

Tilt

"Clotheshorse"

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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 eveything, 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
emaciacion 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

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