

Spiteful Intervention

of Montreal

It's fucking sad that we need a tragedy to occur to
gain a fresh perspective in our lives
Nothing happens for a reason, there's no point even
pretending you know the sad truth as well as I

Oh god, the morning light
Sun rays bring my paranoia
I can't function unless I'm the only one awake

Rancor of our
last conversation that
forbidden word you
deform to
handicap me then
abuse your advantage

I'm nervous my soul is returning to crystals,
because your eyes are an agent of darkness
There's nothing to fight
It's just a bit of fait accompli

I spend my waking hours haunting my life
I made the one I love start crying tonight
And it felt good
Still there must be a more elegant solution

Lately I'm rotted in the filth of
self offered agonies that really should
fill me with shame,
but all I have is this manic energy

I lost my page in being the black sinner disciple in
your heart collage
Just want to celebrate me
Need to suffer more
Face our pure liberty
Converts officiate
Divides new stratagems to
Disembowel our corinthian characters

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I know I'm upside down about you
Your kindness feels like blasphemy or some sick
education on the limits of humanity
So I profane the laws of some Victorian garbage
And listen to you smashing up my studio again

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And it felt good
Still there must be a more elegant solution

Lately all I can produce is psychotic vitriol

That really should fill me with guilt
But all I have is asmatic energy