

Virgillian Lots

of Montreal

The pigs are taking shots at the mourners on the hill
I'm truly not neutral but I lost all direction
Day I woke ready to blow the bridge
For finding you hand over your mouth
So instead, I burned my own village down I'm grieving for you, my love
And I don't understand what's going on Just as the twin volcanoes of Cuauhnāhuac, we were once stable
So sad I must bury every thought of you before it shows its teeth
Now I amuse myself with [?] form of Virgilian Lots
Like your neo-feminist divinations I'm grieving for you, my love
And I don't understand what's going on Our memories, once almost sacred, are embarrassments to me now
Of the three things I find most shocking, the first is how trivial you are
The second is my depth of feeling; third, the purity of our collapse I'm grieving for you, my love
And I don't understand what's going on

Songwriters

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