

Of Montreal

"Black Lion Massacre"

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My creator appeared to me in the form of a black lion
She checked my temperature to make sure I was ready
It was 106.7, she preferred .8 but couldn't wait
I rode her to the arena
There she licked my foot to rehydrate
Left me pleading on the dirt
The ministers went silent, drank milk powders,
Spilt some on the aprons to begin the rites
People slaughtered each other out of joy
People murdered their pets
Pissed on each other
Masturbated in the front yards
Vomited in public fountains
Gouged out the eyes of reptiles and mutilated fish
Then prayed deeply and watched as their bodies
transformed
Rejoiced in the process
There were rainbows everywhere, everywhere

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