

Of Montreal, Death Of A Shade Of A Hue

Over a sea of grief Scarlet died
above her dying mind were fossilified memory imprints of her favorite day
for a minute I stayed watching this brilliant display
until a god with a broom came and swept them away

In their bereavement all of her colorful friends
Turned to a milky grey depressing blend
Which incidentally made Grey feel inane
So he set off to find a less trite identity
One as stunning and bold as Scarlet used to be