

The Noise Conspiracy

"A Body Treatise"

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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 culture 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 culture 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 that's the way I feel
I cut myself up to be free
I cut myself up to be me

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