

My vinyl skin provides protection
It holds in place my plastic bones
Cast button eyes reflect an image
And all seems as it should
But there's nobody home

Cue the breeze
That sway the painted trees
Toy yellow birds upon the rooftops sing
In chorus with the buzzing bees
Melt in Sun L.E.D. beams
From the sky being held on a string
While boredom tears me apart at the seams

Now I know this might sound crazy
But I've smelled the plastic daisies
And it seems we've found ourselves
In
Hell

Round head consumed with major nothings
Ears made of wax unfit to hear
Day after day, it all plays over
Dedicated loop
Same year after year

Please attend
All model citizens
R.S.V.P. if we can count you in
Empty as we play pretend
Send our thoughts with you and to your kin
And in case I don't see you again
Good afternoon, good evening, and good night

Now I know this might sound crazy
But I've smelled the plastic daisies
And it seems we've found ourselves
In
Hell

Living feign in porcelain
And just smart enough to know nothing at all
Pull my string and make me cry
Advertisement, moral scrawl
A semblance of choice when there's no choice at all
Out of stock, 'the end is nigh'

Burn
Body burn
Burn

Now I know this might sound crazy
But I've smelled the plastic daisies
And it seems we've found ourselves
In hell