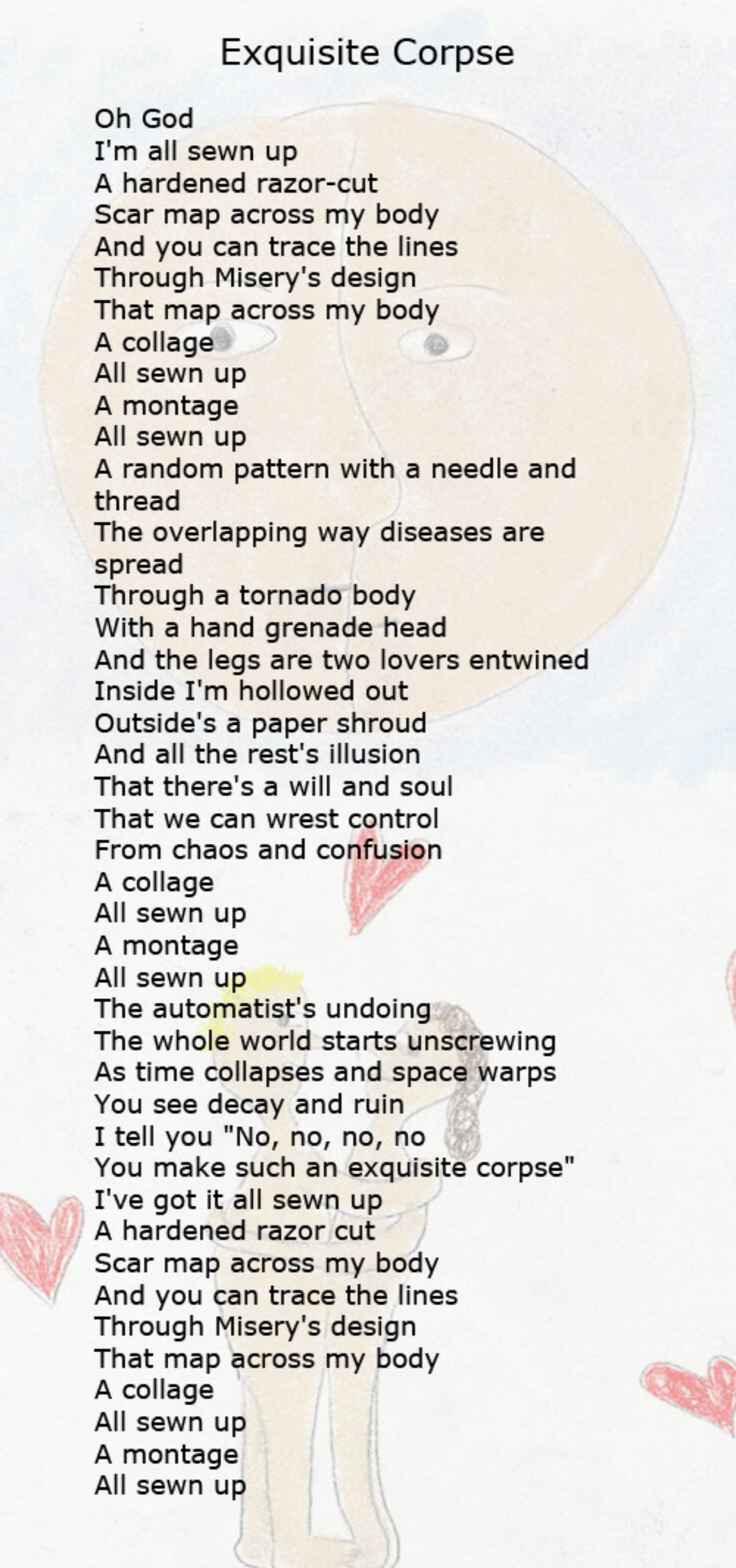


# Exquisite Corpse



Oh God  
I'm all sewn up  
A hardened razor-cut  
Scar map across my body  
And you can trace the lines  
Through Misery's design  
That map across my body  
A collage  
All sewn up  
A montage  
All sewn up  
A random pattern with a needle and  
thread  
The overlapping way diseases are  
spread  
Through a tornado body  
With a hand grenade head  
And the legs are two lovers entwined  
Inside I'm hollowed out  
Outside's a paper shroud  
And all the rest's illusion  
That there's a will and soul  
That we can wrest control  
From chaos and confusion  
A collage  
All sewn up  
A montage  
All sewn up  
The automatist's undoing  
The whole world starts unscrewing  
As time collapses and space warps  
You see decay and ruin  
I tell you "No, no, no, no  
You make such an exquisite corpse"  
I've got it all sewn up  
A hardened razor cut  
Scar map across my body  
And you can trace the lines  
Through Misery's design  
That map across my body  
A collage  
All sewn up  
A montage  
All sewn up