

# Apollyon Of Blue Room

## of Montreal

I'll jug with top globe and doomy locations  
And somebody's dope dealing brother  
The opium drone of a gaze  
[?] the crack plows the leaf of her learning summers  
She'll probably keep low  
I know that she's only trying to star in a very human animal  
The loom has gone lame, the patterns insane  
The edges have waved out  
The poses corrupt, the chortlers are blank, no function  
Need seven of the Egean sleep  
Deprivation experiment  
Stumbling round Monastiraki square  
Crawling to her in my Undress, my heart is a mess, the ruins depress  
The shield of our withering tabs  
The Tennessee tents, I sense that she's finally  
Turn the lock, but I just want my Anatolian rock  
I've been through so many deserts I don't know  
Which name to answer to  
Fatality breeds madness, I trash the heights, the peek! Now I'm on my own, no violence on the telephone  
Your child of neglect, but you turned out ok  
Oh, no! Wear my psyche riot tear(?!), I was just as shocked  
Your new lover like a hearse, a [?] of failure  
Oh, no, oh no! I record life - a sound, the milking of pipers  
Onto the parent dirt  
Just [?] from the orchard, looking beneath the higher tears  
The Satans of vicious loyal society  
I can't get no rest, my dreams are corrosive  
Nightmares are vampires too  
My thoughts are archaic [?] I'm such a downer  
Huh!

Songwriters

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