

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