

# Buffy

## Burnt By the Sun

This is ludicrous speed, what's here and now  
And intended to be clear to the senses passes as a blur  
Obsession, desire, desire, obsession, I know the answer  
Inside is fighting the image of beauty and security I can hear it gnawing at my consciousness  
In the background, groveling, unnerving, yet deaf  
To nonsensical ears, I fear why I desire, I understand  
How this all works and yet I'm still fixated Saturday nights are just the start, a day or two  
Into the week and I'm half way back, by the time I get home  
I'm back there again, I am completely aware  
And yet somehow I'm forced to the margins Bench warming and there seems little chance of me  
Getting out alive, a person no more, I watch and I watch  
Absurd recap, a person no more and it feels so good it hurts  
I watch again, recapitulation, worn down This is not where I want to be, unfamiliar mirrors  
I wonder what has become of my life The gaps in our lives seem to be so easily replenished  
With the products of our imagination, allowing ourselves to believe  
That the touched up digital images of perfection are real  
And set the standard for beauty and truth within ourselves But such things tend to leave a person more lonely  
Than she was to start with as the bombardment of these images  
Through entertainment and advertisements remove us  
Even more from the rawness of life

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