

nursing slopes

of Montreal

I know what it says about me
That I hate myself less for what I did to you and more
For what has become of us
Naturally I'm anxious and unstable
Knowing I'm lost to my best friend though I see you almost every day
Every day In my cracked kingdom in my terror hive of brutal nostalgia
On some self imposed house arrest of the mind that's useless
Trying to numb the fear, the fear
That deforms the negatives and makes all memories pathetic
So pathetic I have no charm to win you back
The anthers drained, the feria is over
Of what sweetness still remains
I can't trust myself
Oh the complex codes, the polymorphic addled fÃ¼hrer of our arrangement
I'm lost to my best friend
Though I see you almost every day

Songwriters

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