

The Doll People

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The doll people are not men
They are made of ass and glass
Our skin is clay and painted blue
Our head can detach

We are statues with a pulse
We are art you can fuck

The doll people are quiet
What is there to say?
Art does not interpret itself
There are men with a day to save

We are paintings with legs
We are art you can fuck

Drink the dolls
Legs spread like butter
We are wife, whore, mistress, maid, mother
The beauty and the buyer, take the screaming one because
A woman who doesn't want it is much hotter than one that does

Wife whore mistress maid mother
Wife whore mistress maid mother

The doll people are alive!
Or so they say
You can never trust
Never trust the art these days

To be admired takes precedence over admiring
To be desired takes importance over desiring

Drink the dolls
Legs spread like butter
We are wife, whore, mistress, maid, mother
The beauty and the buyer, take the screaming one because
A woman who doesn't want it is much hotter than one that does
Paint popping off us like rockets
Stepped right out of a male fantasy, the words still stuck to our pockets
The beauty and the buyer, take the screaming one because
A woman who doesn't want it is much hotter than one that does

The doll people are gone
They don't know what happened
They looked under our skirts one morning
But all they saw were maggots

They bang their head against the wall
They fucked the art on that afternoon
The dolls are off laughing and running together
Swimming in the milk of the moon

Wife, whore, mistress, maid, mother
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