

I ought to know I'm not so black and pretty  
too big, suspended two dimensional glory  
in competition watch your suicide clothes:  
flat screen targets sweat shop fashion

my love  
my love is bleeding out and  
my love  
my love is keeping doubt for  
all this processed  
hatred from the heart's eye model citizen

no alibi burning their beauty from your face  
in plastic we rust  
one bomb for them  
another one for us

so wipe the smell of the bourgeoisie off me  
and wash the billboard bus stop benches imprisoned you'll see  
caught in the act resist this dying, bloody  
model citizen lobotomy  
burning their beauty from your face  
in plastic we rust  
one bomb for them  
another one for us  
burning the time to say I'm sorry  
Annihilate  
one bomb for them  
another one for us

with the light's out  
would you be there?  
would you walk the words off camera?  
Run beside me  
turning isolation into family  
would you be there?  
Would you walk the words and open stitches  
don't follow run beside me  
'til we stand still and the world moves over