

Amphibian Days

of Montreal

In the pen with the mastiffs bred to fight rats in the bowels of the arena
I received a kiss without promise that produced deformities of happiness
The laughter there is viscous it leaves a residue down the legs of the chairs
Since you lost the will to hear they get your attention grabbing fistfuls of your hair
These amphibian days they
will not heel to you
You can't defy the defining flaw of your generation
The heavens vomited the dawn upon us as we learned how
to occupy photographs
She descended a stairway composed of silk and flicked her cigarette
As I sweat through my black hex I saw you two climax in spasms through a frosted window
You both came in electronics and anthemic bursts of unsanitary flames
If this is Tartarus, which of us is Echidna
which one Arakiel?
This bastard conveyance of extinct emotions that we know only in our cells
I labor to tempt you out of your cage and into my patrol
Until this vessel lands I have decided to ignore all impulse control

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