

Lights will fade when they parade
The fashion zombie look
A slice a day keeps age away
No guarantee they took
A body lift, an image shift
It's surgery of honour
Not counting costs, just tissue loss
Another primadonna
Picking numbers - taking chances
Omnipresent knives
Another cut - another drug
And never thinking twice
Bodywork - in bodyworld
Bodywork - for all
Bodywork - in bodyworld
Bodywork - for all
And mothers plead: "Transform my breed!"
A trashy T.V.queen
A face of wax, the mirror cracks
There's hell behind the scenes
And stretch the skin, achieve the grin
An evil panorama
No souls to ask behind the mask
The twisted inner karma
Permanent disfigurement
And make up tattooed in
The liars giving compliments
The acid peels the skin
Check the book and choose the look
A fashion misdemeanour
And doctors earn and they will burn
In hell it's like a fever