

# You Do Mutilate?

## of Montreal

Oh, you can mutilate  
We're gonna celebrate  
Our emotional poverty

Give the answers all awayI 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 shoeNever 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 urineShe 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 moviesI'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 aheadSomebody that will slap away your blindness?  
Whatcha want?

Somebody who'll corrupt your heart with too much kindness?  
Salute your Busta RhymnessShe met a black man in Chicago  
My superwoman licked it  
I don't need any of that shit

I need something that works, motherfuckerI 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, somedayThere are skyscrapers for you, Jane  
Never use your given name

I wanna snatch you up for a sequel

Make you feel like godless peopleAlways knew you were special  
Your best friend told me he saw you crying  
Everybody wants to crescendo

Take home a mementoWe 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 relationshipsIn 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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