

Gronlandic Edit

of Montreal

Nihilists with good imaginationsI am satisfied hiding in our friend's apartment

Only leaving once a day to buy some groceries

Daylight, I'm so absent minded, nighttime meeting new anxieties

So am I erasing myself? Hope I'm not erasing myselfI guess it would be nice to give my heart to a God
But which one, which one do I choose?

All the churches filled with losers, psycho or confused

I just want to hold the divine in mine

And forget, all of the beauty's wastedLet's fall back to earth and do something pleasant, say it
We fell back to earth like gravity's bitches, bitches

Physics makes us all its bitchesI guess it would be nice to help in your escape

From patterns your parents designed

All the party people dancing for the indie star

But he's the worst faker by far in the set

I forget, all of the beauty's wastedI guess it would be nice

Show me that things can be nice

I guess it would be nice

Show me that things can be niceYou've got my back in the city

You've got my back 'cause I don't want to panic

You've got my back in the city

You've got my back 'cause I don't want to panic

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