

Of Montreal

"Slave Translator"

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All the nimble girls are boys for girls with no boys to
throw up for
Slave translator, tell me what it means
Dante had two Prussians in her brush quite a rush

All the nimble boys are girls for boys with no girls to
cum into
Slave translator soften my rage
All the boys she loves are always under age

Can't cut away from it,
Self paralysis,
Satanic ornaments that crumble our faith
Rebirth suicide rebirth suicide
Esto perpetua

Not that I care

They bring their plates like it's automatic
It's so pathetic you apologize for him
You won't face the portrait
Honestly you rotted when it mattered

Not that I care

I was only stabbing your heart
Cause I was trying to get your attention
Change your direction

Can't tolerate this new vision
Paranoia like it's talking to your mother
All of the hatred, all of the vomit it's recorded

Not that I care

All the nimble girls are boys for girls with no boys to
throw up for
Slave translator I hate to ask,
Is the wind in the door still?

All the nimble boys are girls for boys with no girls to

cum into
Slave translator I want you to hurt,
I'm cutting myself and I feel like dirt

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