

chaos arpeggiating

of Montreal

Mountain City yellows
They're not on the grounds they're in the wall
This loneliness is so distracting
I'm barely missing you at all Will I survive the Easter in this sloughy womb of noxious isolation?
No I can feel the sabers now in my
Illusionary casket Now your charming little virus
Is getting all your attention
As I drag my chair up to the window
To absorb some solar lashings It's your saint's name day tomorrow
But last year's paper wasps, they are not living anymore Why should I be scorned like some catalyst
For famines when it's me who's been exiled in apartments?
Oh, must I always be
Chaos arpeggiating? Mountain City yellows
I see them glitching through the floor
The minotaur of self-abuse can't pick himself up anymore Your last violent freak out was a eulogy to us
Oh, I was truly touched that you still cared enough to throw psychotic fits And now I'm sparring with the no-one
The void, the vacuum of conscience
As I mine the rust of my celebrity
With snarls and mock laughter I have the sense that you're wanting me to chase you
But what's the point?
We can't be together without starting a row Why should I be scorned like some catalyst
For famines when it's me who's been exiled in apartments?
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For famines when it's me who's been exiled in apartments?
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Songwriters

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