Butterfly Collector

A.R. Kane

So you finally got what you wanted
You've achieved your aim by making the walking lame
And when you just can't get any higher
You use your senses to suss out this week's climber
And the small fame that you've acquired
Has brought you into cult status
But to me you're still a collector
There's tarts and whores but you're much more
You're a different kind 'cause you want their minds
And you just don't care 'cause you've got no pride
It's just that face on your pillowcase that thrills you
And you started looking much older
And your fashion sense is second rate like your perfume
But to you in your little dream world
You're still the queen of the butterfly collectors
As you carry on 'cause it's all you know
You can't light a fire, you can't cook or sew
You get from day to day by filling your head
But you surely must know the appeal between your legs
Has worn off
And I don't care about morals
'Cause the world's insane and we're all to blame anyway
And I don't feel any sorrow
Towards the kings and queens of the butterfly collectors
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And you just don't care 'cause you've got no pride
It's just that face on your pillowcase that thrills you
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