

Flunkt Sass Vs. The Root Plume

of Montreal

I discovered so much from my last trance
Dogs running in black and white
Don't make me process this much information
It's unforgivable

Aging apocalyptic ecstasy
Previous life laughter
My background is such an affliction
My psychic told me my transience exploited vacant energy
fields
They are (poisoning/killing) us from the sky

Even this ghetto world that has nothing doesn't want me
(3x)

Clone tissue
And the growing instabilities are lovely
Its (effects/power) on me is bloody breastfeeding horrid
discovering instability

(They are) killing us from the sky
(/The sky)

Even this ghetto world that has nothing doesn't want me
(3x)