The (International) Noise Conspiracy, A Body Tre

Succulent beautiful and fine
I'm touching my body; I'm feeling my mind
A fascination for penance
So please won't you modify me with
Plastic knives and plastic spoons and other types of cutlery

Take what signifies
And make it leave this room
My sweet desire that wants to come to full bloom
Held captive - our culture molds on, our body holds
Held captive - target the role we have no control

Passionate, tastful and free
I mutilate myself to make me real
A heart beating in the wrong kind of chest
Of hair and sweat a manly mess

Take what signifies
And make it leave this room
My sweet desire that wants to come to full bloom
Held captive - our culture molds on, our body hold
Held captive - target the role we have no control

I cut myself up to make it real
I cut myself up cause thats the way I feel
I cut myself up to be free
I cut myself up to be me