

Triumph of Disintegration

of Montreal

The last ten days have been a motherfucker,
I didn't know if I'd survive

The voice with the synapse that calls blood bats into action has
now entered the tablelands
It's only natural to feel a little imbalanced, it's a symptom of
your hysterical need to be understood

You had to forgive your enemy cause it was making you psychotic
to keep fighting him inside of your head
But how could you allow these people whom you don't even respect
to rape your self concept and make your inner world an ugliness?

Thrashed through the forest like a tormented brute,
I had to make myself a monster just to feel something ugly enough
to be true
And then scratching wildly at the mirror in my heart to see the
ir doleful faces
What is the flaw in just running away?
Running away fixes everything, how can I why should I stay?
Just to view the triumph of disintegration?

To live beneath language, or far above, it's really not that different
At least now that the one thing that is good about me
Has begun to express itself in malicious ways

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What is the flaw in just running away?
Running away fixes everything, how can I why should I stay?
Just to see the triumph of disintegration?
Victories of devastation?