

# How Lester Lost His Wife

## of Montreal

First there was the fable of the bull  
Told by the picador

Then an Orwellian raping of a virgin apple core  
An apple core, an apple core, an apple  
Core, an apple core, an apple

Next our minds were supping up the horrors  
That our vicious master's whip  
Was serving us in rituals nefariously hip  
Wickedly hip, wickedly hip, wickedly  
Hip, wickedly hip, wickedly

I had to don a disguise to see her slinking down  
The snaking hallways to her chamber  
But I wasn't prepared to encounter the vision  
Of she and it engaged in defiling of the sacred  
In an instant her face became so plaintive  
And I watched as she transformed  
Into the Black Amaranth

The next morning I espied  
In a window framed in brass  
The story of her condemnation  
Portrayed in the stained glass  
In the stained glass  
In the stained glass, in the stained  
Glass, in the stained glass, in the stained  
Glass

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