

# 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 allWill I survive the Easter in this sloughy womb of noxious isolation?  
No I can feel the sabers now in my  
Illusionary casketNow your charming little virus  
Is getting all your attention  
As I drag my chair up to the window  
To absorb some solar lashingsIt's your saint's name day tomorrow  
But last year's paper wasps, they are not living anymoreWhy 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 anymoreYour last violent freak out was a eulogy to us  
Oh, I was truly touched that you still cared enough to throw psychotic fitsAnd 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 laughterI have the sense that you're wanting me to chase you  
But what's the point?  
We can't be together without starting a rowWhy 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?Why should I be scorned like some catalyst  
For famines when it's me who's been exiled in apartments?  
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Songwriters

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