

## 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...