

## **Enslavement Of Beauty "I Raise My Craving Hands"**

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The Polaroid of perfection, demirep and stained with hate  
Well wounded I stuttle the crowd with my vogue lack of faith  
The up and coming vendetta, the # vultures' extremes  
Spruce me up with a sweet little plaything, spruce me  
fucking supreme  
I raise my craving hands, to the image of her promised  
land  
The succulent teenage cunt, tempteth me to exeunt  
Wish me well, wish me hell... all I ever wanted was a  
story to tell  
The absence of goals, the lack of control  
The absence of aim and the present fame...  
The absence of goals, the lack of control  
Everyone knows I should be extolled  
The absence of aim and the present fame  
Everyone would sell their souls to play this game  
... it's the game we play...

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