

I Raise My Craving Hands

Enslavement of Beauty

The Polaroid of perfection, demirep and stained with hate
well wounded I stutle the crowd with my vogue lack of
faith
the up and coming vendetta, the # vultures' extremes
spruce me up with a sweet little plaything, spruce me
fucking supreme
I raise my craving hands, to the image of her promised
land
the succulent teenage cunt, tempteth me to exeunt
Wish me well, wish me hell...all I ever wanted was a
story to tell
The absence of goals, the lack of control
the absence of aim and the present fame...
The absence of goals, the lack of control
everyone knows I should be extolled
the absence of aim and the present fame
everyone would sell their souls to play this game
...it's the game we play...