Your Shirt Would Look Better With A Columbian Neck

I Killed the Prom Queen

Once ive drawn my final painful breath, and disfigured any beauty my mind has of you.
This princess of pain can be ended elegantly.
With no distaste, no fear of soul decay.
I felt betrayed for so long.
These failures dragged me down.
I whither away.
I will never forgive or forget, a constant reminder, your lifeless heart on a rope around my neck.
A keepsake from this rusted love.
We are falling fast to the ground.
I'd bite into your face just to be close to your eyes
I've discarded such beauty in a past lifetime.
Ill stitch my own insides to the highest tree.
A keepsake of this rusted love you wish upon me.
This princess of pain can be ended elegantly.
With no distaste, no fear of soul decay.
I felt betrayed for so long.
These failures dragged me down.
I whither away.
I will never forgive or forget, a constant reminder, your lifeless heart on a rope around my neck.
A keepsake from this rusted love.
Everyone here who breathes will fucking die!

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