Televators by The Mars Volta

A room colored charlatan

Fill in the gaps

Just as he hit	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 (5) by you
riddle me this	Page of concrete
three half eaten corneas	Stain walks crutch in hobbled sway
who hit the aureole	Auto-da-fé
Stalk the ground	A capillary hint of red
Stalk the ground	Only this manupod
You should have seen	Crescent in (6) has escaped
The curse (1) 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 (7) flew right by you
The (2) half the way	Page of concrete
Fell empty with teeth	Stain walks (8) in hobbled sway
That split both his lips	Auto-da-fé
Mark these words	A capillary hint of red
One day this chalk outline (3) circle this city	Everyone knows the last (9) are
Was he robbed of the asphalt (4) cushioned his	Always the coldest to go
face	



- 1. that
- 2. house
- 3. will
- 4. that
- 5. right
- 6. shape
- 7. that
- 8. crutch
- 9. toes

Fill in the gaps