

Katy Rose, Love Is Suicide

Pretty little stupid girl
Pretty little cupid face
Crowded like her mother's pearls
Lonely like her grandma's lace
This feels like another world
And she's just another day
This feels like another world
No reason for the music played
Told me she was clean today
Do the math?
I know how she likes to play
Sylvia Plath
Love is over romanticized
It's the red stuff in your eyes
It's every tear she cries
It is suicide
And no one would ever know
How inside she could of shined
As much she may try to glow
There is darkness in her spine
Told me she was clean today
Do the math?
I know how she likes to play
Sylvia Plath
Love is over romanticized
It's the red stuff in your eyes
It's every tear she cries
It is suicide
Love is suicide
Love is suicide