

# MONTVAILLANT LYRICS AUTOPSY

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In a small room, unobstructed  
he lay bare and naked.  
Pericardium inflamed,  
his heart exposed;  
Hollow fruit, freshly cut.  
Blade sharp and chiselled.

A fine knife for suicides.  
Blood surprising no one.  
Rutile, drop by drop.  
When it turns brown  
we'll be far away.  
And well under cover.  
Under cover.  
Well under cover.  
Under cover.

With both hands plunged deep,  
we've grasped everything.  
With everything out;  
Take inventory and voice notes.  
With both hands plunged deep,  
We took it all in.  
Everything out.  
And take inventory with voice notes.

Books and rags and cigarettes.  
Glass necklaces, a fine mess.  
Bed unmade and your fine, abandoned hair.  
Banished joys, despairs with holes.  
No insolent treasure.  
In monstrance we chant no benediction.

With both hands plunged deep,  
we've seized everything.  
Everything out;  
Take inventory and voice notes.  
With both hands plunged deep,  
we took it all in.  
Everything out;  
Inventory with voice notes.