

# Vanity Fair

## Pro Arte Orchestra/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 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

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