

# Deconstructing Venus

Kevin Max

You are the center of your own private little constellation  
And you are the jury and judge of every little deconstructed fable  
And you like the way it is, you don't want to question it  
You're the wonder of God's own handiwork Yeah, you wear Versace but you look like a dirty bird  
And yeah, even the Paparazzi think you're quite absurd Venus of your own consent  
Is there anything you give up for Lent?  
Oh, parasite, oh, peacock of pride  
Will you let the little people see inside you? And you don't wanna question it  
And you're looking quite possessed  
You're the wonder of God's own handiwork Yeah, you wear Versace but you look like a  
And yeah, even the buying public think you're quite a jerk  
And you're trapped in your little castle  
Like Randolph Hearst in his fringe and tassel Yeah, you wear Versace but you look like a  
And yeah, even the Paparazzi think you're quite absurd There's too much information on the television  
Innocent we have been sprung and innocent we are  
You don't know how to feel, you don't know  
This is the eye of the storm, this is society

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