Vanity Fair

George Weldon

You're not human
You're a miracle
A preacher with an animal's face
In your sexy
Neon smokescreen
Lie the supersalesmen of vanityEven your shadow worships you
In you jungle solitudeWith the orgies of the sacrament
And the seal of flagellants
God saves those who save their skinFrom the bondage that we're inI'm elated
I could cut you
And remove the sheath of your ignoranceAnd the skoptsi
Bless the eunuch
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 crownTell me how long, lord, how long?
Till I get my beauty sleep?The moment of my de sex-ing
Now the hourglass is empty
Cut itCut this cancer from my soul
Cut itNow that I've made it...
I'm finally naked

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