# 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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