

The Whip Hand

The Mars Volta

When you leave the lights on
contagions bind your doublespeak

Malice tends to choke my father's grip
but his hands are always clean

Walk towards the light
Convalesce, your fetish in me

You make me older
swatting flies in the vaseline

And I'm not getting any better
in this plot of dormant wakes

thorns decipher speak serrated
from the figure of an eight

That's when I disconnect from you
That's when I disconnect from you

That's when I disconnect from you
That's when I disconnect

No turning back now
too many shovels past the rubicon

Must I desecrate it?
Why can't you tell me where you've gone?

Christened to die
paranoia has hoax and device

Just when I find out
Moirra draws the moth to fire

When the moon has burned the spirits
across the stem of higher self

You will hardly ever hear it
because the moon will always fail

That's when I disconnect from you
That's when I disconnect from you

That's when I disconnect from you
That's when I disconnect

I am a landmine, I am a landmine
so don't just step on me, so don't just step on me

Cause I'm a landmine, cause I'm a landmine
and I can blossom in the petals of an ECT

That's when I disconnect from you
That's when I disconnect, disconnect from

That's when I disconnect from you
That's when I disconnect, disconnect from