

She Ain't Speakin' Now

of Montreal

Like some sepulchral tableau
I sit frozen holding your hand
Though I'm trying to think only
Positive thoughts I understand

That place tomorrow
May not be there tomorrow, then
Your eviscerating, suffering will end
Oh, will you ever be yourself again?

Girl with the flu, I hear the death rheum
She ain't doin' well
Her eyes they seem cast and fatherless
Her psyche's cracked or
Anyhow, She ain't speakin' now

Nightfall, like some leaden sea
Dilates as I hold vigil by your bed
Watching the pillowcase soaking with sweat around your head

I can't repel this sneaking veil of morbidity
That's disfiguring the serif of your face
Oh, the organism's been debased
Girl with the flu, I hear the death rheum
She ain't doin' well
Her eyes they seem cast and fatherless
Her psyche's cracked or
Anyhow, She ain't speakin' now

You scream that the books
Are fallin' off of the shelf onto you
But I can see them
Your hallucination ravings
I'm writing them all down so
You can see read them
When your mind no longer aches
And your febrility breaks

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