

Of Montreal, A Sentence Of Sorts In Kongsvinger

I spent the winter on the verge of a total breakdown while living in Norway
I felt the darkness of the black metal bands
But being such fawn of a man I didn't burn down any old churches
Just laughed way too much, just laughed

My mind rejects the frequency
It's static craziness to me
Is it a solar fever?

The TV man is too loud
Our plane is sleeping on a cloud
You turn the dial, I'll try and smile

We've eaten plastic weather
This family sticks together
We will escape from the south to the west side

My mind rejects the frequency
It's just verbosity to me

I spent the winter with my nose buried in a book
While trying to restructure my character
Because it had become vile to its creator
And through many dreadful nights
I lay praying to a saint that nobody has heard of
And waiting for some high times to come again

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Dirty old shadow, stay away
Don't play your games with me
I am older now, I see the way you operate
If you don't hurt me then you die

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