

Kevin Max "Deconstructing Venus"

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You are the center of your own private little
constellation
And you are the jury and judge of every little
deconstructed fable
And you like the way it is, you don't want to question it
You're the wonder of God's own handiwork

Yeah, you wear Versace but you look like a dirty bird
And yeah, even the Paparazzi think you're quite absurd

Venus of your own consent
Is there anything you give up for Lent?
Oh, parasite, oh, peacock of pride
Will you let the little people see inside you?

And you don't wanna question it
And you're looking quite possessed
You're the wonder of God's own handiwork

Yeah, you wear Versace but you look like a
And yeah, even the buying public think you're quite a
jerk
And you're trapped in your little castle
Like Randolph Hearst in his fringe and tassel

Yeah, you wear Versace but you look like a
And yeah, even the Paparazzi think you're quite absurd

There's too much information on the television
Innocent we have been sprung and innocent we are
You don't know how to feel, you don't know
This is the eye of the storm, this is society

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