## Boysetsfire, Candence

In this culture I am just the meat for vultures to pick until My beauty shows for your glossy covers and in the classy circles smother Have I nothing more to give And I would rather starve than lose this body I would rather starve than lose your acceptance I need your love I just need someone's approval To put me back again Is this skin all you want Are aesthetics all you need Is this where I stand My eyes will always show my empty soul As you divert you eyes to my body (It's nothing to you, but it matters to me) I'm nothing to you but this shell that you see Rotting flesh for your eyes Wilting beauty for every goddamn girl to compare to Dear god, why can't I be Dear god, why can't I be more like him, more like her More or less like you