

Apocolips

Motionless In White

This is the story of a girl who sits in the dark room,
Wondering what's to become of her.
Her make up is smeared and blood fills her dark heart,
The addiction is slowly sinking in.

With bloodshot eyes,
She starts hallucinating the track marks fading from her arms.
She's as white as the snowfall, and she's clung to the ceiling.

It's almost Armageddon as she falls to the floor,
Guilt straight affliction, now comatose.
Emptiness, she feels the room spin,
Somebody call a doctor we need an ambulance.

She smiles, one last goodbye this girl cried so hard,
She's too far gone and for what I cannot help her.
Her lipstick is all we have of what she left behind,
Her lipstick is all we have, is all we have, is all we have of what she hid behind.

"There on the floor highlighted in red lied a girl.
Her possession of immortal beauty brought the sincerest form of irony to this seemingly tragic display of lust
and love.
It was black on black on black and such a shame that she could not resist keeping the only hint of red strictly to
her fingernails."

It's almost Armageddon as she falls to the floor,
Guilt-straight affliction, now comatose.
Emptiness, she feels the room spin,
Somebody call a doctor we need an ambulance.
We need an ambulance, we need an ambulance!

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