

Boyssetsfire, Fashion As A Weapon

shackles kill but look so lovely
maintain reputation
squeezed to fit the mold she's made to
living their aesthetics
giving freely but dishonor
sun peeling resource
glued to paper for their anger, her beauty

someone please acknowledge me
whatever it takes for you to love me

fill me full of shame and let me be a part
in your insignificant world
(i will live and die)

pills and fingers help sustain her
need for their approval
eyes as dark and caring holes to
pluck out when unneeded
faith in what she thought she was is
steadily decaying
in her blood she writhes for hours
their victim

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whatever it takes for you to love me

fill me full of shame and let me a part
in your insignificant world
i will and die