Eight Dollar Prom Dress

One Dead Three Wounded

She said, "Your eyes are everything." But I'm the best liar you've ever seen. We are the anti-passion. You're thirty miles away. We are the anti-passion. Just meet me half way. And when these bridges burn, I'll bleed this river dry and walk to you. My throat will swell before I find therapy. I point this gun at the only place where you still exist. Here's the end to every love feelings to paper and forgotten forever. I waste another song on heartbreak, but it sells and makes lonely kids cry. So here's the perfect song to your perfect life; to live in a prom dress forever with a permanent smile. Lift the glass, slit the wrist, kill the moment, fuck the

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