

Psychotic Feeling

of Montreal

How can it be done?
How can we escape from this indigent state?
We try for so long, and now I'm afraid it might happen too late
.
I get the sense you look at me like at some distant star;
I never really could accept how taciturn you are.
But why does it feel
Like the choir is weeping
And the conductor is reeling?
It's such a psychotic feeling.
I wish I could talk.
I wish I could live like there was nothing to hide.
I wish that you knew how completely I'm struggling inside.
Will you stay or will you turn away from me like them
When you start to understand how cynical I am?
But can you say it doesn't feel
Like a skeleton has melted
And the wallpaper's peeling?
It's such a psychotic feeling.
Faster, faster, faster --
I wanna come back to you.
Oh but my head is so full of this horrible light,
It just attacks
I can't fight back.