

Of Montreal "Gelid Ascent"

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You are what parasites evolved from
Still an unanswered question
You are the refused energy from a superior form
Nothing that occurs to you is intended for your
involvement
You're an irrelevant effect
Unavoidable, but of low influence
One last thing that you must understand
(To be dead is to be confused, to be mistaken)

You speak to me
Like the anguish of a child doused in flames
Oh, you speak to me
Like the stones that're bashing your skull and brain
exposes
Oh it's always been the same
200, 000 years of viciousness
The violent art dissolves
A lost, suffering, weak, cracked out species

Oh you speak to me
Like your life was annihilated in space
Oh you speak to me
In a voice that's trite, calm, and impassionate
And yeah, what do you know?
You know nothing of the abuses of everything
The regrettedness of abandonment
The dehumanized regress of love
Oh you speak to me

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