

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 your jungle solitude

With the orgies of the sacrament
And the seal of flagellants

You Know 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

Bless the eunuch
And the Skoptsi
Will you hurt me now and make a million?

Say cheese, baby
We all love you
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?

Now the hourglass is empty
The moment of my de-sexing

Cut it
Cut it
Cut this cancer from my soul

Now that I've made it...