

Belle Glade Missionaries

of Montreal

The blade missionaries are here to steal your cocaine
You better send your malaria to puncture their brains and
Send them back to where they came from
Send them back to the souvenirs of disease

From your first psychotic episode to your chugging your schizophrenia
It's your dysphoric mania that makes you so likable
And everybody want to save you
Save you just for themselves

And letting children get blown up in their schools today
So they can get them back into their factories
And though it pains me to see while being so betrayed
But I guess you'll never know so it doesn't matter
Doesn't matter!

The feeble wants me to have because you been on the winds
I made the bones in my jaw going hollow
And there's a sense that there's a prowler on the prairie
Leaving hair on the walls

We help to flatten the sounds that bound down the street
And my greatest fear of release
Someone else's consciousness and down the stairs to contend with
Oh but too there's these rays there to pretend with

And letting children get blown up in their schools today
So they can get them back into their factories
And though it pains me to see you all being so deceived
But I guess you'll never know so it doesn't matter
Doesn't matter!

I have a sense you want to be
The female Henry Miller
Cynically referring to your lovers as your prince and
Exploiting other people's madness

I never sensed you'd ever call out to me
Telepathically through all archaic mediums
But I never once heard you, so
I think you were just lying again

Back up and then see my void
Like some nation people avoid
Like I'm a talents been destroyed
Like I'm a pair of specta voice
When no choices at the present
Still there's a value in things unpleasant
Will you post naked gifts of your epileptic fits
And keep track of your hits and your friends don't give a shit
And view your future with amusement
All the evil in the universe
There are no victims, only participants

Letting children get blown up in their schools today
So they can get them back into their factories
You know it pains me to see you all being so betrayed

But I guess you'll never know so it doesn't matter
Doesn't matter!

Can't trust my instinct lately
And I'm feeling mechanic
You feel more synthetic
They feel more synthetic
More synthetic
Synthetic