

Of Montreal

"Sentence Of Sorts In Kongsvinger, A"

Visit "[Sentence Of Sorts In Kongsvinger, A](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I spent the winter on the verge
Of a total breakdown while living in Norway
I felt the darkness of the black metal bands

But being such a fawn of a man
I didn't burn down any old churches
Just slept way too much, just slept

My mind rejects the frequency, it's static craziness to
me
Is it a solar fever?
The TV man is too loud, our plane is sleeping on a
cloud
You turn the dial, I'll try and smile

We've eaten plastic weather, this family sticks together
We will escape from the south to the west side
My mind rejects the frequency, it's just verbosity to me
[Incomprehensible]

I spent the winter with my nose buried in a book
While trying to restructure my character
'Cause it had become vile to its creator

And through many dreadful nights
I lay praying to a saint that nobody has heard of
And waiting for some high times to come again

My mind rejects the frequency, it's static craziness to
me
Is it a solar fever?
The TV man is too loud, our plane is sleeping on a
cloud
You turn the dial, I'll try and smile

We've eaten plastic weather, this family sticks together
We will escape from the south to the west side
My mind rejects the frequency, it's just verbosity to me
[Incomprehensible]

Dirty old shadow, stay away
Don't play your games with me

I am older now, I see the way you operate
If you don't hurt me then you die

My mind rejects the frequency, it's static craziness to
me
Is it a solar fever?
The TV man is too loud, our plane is sleeping on a
cloud
You turn the dial, I'll try and smile

We've eaten plastic weather, this family sticks together
We will escape from the south to the west side
My mind rejects the frequency, it's just verbosity to me
[Incomprehensible]

Visit [Of Montreal](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.