Forecast Fascist Future

Of Montreal

The language of the frost lobs dead balloons over ruins today,
In view of wan wordless crowds that chase waifs to spires with fiery plumes,
And incite the firmament's portrait of a drowning in Styx that gives impotents kicks.

Boredom murders the heart of our age while sanguinary creeps take the stage...
Boredom strangles the life from the printed page.

Masking vapor trails from Mercury for a killer on Umbria,
Who crippled birch mares now briars replace their old cotton limbs.
Who will tell? I mean, would it make a difference?
Look, metal flower-petal tears do not even appear in the myopic mirror.

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Boredom strangles the life from the printed page.

The moon was sagging in the sky as I held her face to mine,
All our thoughts were coming in so clear beyond the myopic mirror.
We were darting from the place where we just couldn't fit,
Far away from all the violence, safely flying in our own orbit.

Why do I always have to tell you -- forget about the prescient signs, forget about the life we knew.
May we never be stripped of anything we love, may we grow so gentle, never go mental.
May we never go, go mental... may we always stay, stay gentle...
May we never go, go mental... may we always stay, stay gentle...
May we never go, go mental... may we always stay, stay gentle...
May we never go, go mental... may we always stay, stay gentle
gentle
gentle

Boredom murders the heart of our age while sanguinary creeps take the stage...
Boredom strangles the life from the printed page.
What was my number? What was my number? I don't care!

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