

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