

# Cky, Dressed In Decay

Imperfection she's been told  
The positives are undersold  
A gain of envy, a loss of health  
Preparing to consume herself

She does not see the pulsing veins  
She does not feel her own restraints  
Before the eyes the beauty is wasting away  
Reflections praise, she's dressed in decay

You see the struggle flood the skin  
From promises to paper-thin  
She turns a blind eye, will of stone  
From stunning smile, to flesh and bone

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