

## A Sentence of Sorts in Kongsvinger

of Montreal

I spent the winter on the verge of a total breakdown  
While living in Norway  
I felt the darkness of the black metal bands  
But being such fawn of a man  
I didn't burn down any old churches  
Just slept way too much, just slept

My mind rejects the frequency  
It's static craziness to me  
Is it a solar fever?

The TV man is too loud  
Our plane is sleeping on a cloud  
You turn the dial, I'll try and smile  
We've eaten plastic weather  
This family sticks together  
We will escape from the south to the west side

My mind rejects the frequency  
It's just verbosity to me

I spent the winter with my nose buried in a book  
While trying to restructure my character  
Because it had become vile to its creator  
And through many dreadful nights  
I lay praying to a saint that nobody has heard of  
And waiting for some high times to come again

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Dirty old shadow, stay away  
Don't play your games with me  
I am older now, I see the way you operate  
If you don't hurt me then you die

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