Dog Fashion Disco, Plastic Surgeons

projecting the movie on satin eyelids
the credits fade into unconcious movements
nasuea and seizures the plot twists and turns
purge now young starlit your contract's expired

you hollywood doll
you hollywood doll

you measure success by every inch that's in your ass
as the sands of time fall inside the hour glass
a fountain of youth is a fairy tale of lies
as if it came as a surprise

you hollywood doll
you hollywood doll

would you like a new face to face a new day
it seems the mirror is your worst enemy
for I am christ to the shallow and aging
a plastic surgeon to the stars of old

vaudevillian vanity a mansion in the hills
tinseltown pigskin on celluloid film
a golden age aging in pacific time
predicting the future three hours behind

you hollywood doll
you hollywood doll

would you like a new face to face a new day
it seems the mirror is your worst enemy
for I am christ to the shallow and aging
a plastic surgeon to the stars of old

I want to lick your leather skin
I want to suck your outside in
I want to watch you mutate
into a statue of stone

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it seems the mirror is your worst enemy
for I am christ to the shallow and aging
a plastic surgeon to the stars of old

for I am christ to the shallow and aging
a plastic surgeon to the stars of old