

Of Montreal, Rapture Rapes The Muses

You hit me so hard like a Wong Kar Wai beginning
I'm exploding in smiles my equilibrium is spinning

Rapture rapes the muses
but you don't notice that it's kissing you
Rapture rapes the muses
and the void that's left confuses
It's confusing

You keep me lit like antediluvian Troy
But one always reveres what ones bound to destroy

Gloomy Erebus is an anathema to me
All of them dancing like flames and the sad enmity
I wonder if I understand.
Am I too young to understand?