

# We Were Born the Mutants Again With Leafling

## of Montreal

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

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