

# Labyrinthian Pomp

of Montreal

How you wanna tag my style  
When I am so superior?  
How you wanna hate a thing  
When you are so inferior?  
How you wanna mess  
How you wanna mess my spotless interior?

Let's just say you are not the destroyer  
(Du er ikke den som ødelegger fitta)

I've got my bright girl near me  
She's so much taller  
With a crisp endorsement  
From the C.C.A.A. Booty Patrol  
She's so meta, references Stendhal  
Shares my strange urge to  
Smash a window in every house on our block

Delinquent days are here again

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I've got my Georgie Fruit on  
He's my dark mutation  
For my demented past time  
Giving replicators somewhere to go  
But we're authentic  
You can test my talons  
Against your cursive body  
But the controller spheres have disappeared  
And it hurts

Delinquent days are here again

(I'd just like to disappear forever but I am not afraid)

There's two gods for every one, one, two gods for the beasts  
An hour dead deflects our eggs  
On latitude 0, 1 degree  
I trusted you, no, don't explain  
Moving in clipped tempos making sad dreams  
Of the flags appearing  
Crazy how the symbolism works  
Don't look at them