

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