Televators by The Mars Volta

A room colored charlatan

Fill in the gaps

Just as ne nit		Hid in a safe
The ground		Stalk the ground
They lowered a tow that		Stalk the ground
Stuck in his neck to the gills		You should have seen
Fragments of sobriquets		The curse that flew right by you
riddle me this		Page of concrete
three (1) eaten corneas		Stain walks crutch in hobbled sway
who hit the aureole		Auto-da-fé
Stalk the ground		A (8) hint of red
Stalk the ground		Only this manupod
You should have seen		Crescent in shape has escaped
The curse (2) flew right by you		Pull the pins
Page of concrete		Save your grace
Stained walks crutch in hobbled sway		Mark these words
Auto-da-fé		On his grave
A capillary hint of red		[x3]
Only this manupod		You should have seen
Crescent in shape has escaped		The curse that flew right by you
The house (3) the way		Page of concrete
Fell empty with teeth		Stain walks crutch in hobbled sway
That split both his lips		Auto-da-fé
Mark (4) words		A capillary hint of red
One day this (5) (6)	will circle	Everyone knows the last toes are
this city		Always the coldest to go
Was he robbed of the asphalt (7)	cushioned his	
face		



- 1. half
- 2. that
- 3. half
- 4. these
- 5. chalk
- J. CHAIR
- 6. outline
- 7. that
- 8. capillary

Fill in the gaps

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