

# Obviousatonicnuncio

## of Montreal

There's not really a name for we all  
Have highly devoured the flesh of our ugly profit  
Third right Christian right one of teen  
Nobody's baby breath I have Could you love me wrong like Justin does  
Somebody better that comes along  
She said she wants to be vacant, is that detected?  
You've relapsed back to a losing way  
You're a losing game everybody plays her How many centuries should I erase?  
Just the aborted ones and the superstitious ones  
The body is quick to forgive  
Where the spirit's only revengeful  
I've got such a hunger for the obvious  
(Like his head was some look low like mine)  
And desire is arachnidian I will video your memoration  
From the site of some sorrow  
In my empire of negation  
There's no humbling nativity  
And I'm breathing without one  
Though I don't breath them Better look me up stranger  
Like I want to be a pregnant restaurant  
Up to celebrate your creepy black servant's long milk tits  
Seeping models of skinny moist paters  
At the Planned Parenthood cut from elderly cunts Where arobicus kiss the grain  
And the gloves is always changing  
I am a Capricorn wearing a Bacchus  
Traveling around with my head full of the worst shit  
I've got such a hunger for the obvious  
(Hunger for the obvious)  
Quite unlike this demonic radiation  
Of our ruins of public display  
(Like his head was some look low like mine)  
I'm calling it the catastasis There's still so many deaths clearly the motivator  
But there are Valiums that'd really reverse this  
Call it the pregnant sea and that's not happening You were such a killer, wasted one  
You were such a killer  
You were such a killer, wasted one  
You were such a killer, million dollar hate  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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