

Noctourniquet

The Mars Volta

Make my bed in droughts of beryl
I haven't shot this thing in years
Do you think I'll fold?

Calloused hands of detriment
From a crossbow flinch of gasping air
Do you think I'll...

So long, don't fall apart
The words have made a perfect burden

Sewn along your hollow heart
We'll never hassle you

Remember at the hips where we once joined
Severed by the scalpel when we were young
Do you think I'll fold?

Held under the water in a blacklist trough
Buried in the plots of your front steps
Do you think I'll fold?

Incinerate the faith that you were taught
Incinerate your crown of useless flesh
Do you think I'll...

So long, don't fall apart
The words have made a perfect burden

Sewn along your hollow heart
We'll never hassle you

And if this life belonged to me
you can stop the rain from falling

Tie it on in your mind
Its your noctourniquet

And in your fight to live and breathe
Then you keep it to the night

Tie it on in your mind
Its your noctourniquet

Made my bed in droughts of beryl
I haven't shot this thing in years
Do you think I'll fold?

Your color seems to flower from your hissing tongue
Your livery of siblings cut from saffron cloth
Do you think I'll fold?

I'll reach out through the pavement with the shortest straw
Lavera, don't play in your mother's drawer
Do you think I'll fold?

Come hasten to the first drop of endless flasks

Heretics and peasants with a quench forboding
Do you think I'll...

So long, don't fall apart
The words have made a perfect burden

Sewn along your hollow heart
We'll never hassle you

So long, don't fall apart
The words have made a perfect burden

Sewn along your hollow heart
Whatever one takes, whatever one takes for you