

Heimdalsgate Like a Promethean Curse

of Montreal

I'm in a crisis.
I need help--
Come on mood shift, shift back to good again.
Come on mood shift, shift back to good again.
Come on be a friend.

Nina Twin is trying to help, and I
Really hope that she succeeds.
Though I picked the thorny path myself,
I'm afraid, afraid of where it leads.

Chemicals don't strangle my pen;
Chemicals don't make me sick again.
I'm always so dubious of your intent,
Like I can't afford to replace what you've spent.

Come on Chemica-a-als!
Come on Chemica-a-a-a-a-a-a-als!
Come on Chemica-a-a-a-a-a-als!

Nina Twin is trying to help, and I
Really hope she gets me straight.
Cause my own inner cosmology
Has become too dense to navigate.

Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh.

I'm in a crisis.
I need help--
Come on mood shift, shift back to good again.
Come on mood shift, shift back to good again.
Come on be a friend.
Come on be a friend.

2, 3, 4...
Chemicals don't flatten my mind;
Chemicals don't mess me up this time.
Know you bait me way more than you should
And it's just like you to hurt me when I'm feeling good.

Come on Chemica-a-als!
Come on Chemica-a-a-a-a-a-a-als!
Come on Chemica-a-a-a-a-a-als!

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