

Vanity Fair

Mr. Bungle

You're not human
You're a miracle
A preacher with an animal's face
In your sexy
Neon smokescreen
Lie the supersalesmen of vanity Even your shadow worships you
In you jungle solitude With the orgies of the sacrament
And the seal of flagellants
God saves those who save their skin From the bondage that we're in I'm elated
I could cut you
And remove the sheath of your ignorance And 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 crown Tell 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 it Cut this cancer from my soul
Cut it Now that I've made it...
I'm finally naked

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>