

CHEERS TO CAPITALISM by C.J. audio version.mp3

You invited a perfect porcelain doll to your tea party
I was your cherished collectible,
molded into everything you wanted me to be
You locked me behind porcelain,
characterizing me as your timid masterpiece
But honey you missed the cracks
Sorry to disappoint, but I ain't flawless

The hairline cracks are becoming crevasses
decorated by tear stains
I smell burning flesh
angry red streaks across my skin
my pain is etched into my flesh
Tattoos appear, marking me for my sins

They yanked at my throat
My body thrashed in desperation
My body slumped into submission
They tied me down,
shackled my holy grail with metal
cold operating table
Ice jolts my body back to reality
They gave empty promises to fix me,
A razor sharp butcher knife grazes my skin and makes a cut,
where my heart used to be

Life and work blurs and warps into an alternate world
Guess I should accept my invitation to Wonderland
And drink tea with the man
I raise my tea cup to gan bei
But ceramic clinks against a lifeless mirror
The madness in me materializes
This was my tea party...
The walls fall and I'm already in Wonderland

I guess the price I'm willing to pay is expensive
This corporate world has brainwashed me
Given me more stockholm syndrome than all my abusive exes
Shackled me down, I don't think I'll ever be free
Every inch of my body is covered with words and expectations
I never asked to be your willing slave
Highest bidder wins my days
365, 24 hours in a day

Tighten the noose around my neck
Feet flailing above pedestal
I can't breathe
(gasp)

Unwilling hand on pen
Signing a contract they never let me see
At night my eyes flutter close
Nightmares haunt each breath
I imagine my body being ripped to shreds
Strings wrap each limb and pull
They piece me back together
But there's cold metal
I feel lasers behind my eye
My limbs are programmed to move at your command
And I realize I'm no longer human
You've built me into a bionic plaything
A machine in your domination plan
Lost my humanity
I can't breathe
(gasp)

The girl I used to be
A developing photo sun-exposed
A memory
Some ashes blown across a vast sea
I'm disappearing completely
But they promised me

Let's keep dancing the masquerade dance
Serenade me into submission
Marry the night again and again
Let's go, stockholm syndrome round 3
Nothing remains
Even my shadow doesn't recognize me
I don't see a version of this contract or story where I
(gasp) breath

...
...
...

Taunt lips, heart strung, carcass laid out to breathe
War-torn body
Scarlett tears drip,
Out drains what's left of me

Lifeless cold
Finally laid down to rest
I guess now that I've left
(breath) I finally get the chance
(breath) I can breathe again.