

# Renée Falconetti Of Orléans

Jenny Hval

Did you notice how beautiful colored eyes are?  
Have I been saved? Don't know what to do; are we being saved?

Renée, Renée  
The camera is a mirror, but mine, not yours  
For a hundred days you are a virgin or a young boy  
You are not sure; I'm never sure  
Innocence it's just too kinky, isn't it!  
Your hair is too short and your face is too big  
Too close to be anybody (anybody)  
It is an act of love  
He enters you through your body  
His voice is an act of love  
His eyes through you like holy water

He says, he says "live bare and barely;  
Live bare and barely, barely for me"  
Live like an act of love  
An act of love

Let it sing to you like holy water  
Like holy, holy water  
It gone deep and hold down, holy water  
You open your mouth: believe me of burning  
Believe me of burning

You throw yourself off the nose, the clothes, the bruise  
The things, the cheekbones, the cheekbones, the hands  
I'm been down to throw myself off  
The forearms, the tongue, the breasts, the upper chest  
The face, the face, the face, the face  
Your face, my face, the face, my face  
Your face, my face, your face, the face  
The face, my face