

John Cameron Mitchell, Exquisite Corpse

Oh God, I'm all swen up
a hardened razor-cut
scar map across my body
and you can trace the lines
through misery's design
that map across my body
a collage
I'm all sewn up
a montage
I'm all sewn up

A random pattern with a needle and thread
the overlapping way diseases are spread
to a tornado body
With a hand granade head
and the legs are two lovers entwined.

Inside I'm hollowed out
Outside's a paper shroud
And all the rest's illusion
That there's a will and soul
That we can wrest control
From chaos and confusion

a collage
I'm all sewn up
a montage
I'm all sewn up

The automatist's undoin'
the whole world starts unscrewin'
as time collapses and space warps
You see decay and ruin
I tell you, "no, no, no, no
you make such an exquisite corpse"

I got it all sewn up
a hardened razor cut scab up across my body
and you can trace the lines through misery's design
that map across my body
a collage
I'm all sewn up
a montage
I'm all sewn up