

The International Noise Conspiracy

"A Body Treatise"

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Succulent, beautiful and fine
I cover my body, feeling my mind
Fascination for penance, so please won't you modify
me
With plastic knives and plastic spoons and other types
of cutlery
With plastic knives and plastic spoons and other types
of cutlery

I said, yeah, yeah
Take what signifies, yeah, yeah
And make it leave this room, yeah, yeah
As sweet desire that wanna come in full bloom

Held, held captive, our culture moulds our, our bodies
hold
Held, held captive, target the role we, we have no
control

Passionate, tasteful and free
I mutilate myself to make it real
A heart beating in the wrong kind of chest
Hair and sweat and a manly messes, yeah, yeah

Take what signifies, yeah, yeah
And make it leave this room, yeah, yeah
As sweet desire that wanna come in full bloom

Held, held captive, our culture moulds, our, our bodies
hold
Held, held captive, target the role we, we have no
control

Held, held captive, our culture moulds, our, our bodies
hold
Held, held captive, target the role we, we have no
control

I cut myself up to make it real
I cut myself up 'cause that's the way that I feel
I cut myself up to be free
I cut myself up to be me

I cut myself up
I cut myself up
I cut myself up
I cut myself up to be me, to be me
To be free, to be free

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