

# 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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