

# Pulp, Anorexic Beauty

Sitting alone on / a cold bar stool, / your cold, hard eyes make me  
feel a fool. / Pastel-white features, / high cheek-bones,  
scarlet-blooded lips and deathly tones.

The girl of my nightmares, / sultry and corpse-like.

The girl / of my / nightmares.

Brittle fingers, / and thin cigarettes, / so hard to tell apart,  
(she hasn't spoken yet.)

You put your hand on mine, / death white on brown,  
those whirlpool eyes; / well, I begin to drown.

The girl of my nightmares, / erotic and skull-faced.

The girl / of my / nightmares.

Anorexic beauty, / feather-weight perfection, / anorexic beauty,  
underweight / goddess.

Sitting alone on / a cold bar stool, your / so hard to tell apart,  
(she hasn't spoken yet.)

Pastel-white features, / high cheek-bones,  
scarlet-blooded lips and deathly tones.

The girl of my nightmares, / sultry and corpse-like.

The girl / of my / nightmares.

Anorexic beauty, / feather-weight perfection, / anorexic beauty,  
underweight / goddess.