

## Reina tormenta

The Mars Volta

Run towards the storm coming  
Trample the way

Bring me  
Closer  
Siphon, every little constant threat  
Trace me  
Closer  
Soon, it will all disappear

Long, may it run  
I haven't slept for months  
I'll sleep when I can sever all the servants  
In the nest, you'll find me  
Wondering around a thousand yards of stare  
I'm holding every head

Running towards  
Running towards the storm  
Today, I'm in control