

Of Montreal "Death Is Not A Parallel Move"

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All of my thoughts are from a foreign host
Now I feel just like a ghost
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Don't be afraid, lille vÃfÃxn of violence
I'm only poisoning you, not gonna stab you
Don't be afraid, lille vÃfÃxn of my troubled mind
I'm just poisoning you a little with my gloom

This far too much like a noise
It happens to be not so nice
I must nod, I must shatter, I must diffuse
This fractured consciousness, this soft abuse

The identity I composed out of terror
Has become oppressive now
I must defy this dark assignment
I'm over it now, I'm so over it now

Don't be afraid, lille vÃfÃxn of violence
I'm only poisoning you, not gonna shoot you
Don't be afraid, lille vÃfÃxn of my troubled mind
I'm just poisoning you a little every day

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