

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
Ohhohhh
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