

The new era of artist smiling wide with their skin as their own canvas.

The world is your catwalk.

So peer into the flash and sell yourself again.

The inside have rusted a withering heart with a mind in a crisis

Dreading the day an empty bottle of Valium lies beside the carpet.

A young and beautiful cadaver she'll land on all front pages

Her face remembered everything else forgotten.

Let's all hope your mortician is swift with his brushes.

Buy your beauty...Sell your soul