

# Making Mirrors Extinct

Lucas Carpenter

4 am,  
2 car garage,  
she sat alone with headphones on,  
tears smeared black,  
a cracked compact,  
she's curled up on a musty couch,  
every night,  
hating herself.  
she said,  
i could never get anyone  
looking this way,  
these shoulders, these legs,  
i mean, come on,  
look at this face. she wants to blow up  
all the glass factories,  
and shatter reflections 'round the world,  
but til then she'll keep it all locked up  
behind garage doors,  
mumbling to deal with her pain,  
it's the next best thing,  
to making mirrors extinct in her room  
there's a wall of dreams,  
with models clipped from magazines,  
paper thin,  
with airbrushed grins  
inspiring an inferior girl to  
think up tricks and cut corners  
wiping off her lips she stepped to the scale  
stumbling, and shaking, unsatisfied her,  
her figure fell frail she wants to blow up  
all the glass factories  
and shatter reflections 'round the world  
until then she'll just knock her knees  
to the cool tile floor  
and blast the bathroom sink,  
it's the next best thing  
to making mirrors extinct. well it all came to a head,  
broken shards,  
slicing arms,

and hospital beds  
the doctor comes in and says  
"i know what you're going through"  
and the girl says, "no, how could you have a clue?"  
so the doctor rolls up her sleeves  
and shows the girl faded scars  
that read like a poem  
you're not alonesee, i wanna blow up all the glass factories  
and shatter reflections 'round the world,  
but until then i'll talk to girls and then i'm reassured  
i'm not alone in how I think  
it's the next best thing  
to making mirrors extinct

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