

Ravaged, scarred
Book me in, imperial suit
Twenty hours, hell no
Make it a week

A fashion deprivation
A skin-flick fantasy
The anasthesia won't help you now
Slip it in

Lash marks, cigarette burns
Cum stains, lipstick traces
Rehab, therapy, I collapse breakdown
Sex drive, transform anti-lifeforms
Slip it in

Now dig this supply me
A mouthful of absolutely nothing
Now understand I owe you nothing

A tremble beads of sweat well paid
Wash it off burn the evidence
What goes around comes around
It's in the works a cellular collapse
Burning human antidote condone it
Premote self extinction, shot ripped, fucked