

Mannequins

Picture Me Broken

He found a home in hell
He changed his name but couldn't change himself
Bid his life farewell with smoke and mirrors
Until all his flaws withered away

Damaged by the scene
She never sleeps
And won't eat a thing
Her validation lies behind his zipper
For her 22 minutes of fame

Give yourself
To the Mannequins
You'll die before they let you go
I watched them drag you down to hell
When your perfect lies and sweet illusions
Dim before our eyes
You'll die of your delusions

You don't exist now
You're the hollow shell of the fears that made you believe
You are nothing without your
Lies and chemicals
None of your disciples are real

Give yourself
Give yourself

When the mirrors are gone and
Nobody's screaming out your name
When the drugs are all gone
You're no one at all cause
There is no art to mannequin fame

Die for you plastic creation
You built all you wanted to be
Your beautiful fatal illusion
Couldn't make you real