



The Mars Volta

*De-Loused in the  
Comatorium*

06/2003

Universal

# De-Loused in the Pizzeria

Kevin D. Woodall

hurry the call comes  
the craft does not multiply  
lone pilot the mission demands  
to a decrepit shell of a once-home

slip through to the manupod  
a delivery of cruel importance  
loaded weapon of greased indulgence  
the caveat spoke a debt must be paid

pink eye glaring on the scorched road  
the manupod clips through that blackened vein  
dives through the veil  
breaks through the countdown *tickticktick*

ascend the dirt tower  
green twitches yellow twitches red  
respiration of dead movement  
infra recon regrets its regrets

felled down the crawl slogs  
railroad junction burps exoskeletal husks  
delayed nervous patter the pilot drums  
yearning burning waiting decaying

cryostasis hibernates the pilot  
junction tremulant echoes prayers gone  
talking in his sleep (again)  
he's been waiting for so long

pilot pushes penance propulsion  
cutting a gallant swath  
ripe air pungent meat scent gasps  
*if you only knew the plans they had for us*

incise the speed of sight  
urgent driving cry for release  
the debt to be collected  
time drug through the ashen lake

dead field twists in sickly searing wind  
once-home the temple hollow hole  
ectopic revenant rasps pleading  
can you cure us of our fate?

how came he here  
corset-clad paleskin stretched  
hunger marks memories graven  
revenant reaches grasps pleads

triple pineapple croaks leathervoices  
destiny brings pilot in his crescent manupod  
this prison chains me they watch  
pilot counts the agreed sum unhearing

manupod takes flight  
a wormhole unseen to unseeing eyes  
he finds the fringe  
the televator awaits his hobbled heart

inbound transmission bleats where are you now  
pilot switches apparatus inert  
sound bath de-lousing a reverie long-revered  
now he is lost

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In the late summer/early fall of 2003 I was starting my freshman year at college. Over the next year I spent most of my evenings and nights driving at reckless speeds while delivering pizzas throughout Riverside, California to help pay for school. My relentless, unyielding soundtrack for most of that time was The Mars Volta's *De-Loused in the Comatorium*, an appropriately surreal accompaniment for what would turn out to be an incredibly surreal period of my life.