

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

KEVIN BARNES Published by

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