

Chaos Con Queso

"Fashion Vs. Its Customers"

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Let the brushes puke multi-colors on your face
The mirror grins and condones in your disgrace
Wrap that silver noose around your neck

Apply those bling bling manacles
With the shiny rocks, and the wahtchacalls
Bake yourself to a preferred pigment

Step out to your pulsating pervert audience
Their erections give you your round of applause

Maybe its me and my lack of common fashion sense
But your commercial fabrics not made of substance
Drowning yourself in the table of contents

Your personality was made by poor foreigners
Your personality was found dead by coroners
Mummify yourself in their arrogant slogans

Take a bow, do a one-eighty
Show some ass
The curtain falls, with your self-esteem in tow

Revlon's fist giving you two black eyes?
Love being embraced, eaten by your thighs
All sedated by a drinking binge
Maybe its me and my lack of common fashion sense
But your fabrics not made of any substance
Drowning yourself in the table of contents

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