

# Belle Glade Missionaries

## of Montreal

The blade missionaries are here to steal your cocaine  
You better send your malaria to puncture their brains and  
Send them back to where they came from  
Send them back to the souvenirs of disease From your first psychotic episode to your chugging your  
schizophrenia  
It's your dysphoric mania that makes you so likable  
And everybody want to save you  
Save you just for themselves And letting children get blown up in their schools today  
So they can get them back into their factories  
And though it pains me to see while being so betrayed  
But I guess you'll never know so it doesn't matter  
Doesn't matter! The feeble wants me to have because you been on the winds  
I made the bones in my jaw going hollow  
And there's a sense that there's a prowler on the prairie  
Leaving hair on the walls We help to flatten the sounds that bound down the street  
And my greatest fear of release  
Someone else's consciousness and down the stairs to contend with  
Oh but too there's these rays there to pretend with And letting children get blown up in their schools today  
So they can get them back into their factories  
And though it pains me to see you all being so deceived  
But I guess you'll never know so it doesn't matter  
Doesn't matter! I have a sense you want to be  
The female Henry Miller  
Cynically referring to your lovers as your prince and  
Exploiting other people's madness I never sensed you'd ever call out to me  
Telepathically through all archaic mediums  
But I never once heard you, so  
I think you were just lying again Back up and then see my void  
Like some nation people avoid  
Like I'm a talents been destroyed  
Like I'm a pair of specta voice  
When no choices at the present  
Still there's a value in things unpleasant  
Will you post naked gifts of your epileptic fits  
And keep track of your hits and your friends don't give a shit  
And view your future with amusement  
All the evil in the universe  
There are no victims, only participants Letting children get blown up in their schools today  
So they can get them back into their factories

You know it pains me to see you all being so betrayed  
But I guess you'll never know so it doesn't matter  
Doesn't matter! Can't trust my instinct lately  
And I'm feeling mechanic  
You feel more synthetic  
They feel more synthetic  
More synthetic  
Synthetic

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