

Vanity Fair

Memoria

Complain of old fashions
Boast of your invention
Tell me your cool style talk
To walk ways great stars go

But I will not share your dream
Will not feed your self-esteem
With lies on vision that
Has gone a bit too mad

Invite your dearest friends
And let them stare and admire
The wonders of possessions
That you have gathered in your house

Dress tables for the feast of conceit
Party for the blind
They will praise your wisdom, image
And your cool lifestyle

Live in your illusions
Give me a kind permission
To stay out of your world
The way that strangers want

Do not waste your precious care
On freaks and fools like me
There is nothing I may need
In stray reality

Invite your dearest friends...

I will never share your dream
Your slanted world is fear
Nightmare of a life in vain
Just a ruthless pain

You simply retrogress
To silly childishness
Governed by laws of the last trend