

# We Were Born the Mutants Again With Leafing

## of Montreal

She says I'm boring her camera  
It takes more to delight the cadaver  
Night eyes on icy patrols Your's were not so Nazi feline  
Mine were as dead as monks and  
Our particles are in motion Night eyes producing ashes  
We love to view unfortunate passions  
Still she takes my photo to bed No mere limp verse could incite  
Identity destruction  
Our particles are in motion Sometimes we're not legible  
But we're the same strange animal  
Let them say our love is peculiar, don't care There's only now, no ever after  
We won't let it end in disaster  
You are my twin, no, I will never go there

Lyrics provided by

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