

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 diseaseFrom 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 themselvesAnd 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 wallsWe 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 withAnd 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 madnessI 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 againBack 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 participantsLetting 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

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>