Kinesis, Billboard Beauty

A life, a dream, a pain, a scream I awoke to my desires Young white male let out your rage And throw your heat onto the fire

Chorus
The flesh will be stuffed into the dress
Even if it doesn't fit
Obsess ourselves with matchstick perfection
My skin will never be so sweet

The hate, the greed, the abstract need Learn to love and learn to use Choking on conformity Nothing hurts like solitude

Fattened by billboard beauty Ready for the media kill