

Tilt

"Clothes Horse"

Visit "[Clothes Horse](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

You are an affectation of every passing fad, your
butane smile's =
Indelible, your talk is thoughtless gas, you live like a
Coke machine, =
Convince me of your strife, tasty tyke of augmentation
you'll pay with =
Your life. Your youth is everything, your cock is all, your
body makes =
Bank and your mind is small, your youth is everything,
your tits stand =
Tall, your body makes bank and your mind is dull. Your
needle eyes and =
Hands of slate regard a stuff repose, contemplate your
mindless fate =
While powdering your nose, loathing all that you can't
fathom, cuckhold =
By your pride, endorsing a madman's marketed
worldwide. Rested on your =
Sculpted shoulders all the weight of fame, statuesque
emaciation is =
The mole of day, packaging rebellion in a palatable
box, wash away the =
Meaning as you wash your frosted locks. Yes we made
you what you are, we =
Buy the clothes you wear, we buy the shit that shapes
your hair, we buy =
Your hipness anywhere, but time will surely vanquish
you and we'll no =
Longer worship you.
Submitted by: Mel

Visit [Tilt](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.