

Tilt, Clotheshorse

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