Softcore

Jawbreaker

I'm putting on my blinders.
I'm walking straight to me.
I'm following my carrot.
It's plenty hard to reach.
Keep your foot out of my door.
I don't want you on my floor.
Yeah,
Take it from the source.
Yeah,
It's killing my softcore.
I'm dressed in my best soul.
You drag it through the mud.
I'd like to keep my skin on.
It's holding in my blood.
Open wounds that never heal.
You're the flies and I'm the meal.
Don't listen.
It's not the truth just because it glistens.
It's painted.
The coloration's tainted.
Skin looks good on paper to a million hungry eyes.
They just want the wrapping.
They throw away the prize.
Show her body.
Fuck her mind.
Fuck her body.
Why's she crying?

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