

## **D.C. Talk**

# **"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 dirty bird  
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 dirty bird  
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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