

## Obviousatonicnuncio

of Montreal

There's not really a name for what we are  
Or how they devalued the flesh of our ugly prophet  
Third Reich Christian right why of teens having fun  
Nobody's baby breath I have  
Could you love me wrong like just until somebody better  
comes along  
She said she wants to be vacant, is that detected?  
You've relapsed back to a losing way, you're a lovely  
game everybody plays her  
How many moves should I erase? Just the aborted  
centuries and the superstitious ones are the best parts  
The body is quick to forgive where the spirit's only  
vengeful  
I've got such a hunger for the obvious (like his head  
was some look low like mine)  
And desire is arachnidian

I will video your liberation from the cycle of Samsara  
In my empire of negation there's no humbling nativity  
and I'm reading without one  
Though I don't breed them

Better rough me up stranger like I want to be a  
pregnant restaurant  
Up to celebrate your creepy black servant's long milk  
tits  
Seeping models of skinny moist paters at the Planned  
Parenthood cut from elderly cunts  
Where arobicus kiss the grain and the gloves is always  
changing

I am a Capricorn wearing a Bacchus  
Traveling around with my head full of the worst shit  
I've got such a hunger for the obvious (hunger for the  
obvious)  
Quite unlike this demonic radiation  
Of our ruins of public display (like his head was some  
look low like mine)  
I'm calling it the catastasis

There's still so many deaths it should really be a  
motivator  
But there are Valiums of that simply must unhinge me  
first  
Or forbid the pregnancy, and that's not happening

You were such a killer, wasted one  
You were such a killer  
You were such a killer, wasted one  
You were such a killer, million dollar hate