

A Body Treatise

The (International) Noise Conspiracy

Succulent beautiful and fine
I cover my body, I'm feeling my mind
A fascination for penance, so please won't you modify me
With plastic knives and plastic spoons and other types of cutlery

Take what signifies
And make it leave this room
My sweet desire that wanna come in full bloom

Held captive - our culture moulds our bodies hold
Held captive - target the role, we have no control

Passionate tasteful and free
I mutilate myself to make it real
A heart beating in the wrong kind of chest
Of hair and sweat and a manly mess

Take what signifies
And make it leave this room
My sweet desire that wanna come in full bloom

Held captive - our culture moulds our bodies hold
Held captive - target the role, we have no control

I cut myself up to make it real
I cut myself up cause that's the way that I feel
I cut myself up to be free
I cut myself up to be me