

Of Montreal, She Ain't Speakin' Now

Like some sepulchral tableaux I sit frozen holding your hand
Though I'm trying to think only positive thoughts I understand
That this tomorrow may not be the tomorrow that your eviscerating suffering will end
Will you ever be yourself again?

Girl with the flu, I hear the death rune, she ain't doing well
Her eyes they seem cast and fatherless
Her psyche's cracked or anyhow she ain't speaking now

Nightfall, like some leaden sea, dilates as I hold vigil by your bed
Watching the pillowcase soaking with sweat around your head
I can't repel the snaking veil of morbidity that's disfiguring the seraph of your face
The organism's been debased

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You scream that the books are falling off the shelves onto you but I can't see them
Your hallucination ravings, I'm writing them all down so you can read them
When your mind no longer aches and your febrility breaks

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