

# The Widow, Mars Volta

He's got fasting black lungs  
Made of clove splintered shards  
They're the kind that will talk  
Through a weezing of coughs  
And I hear him every night  
In every pore  
And every time he just makes me warm  
Freeze without an answer  
Free from all the shame  
Must I hide?  
Cause I'll never  
Never sleep alone  
Look at how they flock to him  
From an isle of open sores  
He knows that the taste is such  
Such to die for  
And I hear him every night  
On every street  
The scales that do slither  
Deliver me from  
Freeze without an answer  
Free from all the shame  
Then I'll hide  
Cause I'll never  
Never sleep alone  
Oh lord  
Said I'm bloodshot for sure  
Pale runs the ghost  
Swollen on the shore  
Everynight  
in every pore  
The scales that do slither  
Deliver me from  
Freeze without an answer  
Free from all the shame  
Then I'll hide  
Cause I'll never  
Never sleep alone  
Freeze without an answer  
Free from all the shame  
Let me die  
Cause I'll never  
Never sleep alone