

nursing slopes

of Montreal

I know what it says about me, that I hate myself less for what
I did to you and more
For what has become of us
Naturally I'm anxious and unstable knowing I'm lost to my best
friend though I see
You almost every day

In my cracked kingdom in my terror hive of brutal nostalgia
On some self imposed house arrest of the mind that's useless
Trying to numb the fear, the fear, that deforms the negatives a
nd makes all
Memories pathetic, so pathetic

I have no charm to win you back, the anthers drained, the feria
is over
Of what sweetness still remains, I can't trust myself
Oh the complex codes, the polymorphic addled fuhrer of our arra
ngement
I'm lost to my best friend though I see you almost every day