

# Death Is Not A Parallel Move

## Of Montreal

All of my thoughts are from a foreign host  
Now I feel just like a ghost  
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Now I feel just like a ghostAll of my thoughts are from a foreign host  
Now I feel just like a ghost  
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Now I feel just like a ghost  
Now I feel just like a ghostDon't be afraid, lille vn of violence  
I'm only poisoning you, not gonna stab you  
Don't be afraid, lille vn of my troubled mind  
I'm just poisoning you a little with my gloomThis far too much like a noise  
It happens to be not so nice  
I must nod, I must shatter, I must diffuse  
This fractured consciousness, this soft abuseThe identity I composed out of terror  
Has become oppressive now  
I must defy this dark assignment  
I'm over it now, I'm so over it nowDon't be afraid, lille vn of violence  
I'm only poisoning you, not gonna shoot you  
Don't be afraid, lille vn of my troubled mind  
I'm just poisoning you a little every day

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