

Tell me, mannequin what brings you to move?
Is it all of the colors in the magazine?
Following sucks
Paint your face now pose
and filter the mood
Give it all you've got
You're just a click away from the fame now

Eat shit, motormouth
Swallow all of it down
You're pretty when you put the face on
And when you shut that mouth
Those chattering teeth lose my sympathy
Got a lot to say?
You've gotta leave it out of the game you play

Nothing you say holds any value
It weaves through the ears like a worm
Searching for light of the masses
Motormouth, swallow down shit like you know how
Swallow and shut up
Motormouth, swallow down shit like you know how
Swallow and shut up
Give it all you've got
You're just a click away from the fame

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Only a conscience can stop me from
beating you in
Not on the side of the fuck-stain you leave
on the earth
But you defile the planet
There's shit in your grin
No way I can end this screaming alone
No way we can stop this unless
we choose to grow
What will they find, digging around in that
oh so empty mind?