

Luxuria, Ticket

Brutal bimbo beauty
nonsensically sublime
this hammy Armageddon
turns out to be yours and mine
your face is just the ticket to everything
I ever wanted to see
your face is just the ticket to everything
I was ever required to be

Sweet subtle nothing
flower of my will
your physical beauty
is making me physically ill
I turn up again
fantastically resplendent
they pack them in to the hilt
funny thing is
the theatre hasn't even been built

I was up to absolute beauty
playing it by my own book
where there's no justice
in matters of beauty
it's stupid to even look
but I held on to my ticket
I'd sit in front of it and stare
have pity on me
I've still got it somewhere