

Marathon "Photosynthesis"

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Most everybody can agree on what's sexy.
I've often liked to think I was above such consensus.
But with the doors locked and my drawers dropped,
I'm no different 'cause these pictures have been
training me.
Mission: worship counterfeit bodies. Is this a
shakedown?
No, no this ain't how I usually find myself when I have a
revelation.
So here's the breakdown: a total fakeout jumping off
the page.
Synthesized, sanitized, glamorized. Surprise, surprise.
Black bile expulsion: our hopes for beauty make an exit
and get flushed.
Three courses of self-confidence deported daily from
the throat with a middle finger thrust.
We're so sick. We have ingested a parasitic tour guide.
I clearly have misplaced my trust.
An industry built on the backs of insecurity, airbrushing
out the human honesty.
They've defined "sexy" so narrowly.
I'm getting tunnel vision and I'm terrified that my
willing complicity means that
I will only desire what they have planned for me.
I'm so scared. I'm so scared. I'm so scared.
I'm so scared, somebody please shake me.
Screw this. I'm posting signs: "No Hunting and No
Trespassing."
These dealers pushing rank moonshine can get the hell
out of my pants and get the fuck out of my mind.
I'm so sick. I have been sucked in but I'm hacking my
way out with this simple ambition:
All I want is to be free of judging everyone against a
standard that doesn't even look human, now is that too
much to ask?

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