

# The Mars Volta, The Window

Hes got fasting black lungs  
Made of clove splintered shards  
Theyre 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 Ill 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 Ill hide Cause Ill never, never sleep alone  
Oh lord  
Said Im 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 Ill hide Cause Ill never, never sleep alone  
Freeze without an answer  
Free from all the shame  
Let me die Cause Ill never, never sleep alone