

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