

# Of Montreal, Death Isn't A Parallel Move

All of my thoughts are from a foreign host  
Now I feel just like a ghost (x4)

All of my thoughts are from a foreign host  
Now I feel just like a ghost (x4)

All of my thoughts are from a foreign host  
Now I feel just like a ghost (x4)

Don't be afraid lille vn of violence  
I'm only poisoning you, not gonna stab you.  
Don't be afraid lille vn of my troubled mind  
I'm just poisoning you a little  
With my gloom

There's far too much light and noise  
It happens to be not so nice  
I must nod  
I must shatter  
I must diffuse  
This fractured consciousness  
This soft abuse

The identity I composed out of terror has become oppressive now  
I must (deny) defy (defeat) this dark assignment  
I'm over it now  
I'm so over it now

Don't be afraid lille vn of violence  
I'm only poisoning you, not gonna shoot you.  
Don't be afraid lille vn of my troubled mind  
I'm just poisoning you a little

Every day