

# Innocence Is Kinky

Jenny Hval

At night I watch people fucking on my computer  
Nobody can see me looking anyway  
It's late  
and everything turns into a kind of dirty  
My skin starts breaking with LCD

I feel desire  
What I don't know, what I don't own

I'm free  
I turn off the light and dress myself in silver and gold  
I go out unto the edge of the city  
tread on my twigs that are not yet burning  
The weight of my boots makes them break  
and smoke comes out of be-be-be-ne-ne-neath the ba-ba-bark

Like a boat down the hatch  
Like sex without the bodies (like sex without the bodies)  
Like smoke rings (smoke rings) from my bosom  
A night vision; bodies turned soft like newborn jellyfish,  
mushrooms, light macbooks , blind bodies with empty sockets  
I stare back at my gaze that belongs to your body

I ask "is there nothing but sea like sea  
Is there nothing serve nothing  
Is there nothing and nothing?"

I'm free  
I take off my face and torso  
lift them and barely  
I go out into the edge of the city  
Tread on my twigs and feel them break  
Yeah  
I start looking for something else  
There has to be more to burning; I'm losing myself  
More to burning and sex and God

I tear off the ties

of slow evil, of slow evil  
I am an Oslo Oedipus  
Tearing my eyes in and out and  
in and out and in and out and  
in and out and in and out and  
in and out and in and out and  
in and out of face!

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Lyrics submitted by RobynAstrid.

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