

The Mars Volta, Zed And Two Naughts

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