

# You Do Mutilate?

of Montreal

I need to mutilate  
We're going to celebrate our emotional poverty  
Give the answers all away

I painted my suitcase red for the reading  
Which only ended in conversation rape  
All they want, genetic telephonic pills  
Until the Spanish kids got so ill  
I was home-schooling with a knife in my shoe

Never seen corpses act so cruel  
The self brutality was oh so angular  
I made him a potion in a newspaper cup,  
Smiled, gave me a shrug, said I was a fuck-up  
Now I see your face selling Chinese urine

She came over the fence  
With an argument in her head, no empathy  
Escape strategy  
I understood her  
We were trying to share a genuine human moment  
Just like the way they do in movies

I've hit a wall with this suicidal depression  
It's not the star I'm trying to call  
I've been standing on the strand far too long y'all  
Go ahead, go ahead!

What you want? somebody who will slap away your blindness?  
What you want? somebody who would corrupt your heart with too much kindness?  
Salute to your Busta Rhymes-ness

I got a black fang in Chicago  
My superwoman licked  
I don't need a refill of this shit,  
I need something that works motherfucker!

I wondered were you flattered, I tried to get you drunk  
I know you're collecting disciples  
I know you want to be the godmother of soul-punk  
Someday, someday  
They're all skyscrapers for you Jane  
Never use your given name  
I want to set you up for a sequel  
Make you feel like promised people

I always knew you were special  
Your best friend told me he saw you crying  
Everybody wants to crescendo  
Take home a memento

We tried to isolate XX infinite pleasure XY  
Yet I still was their family secret,  
A white symptom of some wilderness hate ceremony,  
Custodian for experimental post human relationships, in fact  
We tried to isolate XX infinite pleasure XY ineffectually,  
Now I know I'm not allowed to show the pain,

Not allowed to expose the pain

I still was their family secret,  
A white symptom of some wilderness hate ceremony,  
Custodian for experimental post human relationships, in fact  
We tried to isolate XX infinite pleasure XY ineffectually,  
Now I know i'm not allowed to show the pain,  
Not allowed to expose the pain

All the white people from my neighborhood are dead  
All the black people have turned pink for the winter  
Everybody is searching for a cause  
A reason to blow themselves up  
Could be anything  
When will certain people realize  
That an afterlife is nothing to live for  
Nothing to die for  
Nothing to fight for  
If those in this life are not sacred  
Then nothing that is a part of it  
Is sacred either

If you think God is more important than your neighbor  
You're capable of terrible evil  
If you think some prophet's words  
Are more important than your brother  
And your sister,  
You're ill  
And you're wrong  
You're wrong