

Of Montreal "Forecast Facist Future"

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The language of the frost lobs dead balloons over
ruins today
In view of wan wordless crowds that chase waifs to
spires with fiery plumes
And incite the firmament's portrait of 'A Drowning in
Styx'
That gives impotents kicks
Boredom murders the heart of our age while
sanguinary creeps take the stage
Boredom strangles the life from the printed page
Masking vapor trails from Mercury for a killer on
Umbria
Who crippled birch mares now briars replace their old
cotton limbs
Who will tell? I mean would it make a difference?
Look metal flower petal tears do not even appear in the
Myopic Mirror
The moon was sagging in the sky as I held her face to
mine
All our thoughts were coming in so clear beyond the
Myopic Mirror
We were darting from the place where we just couldn't
fit
For away from all the violence safely flying in our own
orbit
Why do I always have to tell you "forget about the
precient signs!"?
Forget about the life we knew
May we never be stripped of anything we love
may we grow so gentle never go mental
may we never go go mental
may we always stay stay gentle
what was my number? 114395? I don't care!
No no no no no

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