Montana

Youth Lagoon

You wore a hoodless sweatshirt on your bed that night
With black leggings, I've never seen your face so white
Your honesty was killing me
The monsters in the room were all dancing to the music all around us
A door is always open if it isn't closed
And a plant is said to be dead if it doesn't grow
I'll grow. I will grow
There's a spirit in Montana and in your chest, a soul
Oh what a soul
I tried to be the middle-man between you and this list
I couldn't move as the footsteps neared closer to me from the monsters that feed
I swore that I wouldn't bleed. I won't bleed
There's a spirit in Montana and in your chest, a note
That rings like the bells of cathedrals rung by the village scapegoat
As I walked slowly down your driveway to my car
I looked back and turned into salt
A pillar with a hat

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