

I don't see the beauty in a walking skeleton,  
My eyes are blind to the allure of a dressed broomstick,  
Do you know what my pupils reflect?  
Suffering, someone stuck in a prison,  
A person who's succumbed to the poison society is feeding,  
The poison isn't something you drink and pass away,  
No, the stuff accumulates everyday,  
Consuming everywhere with toxicity,  
Eating, eroding away bit by bit,  
Until the remainder is a mentality,  
One that has undergone shuffling, stepping back, and reshuffling  
Just as one would do when class pictures are being taken and they need to align  
themselves with everyone else,  
Anyway, that's not the point  
The point is their mentality has been inconvenienced and had to accommodate just  
like that guy who had to bend down and smile in the picture,  
I don't like to bend down so I assume the same for most.

The thin culture has a set of customs you know,  
A guide which must be followed,  
'Deviations,' are the people who oppose  
Almost like a cult  
But within the mental realm  
Thinness above all!  
Health can be thrown away!  
No one cares about your well-being  
Just about how much fat is under your skin.  
I've also seen,  
It's crazy how people don't realize,  
The same thing they abhorred is now the same thing they idolize  
The topic is a taboo to them,  
But they're the same ones performing all the rituals.