

# Estocadas

## of Montreal

Natives have a name for me but I can't remember what it is  
Some fucker took what's mine and now he's acting like she's his  
Your shifty friend gave you a cactus for a gift  
Oh-oh, oh-ohSuch a stupid offering, what it's meant to symbolize?  
Hostile immobility, is that something to prize?  
Floodlights generate a hum, render sleeping [?] myth of man  
Oh-oh, oh-ohThe morning finds me alive with my face pressed in a glass door  
This summer's been nothing but rain  
Nature is writhing in her own filth againTook the bus to Plaza de toros on a dare  
You cried all through the bullfight and cursed me for taking you there  
Riding back in silence to the hostel thinking only  
Only estocadas

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