

Of Montreal, Spiteful Intervention

It's fucking sad that we need a tragedy to occur
To gain a fresh perspective in our lives
Nothing happens for a reason there's no point even pretending
You know the sad truth as well as I
Oh god the morning light sun rays bring my paranoia
I can't function unless I'm the only one awake

The rancor of our last conversation
That forbidden word you've deformed to handicap me then abuse your advantage
I'm nervous my soul is returning to crystals
Cause your eyes are an agent of darkness
There's nothing to fight it's just a bitter fait accompli

I spend my waking hours haunting my own life
I made the one I love start crying tonight
And it felt good, still there must be a more elegant solution

Lately I'm rutted in the filth of self-authored agonies
That really should fill me with shame but all I have is this manic energy

I lost my page in being the black stamp disciple in your hard collage
Feels wrong to celebrate we need to suffer more,
Face our puerility, ban converts that vitiate,
Devise new stratagems to disavow our quotidian characters

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I know I'm upside down about you,
Your kindness feels like blasphemy or some sick education on the limits of humanity
So I profane the laws of some Victorian garbage
And listen to you smashing up my studio again

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I made the one I love start crying tonight
And it felt good, still there must be a more elegant solution

Lately all I can produce is psychotic vitriol
That really should fill me with guilt but all I have is asthmatic energy