

## I Raise My Craving Hands

### Enslavement of Beauty

The Polaroid of perfection, demirep and stained with hate  
well wounded I stuttle the crowd with my vogue lack of  
faith  
the up and coming vendetta, the # vultures' extremes  
spruce me up with a sweet little plaything, spruce me  
fucking supreme  
I raise my craving hands, to the image of her promised  
land  
the succulent teenage cunt, tempteth me to exeunt  
Wish me well, wish me hell...all I ever wanted was a  
story to tell  
The absence of goals, the lack of control  
the absence of aim and the present fame...  
The absence of goals, the lack of control  
everyone knows I should be extolled  
the absence of aim and the present fame  
everyone would sell their souls to play this game  
...it's the game we play...