

A Jealousy Issue "Dollface"

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Once again
You're flashing me those blues
And i'm remembering why i'm wasting days
If i had the nerve
I'd drain all your beautiful
All you're good for is burning bloodstreams
Each movement makes music
A chemical touch that would send shocks
But you're destined for display only
The most i could hope for is to smear the glass
These heavy fingertips
Leaving trails of scattered skin and cracked porcelain
Tell me what i haven't got
Because i'd kill to get it
Tell me what i haven't got
Don't tell me, he's got it
Who's on the receiving end of those perfect lips?

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