

Killwhitneydead, I Wouldn't Kick Her Out Of Bed For

I was just another target
I was just (was I just?) the next victim
She stabbed me over and over with her sharpened lies
Those eyes cut like the blade of a knife
Craved my flesh with her razor tongue
Such barbed and serrated words
You saw right through me
Ripped right through me
I am not a target
I am not a victim
You can't have me