

I ought to know I'm not so black and pretty
too big, suspended two dimensional glory
in competition watch your suicide clothes:
flat screen targets sweat shop fashion

my love
my love is bleeding out and
my love
my love is keeping doubt for
all this processed
hatred from the heart's eye model citizen

no alibi burning their beauty from your face
in plastic we rust
one bomb for them
another one for us

so wipe the smell of the bourgeoisie off me
and wash the billboard bus stop benches imprisoned you'll see
caught in the act resist this dying, bloody
model citizen lobotomy
burning their beauty from your face
in plastic we rust
one bomb for them
another one for us
burning the time to say I'm sorry
Annihilate
one bomb for them
another one for us

with the light's out
would you be there?
would you walk the words off camera?
Run beside me
turning isolation into family
would you be there?
Would you walk the words and open stitches
don't follow run beside me
'til we stand still and the world moves over