

We Will Commit Wolf Murder

Of Montreal

Something's terrorized my psyche
To get even
Lately, you're the only human
I believe in I tried to understand his logic
But there's just no pattern there
No sympathetic voices anywhere
There's blood in my hair Now I'm considered ugly
From every angle
You're the only beauty
I don't want to strangle Can't you hear me crying out for guidance?
Yes, we hear but we don't care
There's no sympathetic victims anywhere
There's blood in my hair I want to get all fucked up
And tell you how I really feel
Because your vibrant blackness
Coco artery is so unreal When I die I want you to die too
Not try to stay in this all
In a dimension without you
Spit on this planet without you I envy you because you can believe
In things like I never could
And like, dose yourself into a coma
Over the bestiality of our race All I meant how to send
Into some ancient reptilian form
Like an agnostic trans-sensation
Don't know what that is
(Use your imagination) They paralyze my psyche
To get even
Lately, you're the only dancer
I believe in I would put your dower's blood
In my hair
No sympathetic voices anywhere
There's blood in my hair Anti human armies
Spring from every angle
You're the only soldier
I don't want to strangle I can see this intolerance fate
So don't expect us to cooperate
Anyway, it's five lives too late
And there's blood in my hair Harbors our most obliging
Harbor for this illusion

Movies, I wish, I'd be stung
By tears of confusion Will you meet the common end
To your odd shaped mission?
Though it isn't true I don't believe
In that kind of plot but still I pray for you We will produce verity holocausts
We will commit acts of misery
We will weaponize silence in a sense
And we'll forget Someone's terrorized my psyche
To get even
Lately, you're the only human
I believe in I suffer from this death
To find a kingdom raised
Terror corpses in the vapor
Martyr's wrapped in butcher paper In the fall
A monster possessed your mind
You're the only dancer
I don't want to strangle Can't you hear me crying out for guidance?
Yes, we hear but we don't care
There's no sympathetic voices anywhere
There's blood in my hair I saw you laughing
But tomorrow you'll say you were there
You looked at me in disgust
Girl, why should I care? There's blood in my hair
There's blood in my hair
There's blood in my hair
Blood in my hair, fuck

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