

Cat On Form "Action Happening"

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Don't speak to me don't be polite to me
Your fucking smile conceals your violence
Its no longer private - our bodies for sale
You think we don't know what's going on here?
How do we fit into this?
I saw her face falling onto the floor
A magazine, to fool men into wanting more
A neverending cycle of pit stop love and confusion is
pure
Joy for capitalists
They know your scent, they've planned everything out
A haunted house with a vile bubbly soundtrack
Snap snap
Beauty is defined by people with a need to scare and
manipulate
Her body is formed as a commodity
A pricetag? this person is not property
Her body for sale
The right time
They know when to strike
How do we fit into this?

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