

We Were Born the Mutants Again with Leafing

of Montreal

She says I'm boring her camera
It takes more to delight the cadaver
Night eyes on icy patrols

Your's were not so Nazi feline
Mine were as dead as monks and
Our particles are in motion

Night eyes producing ashes
We love to view unfortunate passions
Still she takes my photo to bed

No mere limp verse could incite
Identity destruction
Our particles are in motion

Sometimes we're not legible
But we're the same strange animal
Let them say our love is peculiar, don't care

There's only now, no ever after
We won't let it end in disaster
You are my twin, no, I will never go there