

International Noise Conspiracy, The "A Body Treatise"

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Succulent beautiful and fine
I'm touching my body; I'm feeling my mind
A fascination for penance, so please modify me
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 moulds, our bodies hold
Held captive- target the role, we have no control

Passionate tasteful and free
I mutilate myself to make me real
Heart beating the wrong kind of chest
Of hair and sweat and a manly mess
Take what signifies
And make it leave this room
My sweet desire that wants to bloom

Held captive- our culture moulds, our bodies hold
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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