

Mr. Bungle, Vanity Fair

You're not human
You're a miracle
A preacher with an animal's face
In your sexy
Neon smokescreen
Lie the supersalesmen of vanity
Even your shadow worships you
In your jungle solitude
With the orgies of the sacrament
And the seal of flagellants
God saves those who save their skin
From the bondage that we're in
I'm elated
I could cut you
And remove the sheath of your ignorance
Bless the eunuch
And the Skoptsi
Will you hurt me now and make a million?
Say cheese, baby
We all love you
But it's a cheap world and you don't exist...
Slit the fabric of the right now
Spread your legs and wear the crown
Tell me how long, lord, how long?
Till I get my beauty sleep?
Now the hourglass is empty
The moment of my de-sexing
Cut it
Cut it
Cut this cancer from my soul
Now that I've made it...
I'm finally naked...