, hold me under
You gotta hold me underwater for two minutes longer
Pull me under, hold me under
You gotta hold me underwater for two minutes longer
Pull me under, hold me under
You gotta hold me underwater for two minutes longer
Pull me under, hold me under
You gotta hold me underwater for two minutes longer
Pull me under, hold me under
You gotta hold me underwater for two minutes longer