

# Zed and Two Naughts

The Mars Volta

I'm not breathing any better  
Mallets crack with every grin

I hear the scraping plea of branches  
Against my broken window

I won't let you in

The silhouette holds me under  
Can't poke me with these pins

Flotsam drip of nectar  
Nexus bean sprouting

When she says

Saint Christopher  
Don't go wandering

With noone left to save  
Cause noone's at the wheel

Saint Christopher

Antidote claps with thunder  
From a gash of staple rain

This bed will never rest you  
The answers in the sermons

I won't let you in

The stoking fits the crowning  
A wasted gust of kin

Repulsion turns to nectar  
When the pigment leaves the body

When she says

Saint Christopher  
Don't go wandering

With noone left to save  
Cause noone's at the wheel

Saint Christopher

Lastborn prey and firstborn caught  
Crawling like an animal

Hold your breath its feeding time  
In this zed and two naughts

Painted a fulcrum of caves  
Piled with dreams of

Phantom masses made of pastures  
Labyrinths turning, cystic maze

I've been hanging wreaths of cancer  
On every door where children sing

Watch it all blister

Saint Christopher  
Don't go wandering

With noone left to save  
Cause noone's at the wheel

Saint Christopher