

Wax Simulacra

The Mars Volta

Came back to doubt yourself but broke in two
They find it punctual with idle tooth
I'll find something to shake by the roots

I crawl along the ceilings in your room
The cold is spinning thread to answer you
I need something made of freewill

Am I waiting now?
Does my waiting howl?
Am I waiting now?
Does my waiting howl?
[x2]

I bring an avalanche of toltec bones
Contaminated cravings if you choose
To play something that aches for a spill
Leave out the meat for that contact high
Inhale the vapors and let the hangman smile
For that something to shake by roots

Bring me the tame
Witness germinates in the child
That word of mouth stutters
Blink at the lonely dice
[x2]

Don't know