

# Gelid Ascent

## of Montreal

You are what parasites evolved from  
Still an unanswered question  
You are the refused energy from a superior form  
Nothing that occurs to you is intended for your involvement  
You're an irrelevant effect  
Unavoidable, but of low influence  
One last thing that you must understand  
(To be dead is to be confused, to be mistaken) You speak to me  
Like the anguish of a child doused in flames  
Oh, you speak to me  
Like the stones that're bashing your skull and brain exposes  
Oh it's always been the same  
200, 000 years of viciousness  
The violent art dissolves  
A lost, suffering, weak, cracked out species Oh you speak to me  
Like your life was annihilated in space  
Oh you speak to me  
In a voice that's trite, calm, and impassionate  
And yeah, what do you know?  
You know nothing of the abuses of everything  
The regretedness of abandonment  
The dehumanized regress of love  
Oh you speak to me

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