

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 isolation?

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 lashings

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 psychotic fits

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

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

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 row