

Women's Studies Victims

of Montreal

They had painted her face like a man's mistake
Like a mental state, gang-banging
A sad return to the eagle-shaped mirror
I'm the kind of mannequin that cheats and
Opens its eyes to the ladies of the spread

She took me home and spit in my drink
She spoke of Germaine Greer and Friedan
I didn't know what to think
I took her standing in the kitchen, ass against the sink
She draped me in a stoll, what kind?
I think Malaysian mink

Than threw me out into the snow, I waited for the bus
Up come some values voters screaming, are you one of us?
I said of course man, can't you see
I've got some text reconstruction? What does that mean?
No clue, it must be an illicit pentagram
What are you talking about? No clue

I check my shutter speed, my aperture, my domino
Can't focus, can't stop staring at the face I used to know
This life is not a prison, we are always free to go anytime
Chinese stars, Chinese stars, Chinese stars
My 'cuz had the rawest Chinese stars

I'm trying to interface
You met me at such a dismal point on the arc
I think I understand what you were saying
About the smiles of the skulls

The spastic face was the last one, our luck was white
I read it with my head open, only slightly cracked
Somebody will have to close it when I'm done
Make the most out of the visuals

While walking through the woods
I noticed someone had built a house
For nobody in particular
They want to destroy us, I know
It's time to penetrate their fantasy