

The Mars Volta, Inertiatic ESP

Now I'm lost

Now I'm lost

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Now I'm lost.

Last night I heard lepers,

Flinch like birth defects,

It's musk was fecal in origin,

As the words dribbled off of its chin.

It said,

I'm lost

I'm lost

Now I'm lost

Now I'm lost.

Now I'm lost

Now I'm lost

Now I'm lost

Now I'm lost.

Dolls wreck the minced meat of pupils,

Cast in oblong arms length,

The hooks had been picking their scabs,

Where wolves hide in the company of men.

It said

I'm lost..

I'm lost.

Now I'm lost,

Now I'm lost,

Now I'm lost,

Now I'm lost.

Are you peeking in the red?

Perforated at the neck,

What of this mongrel architect,

A broken arm of soon will set,

Past present and future tense,

Clipside of the pinkeye fountain.

What of this mongrel architect,

A broken arm of soon will set,

Past present and future tense,

Clipside of the pinkeye fountain.

Now I'm lost,

Now I'm lost,

Now I'm lost,

Now I'm lost.

It's been said,

Long time ago,

You'll be the first and last to know,

You'll never know,

You'll never know,

You'll never..