

# 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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