

The past is a grotesque animal, and in its eyes you see
How completely wrong you can be, how completely wrong you can be.
The sun is out, it melts the snow that fell yesterday, makes you wonder why it bothered.
I fell in love with the first cute girl that I met who could appreciate Georges Bataille.

Standing at a Swedish festival discussing "Story of the Eye," discussing "Story of the Eye."
It's so embarrassing to need someone like I do you.
How can I explain, I need you here and not here too.
How can I explain, I need you here and not here too.

I'm flunking out, I'm flunking out, I'm gone, I'm just gone.
But at least I author my own disaster, ... at least I author my own disaster.
Performance breakdown and I don't want to hear it. I'm just not available.
Things could be different but they're not. Oh, things could be different but they're not.

The mousy girl screams, "Violence! Violence!" The mousy girl screams, "Violence! Violence!"
She gets hysterical, because they're both so mean, and it's my favorite scene.
But the cruelty's so predictable, it makes you sad on the stage.
Though our love project has so much potential, but it's like we weren't made for this world.
Though I wouldn't really want to meet someone who was.

Do I have to scream in your face? I've been dodging lamps and vegetables.
Throw it all in my face, I don't care. Let's just have some fun.
Let's tear this shit apart. Let's tear the fucking house apart.
Let's tear our fucking bodies apart. But let's just have some fun.

Somehow you've red-rovered the gestapo circling my heart, and nothing can defeat you,
No death, no ugly world. You've lived so brightly. You've altered everything.
I find myself searching for old selves while speeding forward through the plate glass of maturing cells.

I've played the unraveller, the parhelion, but even apocalypse is fleeting. There's no death, no ugly world.
Sometimes I wonder if you're mythologizing me like I do you, mythologizing me like I do you.
We want our film to be beautiful, not realistic. Perceive me in the radiance of terror dreams.
You can betray me. You can, you can betray me,
Teach me something wonderful, crown my head, crowd my head
With your lilting effects, project your fears onto me, I need to view them.
See, there's nothing to them, I promise you, there's nothing to them.
I'm so touched by your goodness. You make me feel so criminal.
How do you keep it together? I'm all, all unraveled.

But you know, no matter where we are, we're always touching by underground wires.

I've explored you with the detachment of an analyst, but most nights we've raided the same kingdoms.
And none of our secrets are physical, none of our secrets are physical, none of our secrets are physical now.