You Do Mutilate?

Of Montreal

Oh, you can mutilate
We're gonna celebrate
Our emotional poverty
Give the answers all away
I painted my suitcase red for the reading
Which only ended in conversation break
All I want, genetic telephonic pills
Until the Spanish kids got so ill
I was home schooled 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 column
Smile, gimme 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'm in a war with this suicidal depression
It's not the star I'm trying to call
I've been standing on this strand far too long y'all
Go ahead, go ahead
Somebody that will slap away your blindness?
Whatcha want?
Somebody who'll corrupt your heart with too much kindness?
Salute your Busta Rhymness
She met a black man in Chicago
My superwoman licked it
I don't need any of that shit
I need something that works, motherfucker
I wonder 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
There are skyscrapers for you, Jane
Never use your given name
I wanna snatch you up for a sequel

Make you feel like godless people
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 X-X infinite pleasure X-Y
I still was the family secret
Or a symptom of some wilderness hate
Ceremony custodian
For experimental post human relationships
In fact we tried isolate X-X infinite pleasure X-Y
Ineffectually, I'm not allowed to show the pain
Not allowed to expose the pain
I still was the family secret
Or a symptom of some wilderness hate
Ceremony custodian
For experimental post human relationships
In fact we tried isolate X-X infinite pleasure X-Y
Ineffectually, 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's searching for a cause
A reason to blow themselves up
Could be anything
When will certain people realize
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's 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

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