

# Day of the Baphomets

The Mars Volta

Sawing off the pavement  
Repenting their past lives  
Might I be the only payment left  
To be left behind  
Clay and pigment footsteps  
Rust it boiling clean  
Our bull let in linguistics  
That only we can breathe

I gotta prayer that'll make you theirs now  
Beneath sepulchers  
Raise your entrails as an offer

Fondling with pitchforks  
In a cattle prodded sea  
Signaling the sedatives  
To emaciate their queen  
Bowing in constriction  
Anytime you leave  
We snuffed ourselves an angel  
And cut her by the wings

I gotta prayer that'll make you theirs now  
Beneath sepulchers  
Raise your entrails as an offer

In my sight I was born  
To bring death at the footsteps of your home  
Tonight  
I have sewn  
All the hair and crooked nails  
That you all have worn  
While your wife  
Sits at home  
I plant the vermin  
Because she needs it so

How long must we fold by hand  
The nuns are burning wheels again  
Dent of mattress to make it bare  
Come clean with the anecdote  
After all we came undone  
Pale of sluts with host at fault  
One day we won't pay your debt  
Our centipedes will get theirs yet

Poachers in your home  
Poachers in your home

How long must we fold by hand  
The nuns are burning wheels again  
Dent of mattress to make it bare  
Come clean with the anecdote  
After all we came undone  
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Fold the river by the lips  
As a cruel and smothered wind  
Fits the gash with ornaments  
Dawn is nodding off again  
Raised the braille to read it clear  
Gathered by the cholera  
Rinse the burns in cauldrons  
Help the palm we see a lens  
My hands secrete a monument  
My hands secrete a monument

I am the reason  
Four your missing child  
They might be home  
But there's no trace  
Under your pillow  
I have left a spine  
Oh the things we do  
When you're away  
I saw the message  
That you wrote in the sand  
Dismembered hints that carve away  
The anesthetic of your gospel said  
Put a muzzle on the lamb

Give me one page  
Give me one page  
Make it blank  
Mace that I leak  
Will rain  
Give me one page  
Give me one page  
Make it blank  
Race I inflict  
Your way

Maybe one day you'll stop and realize  
The throne that you serve is dead

Give me a plague  
Give me a plague  
Make it blank  
Nothing you own is safe