

And I've Seen a Bloody Shadow

of Montreal

Turning tricks on the hood of Jasmine's car
That whole summer was really just too peculiar
You know I would have given it up to almost anybody
Who had a little bit of money and was sweet to me
Yeah, I was down to give it up to almost anyone
Who was sweet to me

It was rough, we had to crawl down to the basement
For to hide from this digital wolf
He had no eyes but he could see using electric rays
Biting the prick that feeds me in my sister's bathroom
How can I function, man, in the face of all this butchery?

My mind is exploding with sloppy murders
They really poison my sexuality
How can I function?
There's no more Apollonian beauty to behold

Lille venn, my heart is not dead
It's just bad weather in my temporary head
In my temporary head
Mamma, my heart's not dead
It's just bad weather in my temporary head