

## Spiteful Intervention

of Montreal

It's fucking sad that we need a tragedy to occur to  
gain a fresh perspective in our lives  
Nothing happens for a reason, there's no point even  
pretending you know the sad truth as well as I

Oh god, the morning light  
Sun rays bring my paranoia  
I can't function unless I'm the only one awake

Rancor of our  
last conversation that  
forbidden word you  
deform to  
handicap me then  
abuse your advantage

I'm nervous my soul is returning to crystals,  
because your eyes are an agent of darkness  
There's nothing to fight  
It's just a bit of fait accompli

I spend my waking hours haunting my life  
I made the one I love start crying tonight  
And it felt good  
Still there must be a more elegant solution

Lately I'm rotted in the filth of  
self offered agonies that really should  
fill me with shame,  
but all I have is this manic energy

I lost my page in being the black sinner disciple in  
your heart collage  
Just want to celebrate me  
Need to suffer more  
Face our pure liberty  
Converts officiate  
Divides new stratagems to  
Disembowel our corinthian characters

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I made the one I love start crying tonight  
And it felt good  
Still there must be a more elegant solution

I know I'm upside down about you  
Your kindness feels like blasphemy or some sick  
education on the limits of humanity  
So I profane the laws of some Victorian garbage  
And listen to you smashing up my studio again

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I made the one I love start crying tonight  
And it felt good  
Still there must be a more elegant solution

Lately all I can produce is psychotic vitriol

That really should fill me with guilt  
But all I have is asmatic energy