

# Slave Translator

## Of Montreal

All the nimble girls are boys for girls with no boys to throw up for  
Slave translator  
Tell me what it means  
Dante had two Prussians in her brush  
Quite a rush

All the nimble boys are girls for boys with no girls to cum into  
Slave translator  
Soften my rage  
All the boys she loves are always under age

Can't cut away from it  
Self paralysis  
Satanic ornaments that crumble our faith  
Rebirth suicide  
Rebirth suicide, it's so perpetual  
Not that I care

They bring their plates like its automatic  
It's so pathetic  
You apologize for him  
You won't face the portrait  
Honestly, you rotted when it mattered  
Not that I care

I was only stabbing your heart  
Because I was trying to get your attention  
Change your direction

Can't tolerate this new vision  
Paranoia like it's talking to your mother  
All of the hatred  
All of the vomit  
It's recurrent  
Not that I care

All the nimble girls are boys for girls with no boys to throw up for  
Slave translator  
I hate to ask

Is the wind in that door still?

All the nimble boys are girls for boys with no girls to cum into

Slave translator

I want you, I hurt

I'm cutting myself and I feel like dirt, ah

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