

# 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

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