

The Mars Volta, The Malkin Jewel

I must have crawled through your bedroom door
In a fit of jealous breath
Perched upon the baptist foot
Of your unsuspecting bed
From the blossom rags in my jackal croon
To the stems of this cinquefoil
I give to you the shrapnel
With which to sprinkle in the soil

When all the traps in the cellar go clickety click
You know I?m gonna set them for you

Yeah, for you

And all the rats in the cellar full of vermin and steps
You know I?m gonna set them for you

Yeah, for you

Wash it down with harlot soap
Well, is this what you want?
I?ll paint your steps with the lilac stains
Of smelter revenant

My cutlery is rattling
From the doorman wooden?s boils
From the bottom of my throat I beckon you
To cut the orchid cord

When all the traps in the cellar go clickety click
You know I?m gonna set them for you

Yeah, for you

And all the rats in the cellar full of vermin and steps
You know I?m gonna set them for you

Yeah, for you

I know a girl that was woven
From spindle and thread
Wrapped in a bivouac of taffeta
Scaffolding red

She tosses and turns
And wakes all the children in bed
Yawning with hunger
They take turns of nourishment

And she looks at me in the great outdoors
And you know what she tells me?

Somebody help me
Is there anybody out there that can set me free?