

4st 7lb

Manic Street Preachers

Days since I last pissed cheeks sunken and despaired
So gorgeous sunk to six stone, lose my only remaining home
See my third rib appear a week later all my flesh disappear
Stretching taut, cling film on bone, I'm getting better Karen says, I've reached my target weight
Kate and Emma and Kristin know it's fake
Problem is diet's not a big enough word
I wanna be so skinny that I rot from view I want to walk in the snow
And not leave a footprint
I want to walk in the snow
And not soil its purity Stomach collapsed at five lift up my skirt my sex is gone
Naked and lovely and 5ft, 2 may I bud and never flower
My vision's getting blurred but I can see my ribs and I feel fine
My hands are trembling stalks and I can feel my breasts are sinking Mother tries to choke me with roast beef
And sits savoring her sole ryvitta
"That's the way you're built, my father said
But I can change, my cocoon shedding I want to walk in the snow
And not leave a footprint
I want to walk in the snow
And not soil its purity Kate and Kristin and Kit Kat
All things I like looking at
Too weak to fuss, too weak to die
Choice is skeletal in everybody's life I choose, my choice, I starve to frenzy
Hunger soon passes and sickness soon tires
Legs bend, stockinged I am Twiggy
And I don't mind the horror that surrounds me Self worth scatters, self esteems a bore
I long since moved to a higher plateau
This discipline's so rare so please applaud
Just look at the fat scum who pamper me so Yeah, 4st.7lb, an epilogue of youth
Such beautiful dignity in self abuse
I've finally come to understand life
Through staring blankly at my navel

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