

## **International Noise Conspiracy**

### **"A Body Treatise"**

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Album : A New Morning, Changing Weather (2001)

Succulent beautiful and fine  
I'm touching my body; I'm feeling my mind  
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 bloom  
Held captive - our culter molds, our bodies bold  
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 bloom  
Held captive - our culter molds, our bodies bold  
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

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