

Tourmaline

The Mars Volta

If I had to find some stray hint to describe it
Absent bouts of escape
Turn his wreckage into one of beheaded prophets
And let them all bow in refrain
This, this is how we survive, -ive

If I have to find my way back home
In this floating deprivation
They could never deliver me
She says I'm done
And bursts into wings of tourmaline, tourmaline

If the catatonic walls close in on the hem again
Pull the tether down for me
I've been hemorrhaging the sins of these lesser men
In cracks I didn't make
Until the lights, they flicker out
And a voice asks, "Are you safe in this cavern?"
Deep in the fathom span
Of outstretched arms, of outstretched arms

If I have to find my way back home
In this floating deprivation
They could never deliver me
She says I'm done
And bursts into wings of tourmaline

Please come
Please come away with me
We won't conceal the death that caves you in
Please come
Come away with me
Leaving the mountebank that did you in
Hear me callin'
If your heart, it seeks asylum
You'll be alright
If your heart is not too sure

If I have to find my way back home
In this floating deprivation
They could never deliver me
If I have to find my way back home
In this floating deprivation
They could never deliver me
She says I'm done
And bursts into wings of tourmaline