

Sink The Seine

of Montreal

You're no different from the prints that crease the wires
Or mosquitoes that now operate on her brain
Thought that if I sank the seine I might find you
I might find you I'm no different from the claw they mic from the stair
Or fake diamonds that are glued to eyes of plastic crows
Thought that where the planters go, you might find me
You might find me

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