

This flesh and skin
This naked body
Deemed inappropriate by the masses
Feared by the people in white and black robes
Avert your eyes in the name of modesty
Cover your nakedness in the name of morality
Do not let the sun kiss your bare chest
You will defile the innocent minds with your breasts
It is okay though
Showing a bit of skin
To advertise your products
Overflowing bras and panties decorating thigh gaps
Showing our cleavage and flattering our behinds
That's what sells and you think it's okay
Our bodies are merchandise put on display
Make the youth crave for attention
Misguided they think you are their only salvation
The more you show the more you'll get
But careful which parts because we are not all the same
Stare and idolize shamelessly
Sexualized paper dolls
Dress up make up
You are ready to go
Dread the sight of yourself in the morning mirror
Find shelter behind the bars of the cosmetics prison
You say my body is a temple and I should treat it right
Though to you it is filthy, get it out of your sight?
Taboos have enslaved our minds
Put shackles to our bodies leaving us numb
Special permission to express myself freely
Cause the content of those clothes

Will shock your frail minds
Children will look with their innocent eyes
Curious will wonder
Why and what was so bad
That their mothers tried so hard
To hide with a screech
And a hand over their youthful eyes;
It was the view of a woman's dangling breasts
Though never to the sight of an oversized mans
Same-sized, fuller breasts
Would the proud moms even shriek.