

Sirens of Your Toxic Spirit

of Montreal

What I recall
Remembered past is insanity
And the clatter

Misapprehensions of
Killing you but not
Fast enough to really matter

The flume of your struggle
Is flooded with sorrow and
Poisons everybody near it
I'm not a patron of yours anymore
Don't want to hear it
The sirens are your toxic spirit

Of your addictions and shiftingness
Inherited from your father
I know you struggle to keep them in check
But at this point why even bother

The flume of your struggle
Is flooded with sorrow and
I'm not a patron of yours anymore
Don't want to hear it
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Well, friendships you have left
Do not derive from love
They're just a work form of charity
I've wounded you and you've wounded you too
At least we can feel good about the parities

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Is flooded with sorrow and
I'm not a patron of yours anymore
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