

Pulled To Bits

The Mars Volta

Tongues are clacking words of one vision
One tiny incision and teeth are cracking
On thin air, on thin air
And teeth are cracking on thin air

Pulled to bits in silence
Left rotting on the ground
Slowly pulled to bits in silence
Without a sound, without a sound

Buildings bleached with shatter, shatter, clatter
Fill their senses with cement
Watch the people scatter
One by one, one by one

Pulled to bits in silence
Left rotting on the ground
Slowly pulled to bits in silence
Without a sound, without a sound

Young lungs snapping coming up for air
The mindless ones yapping, slashing through the thoroughfare
One by one, one by one
Oh, one by one without a fucking care

Pulled to bits in silence
Left rotting on the ground
Slowly pull to bits in silence
Without a sound, without a fucking sound

Pulled to bits, yackety, yackety, yack, yack, yack
Pulled to bits, shatter, shatter, shatter, clatter
Pulled to bits, yap, yap, yap, yapping
Pulled to bits without a sound