

Of Montreal, Women's Studies Victims

They had painted her face
like a man's mistake,
like a man's mistake,
gangbanging
A sad return to the eagle-shaped mirror
I'm the kind of mannequin that cheats and
opens its eyes to the ladies of the spread

She took me home and spit in my drink
She spoke of Germaine Grier and Freidan
I don't know what to think
I took her standing in the kitchen ass against the sink
She draped me in a stole
(what kind?) I think Malaysian mink
And threw me out into the snow; I waited for the bus
Up come some values voters screaming, "are you one of us?"
I said "of course man, can't you see I've got syntax reconstruction?"
(What does that mean?)
No clue
It must be illicit pentagram
(What are you talking about?)
No clue

I check my shutter speed, my aperture, my domino
Can't focus, can't stop staring at the face I used to know
This life is not a prison: we are always free to go at anytime

Chinese stars, chinese stars, chinese stars my cousin had the rawest Chinese stars

I'm trying to interface
You met me at such a dismal point on the arc
I think I understand what you were saying
About the smiles of the skulls
The spastic face was the last one
Our luck was white
I read it with my head open,
Or only slightly cracked
Somebody else will have to close it when I'm done
Make the most out of the visuals

While walking through the wood
I noticed someone had built a house for no bird in particular

They want to destroy us
(I know)
It's time to penetrate their fantasy