



Nobody needs you, sweetie. Be somebody else.

I

Plastic breasts and nose prosthetic –
My aesthetic is synthetic.
Name your price, cut and slice,
Make them love my every vice.

My flesh feels like concrete –
The plastic rots my hands and feet.
Powder and paint deface my face,
Yet heart and soul remain unchanged.

*O perfect picture, in my mind,
With strawberry flesh and apple eyes –
And hair sub-lime like orchard vine,
O, how I wish your looks were mine!*

*Alluring lips that all would kiss,
and cherry cheeks no boy would miss.
A visage of eternal Bliss,
Like perfect looks you don't exist.*

II

Drill the jewels through my lips,
Distract them! from my narrow hips
And paint away my every pain.
So much I pay, for new display.

Vanity is my sin,
The fur and fabric choke my skin.
I sag with age you'll never see,
My reflection repulses me.

*O perfect picture held so dear,
The Aphrodite boys revere –
You're nothing less than Beauty queen,
With naked skin gift-wrapped in green.*

*You need not paint your perfect feet,
Your lips unaltered still so sweet.
Like perfect looks you're make-belief,
Yet still your gaze brings only grief.*

III

My sweet serotonin tree,
with beauty girls cannot achieve –
My reflection repulses me.

My sweet serotonin tree,
what every girl aspires to be.
But how can we compete with this?
Like perfect looks, you don't exist.