

Beau Suicide

Soror Dolorosa

My face is blue
My mirror so sad
With myself as a picture I'm done with my last drink
My clouds wipe my make up off
And under the white
The color blue...
And red, on the edge of my glass
The angel of despair
Whispers in my ears That my face is blue, is livid
That my face is in the mirror I tease myself
Be back home late tonight
Must have slipped on the pavement
Dark with sadness
Graze the moon in the gutter
Fuck not again
And claw my guts out

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