

# Imbecile Rages

## of Montreal

Your folks say art  
Such lovely people  
I can't understand  
Where you came from How long can it possibly take for  
One to realize  
That the dream is over  
How many more nights  
Must you just humiliate yourself? The pollution from your imbecile rages  
Is leaking at your heels  
Lobbing at streaks across the desert and my eyes  
I have no hope for you anymore  
Oh When you said to my woman at the show  
We were just desperately breathing life into undead ghost  
Do you really think these things you say  
They won't get back to me I guess you feel like you got this lifetime pass  
And you can be a dick and  
It doesn't matter  
But I'm through, yeah, I'm set free  
And basically you're just dead to me The pollution from your imbecile rages  
Is leaking at your heels  
Blotting with streaks across the desert of my eyes  
I have no hope for you anymore!

Lyrics provided by

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