

Imbecile Rages

of Montreal

Your folks say art
Such lovely people
I can't understand
Where you came from

How long can it possibly take for
One to realize
That the dream is over
How many more nights
Must you just humiliate yourself?

The pollution from your imbecile rages
Is leaking at your heels
Lobbing at streaks across the desert and my eyes
I have no hope for you anymore
Oh

When you said to my woman at the show
We were just desperately breathing life into undead ghost
Do you really think these things you say
They won't get back to me

I guess you feel like you got this lifetime pass
And you can be a dick and
It doesn't matter
But I'm through, yeah, I'm set free
And basically you're just dead to me

The pollution from your imbecile rages
Is leaking at your heels
Blotting with streaks across the desert of my eyes
I have no hope for you anymore!