

Trinkets Pale of Moon

The Mars Volta

By the landfill I rest
I burn their clothing before I dig into the ground
I am Janus-faced denial with vines
you're gonna wish you hadn't run

Clarity is calling me
I hear the hums of tiny beating drums
I feigned umbrage at my bruising fist
you're gonna wish you hadn't run

And with these trinkets pale of moon
senescent charms become a bludgeon of wrinkles
when I nurse your tired heart

For every time you hear the strain
of lullabies collapsing
walk towards the echo and let it hold you trembling

Their gourds are punctured easily
amnesia fumes in little twists of silk
induce this multistrobe with melody
you're gonna wish you hadn't run

I sing here at the seedy urn
my father taught me when I was young
you wear the tattered fringe of hangnail regalia
you're gonna wish you hadn't run

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