

Man Made

SOFIA ISELLA

"What'll make me a man?" he asked the man maker
He stands like a boulder made of rice paper
Watched death til it's like watching the weather
Innocence plucked out of eyes like couch feathers
We all sell our body one way or another
He's forehead to forehead with the people called "Other"
Live your life for the line in the front
The more you're a man, the less you react to blood

Oh man, you're winning the game
With the rules you wrote and the road you made
Oh boy, oh boy, you're having a ball
Man, you're winning it, winning it, winning it all
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There's no salt on his skin
No water in face
You must let it be evaporated with rage
You'll be pure testosterone killed singing a war song
You will only see manhood when your sight is gone

You are one lonely motherfucker
There's dope and beer to replace a brother
You'll find your family another way
Jesus is the father that didn't run away

Oh man, you're winning the game
With the rules you wrote and the road you made
Oh boy, oh boy, you're having a ball
Man, you're winning it, winning it, winning it, winning it all
Oh man, you're looking haunted
With the laws you built and the roles you wanted
Oh boy, oh boy, you're looking pale
You got what you wanted
You're a man, you're a male
You're a man, You're a man, You're a man
You're a man, You're a man

Steve
Steve, wake up
Wake up Steve, you're a man
You're a man Steve
Steve, Steve
What the fuck is wrong with Steve?

He wears Death's merch
Goes to every location that Death promises
To be a dice roll randomisation
He holds onto God like a pillow that's torn
Clutching that cotton as he heads into war, so
So what are you doing here looking so small?
What aren't you cheering and stripping in the banquet hall?
You begged for power and power responded
You got the worst thing of all - everything you fucking wanted

Oh man, you're winning the game
With the rules you wrote and the road you made
Oh boy, oh boy, you're having a ball
Man, you're winning it, winning it, winning it, winning it all
Oh man, you got your guns and grenades
The kids are dead, the women are afraid
The boys are down there cheering in the crowd
Man oh man oh aren't you proud?