# Photoshoplifting

## Eyenine

photoshoplifting beauty is digital thievery
the new school of surgery is easier than it needs to be
with drug induced happiness, fabricated amazement,
these emaciated saviors staying face down to the pavement
are expelling excess weight while waiting for their nightly compliment
a conduit to self destruction, can we call this a problem yet?
i'm watching this from distances kept far from the populace
and positive that this is all so far from acknowledgment
little pixels placed in such fantastic arrangements
redefining faces to place on magazine pages
in the eye of the beholder, beauty is unconditional
but in the hands of the controller it's nothing but unoriginal
turning what's unique into carbon copy advertisements
the definition of beauty was shot by the ones so merciless
a person's inner worth can be remade without affection
with a click to fix a blemish, staying desperate for attention
these lessons that i've learned come from months of discretion
while television has burned images of such perfection
in our retinas, they're telling us to be something we're not
even after applications from the make up that you bought
it's ridiculous, this vision of beauty is unacceptable
intentionally forcing images of the exceptional
spectacles in our face, it's so hard to be erased
once we see the unattainable, we never quit the chaselet's render some light effects, uncheck the side effects
that might affect the render, hit enter and see how bright it gets
blur out the blemish, liquefy the edges
photoshoplifting is the next form of expression
you can make yourself better with a click of the mouse
if there are parts you dont like you can single them out
add layers upon layers to your vision of doubt
you can recreate your image or just mimic someone elseto be honest, i hate the way i'm looking now
funny how my smile can so quickly change into a frown
the mirror reminds me of every time i've given in
but i can't fake emotions in these differences so thick and thin
it's the reflection that gets me every glance
i still cant lie to myself in any single circumstance
i learned to dance so nobody would question
the choices that i made when i couldn't find the right direction
tired of guessing, i tried to fight my way to shore

but i was taken in by the current that i fear before
i run the knife under the waters burning message
and press it to my face to correct these imperfections
as i practice this sick self surgery
i wonder if it's the only way i have to nuture me
cursed it seems, when i cried back in the nursery
was i shedding tears for this person i was sure to be?
maybe being sober would lead to less blood
i almost fill the sink with every single cut
i need to be perfect, i can be happy with that
with every correction made i feel like Schrdinger's cat
i'm curious to see if i'll be content with these new scars
i'm fixing myself but one day i'll take it too far
until then, i'll picture me in magazines
telling myself that this is the way it had to be

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