

Embodiment, Confessions

call me consumer
the entertainment hunter
i bit the hook
that i will never be good enough

i'm catching up to those around me
secure my uniform
babbet, i could use a kiss
they said i'm insecure

there's nothing new under the sun
fall in line, fall in line
believe the lie in hair clubs, fashion, gyms, cleansers and creams
one day we'll be the status quo
there's nothing new under the sun