

The Mars Volta, The Widow

He's got fasting black lungs
Made of clove splintered shards
They're the kind that will talk
Through a wheezing of coughs
And I hear him every night in every pore
And everytime you just makes me long
Breathes 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 aisle of open souls
He knows that the taste is such
Is such to die for
And I hear him every night
On every street
The scales that do slither deliver me from
Breathes without an answer
Free from all the shame
Then I'll hide
'Cause I'll never
Never sleep alone
Said I
Said I
Said I
Said I'm blood shot for sure
He'll ride the ghost
'Til I'm
'Til I'm swollen on the shore
Swollen on the shore
Every night in every pore
The scales that do slither deliver me from
Breathes without an answer
Free from all the shame
Then I'll hide
'Cause I'll never
Never sleep alone
Breathes without an answer
Free from all the shame
Let me die
'Cause I'll never
Never sleep alone