

Cretin

"Mannequin"

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An old man's at the department store
But he's not shopping today
Stroking mannequins with wrinkled hands
He clumsily masturbates

Stealing plastic arms and legs
So he won't hurt real women
Fulfills his need by painting seed
On half-dressed mannequins

The old man hugs the plastic ladies
Until their wigs fall off
He licks their painted heads and wonders
If their silence is enough

Gluing clothes to plastic skin
The lonely man needs something more
Semen in the discount bin
Security chase him through the store

Mannequin
He comes to you again
With penis in hand
Mannequin

The old man weeps in the women's section
His favorite dummy's gone
She was 5'9" with shapely legs
And assembled in Taiwan

He searches in the dumpster
And finds a sea of limbs
He dives into the plastic pile
They finally embrace him

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