

Red Hott Myspace Ladies, The "Heavy Heart"

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And she sat there, with her heavy heart weighing her
down to the floor.
She was a pitiful mess, and a waste of space on that
tiled bathroom floor
And her tears ran through the crevices of the stones
beneath her,
Eroding her hopes and the grout which held her
together,
Making her body aware of the subtle hints of
heartbreak
And she realized she was alone.

Then she rose up and tried to run away from her self-
made prison,
But her emotional freedom was congested by her
reflection,
Which taunted her from her mirror.
She placed each one of her fingers on the clammy
glass and screamed her lungs dry.
For the person she saw in the mirror, was just an
imposter, yet another lie.

And she ran away from herself to her room,
And she locked the door
Then she took up the blade from its hiding place and
was ready to say goodbye
And asked herself baby aren't you worth more?
But the blood that dripped down her face muffled her
only reply

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