

# Dour Percentage

## Of Montreal

we've woken up alone, no song to sing us off the edge  
the speakers have blown, this planet is an orphanage  
deep abandonment issues at our core, but if not each other there's fuck all to really keep hustling for  
ain't got no ride, least not one that returns our message  
our parents aside, this planet is an orphanage  
and it cheapens us the way you and i torment each other  
it's just the way we combine  
it's time for you to decide, here on the concrete, you a winter soldier or just playing yourself and me too?  
i got your letter and it hurt me so many ways, had no breath to respond, boy you let your brothers down!  
and you inhabit your own personal ghetto but no one's forcing you to stay there  
our circle's not so cannibalistic baby  
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our parents aside, this planet is an orphanage  
and it cheapens us the way you and i torture each other  
it's just the way we collide  
it's time to make up your mind here in this cellar  
are you gonna betray yourself, or come join us up on the dais?  
the conspiracy that's forever unfolding in your head, it's just not real  
boy you've let your people down  
i murdered so much of myself here just to try and accommodate you  
you know i saved your life a little too, hey brother?  
i don't resent you but i can't settle the debt of our serrated history and blows i haven't got over yet  
and it cheapens us the way you and i torment each other

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