The Widow by The Mars Volta

Fill in the gaps

He's got fasting black lungs
Made of clove splintered shardes
They're the (1) that will talk
Through a wheezing of coughs
And I hear him every night
In every pore
And every (2) he just (3) me warm
Freeze 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 (4) of open sores
He knows that the (5) is such
Such to die for
And I (6) him (7) night
On every street
The scales (8) do slither
Deliver me from
Freeze without an answer
Free from all the shame
Then I'll hide

Cause I'll never Never sleep alone

Oh lord

Said I'm bloodshot for sure

Pale runs the ghost

Swollen on the shore

Every night

in every pore

The scales that do slither

Deliver me from...

Freeze without an answer

Free from all the shame

Then I'll hide

Cause I'll never

Never sleep alone

Freeze without an answer

Free from all the shame

Let me die

Cause I'll never

Never sleep alone



- 1. kind
- 2. time
- 3. makes
- 4. isle
- 5. taste
- 6. hear
- 7. every
- 8. that

Fill in the gaps

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