

# Of Montreal, The Past Is A Grotesque Animal

The past is a grotesque animal  
And in its eyes you see  
How completely wrong you can be  
How completely wrong you can be  
The sun is out, it melts the snow that fell yesterday  
Makes you wonder why it bothered

I fell in love with the first cute girl that I met  
Who could appreciate George Bataille  
Standing at a Swedish festival discussing "Story of the Eye"  
Discussing "Story of the Eye";

It's so embarrassing to need someone like I do you  
How can I explain I need you here and not here too  
How can I explain I need you here and not here too

I'm flunking out, I'm flunking out  
I'm gone, I'm just gone  
But at least I author my own disaster  
At least I author my own disaster

Performance breakdown and I don't want to hear it  
I'm just not available  
Things could be different but they're not  
Ohhhhhh  
Things could be different but they're not

The mousy girl screams, "Violence! Violence!"  
The mousy girl screams, "Violence! Violence!"  
She gets hysterical cause they're both so mean  
And it's my favorite scene  
But the cruelty's so predictable, it makes you sad on the stage  
Though our love project has so much potential  
But it's like we weren't made for this world  
Though I wouldn't really want to meet someone who was

Do I have to scream in your face?  
I've been dodging lamps and vegetables  
Throw it all in my face, I don't care

Let's just have some fun, let's tear this shit apart  
Let's tear the fucking house apart  
Let's tear our fucking bodies apart  
But let's just have some fun

Somehow you've red-rovered the gestapo circling my heart  
And nothing can defeat you  
No death, no ugly world

You've lived so brightly  
You've altered everything  
I find myself searching for old selves  
While speeding forward through the plate glass of maturing cells

I've played the unraveler, the parhelion  
But even apocalypse is fleeting  
There's no death, no ugly world

Sometimes I wonder if you're mythologizing me like I do you  
We want our film to be beautiful, not realistic  
Perceive me in the radiance of terror dreams  
You can betray me, you can, you can betray me,

Teach me something wonderful

Crown my head, crowd my head with your lilting effects  
Project your fears on to me  
I need to view them  
See there's nothing to them  
I promise you there's nothing to them

I'm so touched by your goodness  
You make me feel so criminal  
How do you keep it together?  
I'm all, all unraveled

But you know, no matter where we are  
We're always touching by underground wires

I've explored you with the detachment of an analyst  
But most nights we've raided the same kingdoms  
And none of our secrets are physical  
None of our secrets are physical  
None of our secrets are physical now