

Tell me, mannequin what brings you to move?  
Is it all of the colors in the magazine?  
Following sucks  
Paint your face now pose  
and filter the mood  
Give it all you've got  
You're just a click away from the fame now

Eat shit, motormouth  
Swallow all of it down  
You're pretty when you put the face on  
And when you shut that mouth  
Those chattering teeth lose my sympathy  
Got a lot to say?  
You've gotta leave it out of the game you play

Nothing you say holds any value  
It weaves through the ears like a worm  
Searching for light of the masses  
Motormouth, swallow down shit like you know how  
Swallow and shut up  
Motormouth, swallow down shit like you know how  
Swallow and shut up  
Give it all you've got  
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Only a conscience can stop me from  
beating you in  
Not on the side of the fuck-stain you leave  
on the earth  
But you defile the planet  
There's shit in your grin  
No way I can end this screaming alone  
No way we can stop this unless  
we choose to grow  
What will they find, digging around in that  
oh so empty mind?