Saylor Lake

Drop Dead, Gorgeous

You're all the fucking same
worthless
and waiting for a saviour
that was there all along
you're all the same poison
with perfect lives and cruel intentions
a trail of blood...
you've fucking built the skin
give the paper something to talk about
give the readers something to talk about
Saylor lake's got a mean howl
careful at night
better watch out!
decorate her funeral with open wounds
when the sorrow pours like water
down a cold and restless body
slowly flows a fiver
in the river we will gaze
up the stairs
down the hall
into the bedroom she crawled
to place a panicked phone call
but she was struck in the head with a blunt object
---I never thought that I would grow tired
well I did
there once was a time where I lost my mind and I thought that I wanted this
but now I'm terribly mistaken for a fake
one day these cameras will steal my entire soul
when everything is gone
it's quiet and we want nothing more---

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