

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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