

Of Montreal, Psychotic Feeling

How can it be done?

How can we escape from this indigent state?

We try for so long, and now I'm afraid it might happen too late.

I get the sense you look at me like at some distant star;

I never really could accept how taciturn you are.

But why does it feel

Like the choir is weeping

And the conductor is reeling?

It's such a psychotic feeling.

I wish I could talk.

I wish I could live like there was nothing to hide.

I wish that you knew how completely I'm struggling inside.

Will you stay or will you turn away from me like them

When you start to understand how cynical I am?

But can you say it doesn't feel

Like a skeleton has melted

And the wallpaper's peeling?

It's such a psychotic feeling.

Faster, faster, faster --

I wanna come back to you.

Oh but my head is so full of this horrible light,

It just attacks

I can't fight back.