

chaos arpeggiating

of Montreal

Mountain City yellows they're not on the grounds they're in the
wall

This loneliness is so distracting I'm barely missing you at all

Will I survive the Easter in this sloughy womb of noxious isola
tion?

No I can feel the sabers now in my illusionary casket

Now your charming little virus is getting all your attention
As I drag my chair up to the window to absorb some solar lashin
gs

It's your saint's name day tomorrow but last year's paper wasps
they are not living anymore

Why should I be scorned like some catalyst for famines when it'
s me who's been exiled in apartments?

Oh must I always be chaos arpeggiating?

Mountain City yellows I see them glitching through the floor
The minotaur of self abuse can't pick himself up anymore

Your last violent freak out was a eulogy to us
I was truly touched that you still cared enough to throw psycho
tic fits

And now I'm sparring with the no one, the void, the vacuum of c
onscience

As I mine the rust of my celebrity with snarls and mock laughte
r

I have the sense that you're wanting me to chase you

But what's the point? we can't be together without starting a r
ow