

Hester Prynne

"Seventeen Is My Favorite Number"

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You were my favorite story, and now we write the
ending
The pages trace the body back to where it started
bleeding
I'm sure my eyes can tell you how long I've been
waiting
To hold your lovely head after it's decapitated

You get around like a fucking disease, well
Let's see how good you look at the end of a meathook
same old wretched mess
I had the perfect words, you wore the perfect dress,
yes

And the first night we met, we both dropped dead

So run and hide you coward, I love the thrill of the
chase
Did you forget what was promised?
So good in the sheets, but you should finish what you
started before you go and try to fuck the wound

Payback's a bitch, and so were you

I thought you might be different, turns out you're just
another bitch I'd like to tear the head off of and keep it
in my closet, with all the pictures of us

And after all the time you kept the past a secret
The truth came back for you

Don't mourn the bride, this was her final vow

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