

## Forecast Fascist Future

of Montreal

The language of the frost lobs dead balloons over ruins  
today,  
In view of wan wordless crowds that chase waifs to  
spires with fiery plumes,  
And incite the firmament's portrait of a drowning in  
Styx that gives impotents kicks.

Boredom murders the heart of our age while sanguinary  
creeps take the stage...  
Boredom strangles the life from the printed page.

Masking vapor trails from Mercury for a killer on  
Umbria,  
Who crippled birch mares now briars replace their old  
cotton limbs.  
Who will tell? I mean, would it make a difference?  
Look, metal flower-petal tears do not even appear in  
the myopic mirror.

Boredom murders the heart of our age while sanguinary  
creeps take the stage...  
Boredom strangles the life from the printed page.

The moon was sagging in the sky as I held her face to  
mine,  
All our thoughts were coming in so clear beyond the  
myopic mirror.  
We were darting from the place where we just couldn't  
fit,  
Far away from all the violence, safely flying in our  
own orbit.

Why do I always have to tell you -- forget about the  
prescient signs, forget about the life we knew.  
May we never be stripped of anything we love, may we  
grow so gentle, never go mental.  
May we never go, go mental... may we always stay, stay  
gentle...  
May we never go, go mental... may we always stay, stay  
gentle...  
May we never go, go mental... may we always stay, stay  
gentle...  
May we never go, go mental... may we always stay, stay  
gentle  
gentle  
gentle

Boredom murders the heart of our age while sanguinary  
creeps take the stage...  
Boredom strangles the life from the printed page.  
What was my number? What was my number? I don't care!