

The Adored, Sex Is In Fashion

They tell us "Sex is in fashion, the future's meant for it.
Jealous thoughts ruin the passion; love is irrelevant."
All these strangers are introduced, but their names are just for screaming.

All these twisted limbs have gotten to me,
exploring options and positioning.
Lovers of the world aren't aching alone:
we've been infected with the primitive syndromes.

They tell us "Sex is in fashion: not just in magazines.
Posed in the mirror for practice; it's in the acting.
Go put some time into your vanity.
Yeah, it's this easy.
Forget the times you regretted the act.
the makeup smears blending in with the trainwreck.
Go put some time into your vanity.
Yeah, it's this easy."

Don't you try to get out of this one: pushed into an empty stall,
hands were moving somewhere warmer,
don't stop me if it's wrong.
Weigh the possibilities -- angles only I can see
-- too bored to stick with anything, new bodies keep me moving.
They keep me moving, they keep me moving.

They tell us "Sex is in fashion, the future's meant for it.
Posed in the mirror for practice. Love is irrelevant.
Go put some time into your vanity,
Yeah, it's this easy. Yeah, it's this easy."

Don't you try to get out of this one: pushed into an empty stall,
hands were moving somewhere warmer,
don't stop me if it's wrong.

Weigh the possibilities -- angles only I can see
-- too bored to stick with anything, your bodies keep me moving.
My sex is in fashion, and your sex is in fashion