

# Wraith Pinned To The Mist And Other Games

## of Montreal

Let's have bizarre celebrations.

Let's forget who, forget what, forget where.

We'll have bizarre celebrations

I'll play the Satyr in Cyprus, you the bride being stripped bare.

Let's pretend we don't exist, let's pretend we're in Antarctica.

Let's pretend we don't exist, let's pretend we're in Antarctica. Let's have bizarre celebrations.

Let's forget when, forget what, forget how.

We'll have bizarre celebrations.

We'll play Tristan and Iseult, but make sure I see white sails.

Let's pretend we don't exist, let's pretend we're in Antarctica.

Let's pretend we don't exist, let's pretend we're in Antarctica. Maybe I'll never die, I'll just keep growing

younger with you, and you'll grow younger, too.

Now it seems too lovely to be true, but I know the best things always do.

Let's pretend we don't exist, let's pretend we're in Antarctica.

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Let's pretend we don't exist, let's pretend we're in Antarctica.

Songwriters

KEVIN BARNESPublished by

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