

Jeffree Star

"Louis Vuitton Body Bag"

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Stab you with scissors and let's hold hands.
Blew out my birthday candles-wished you were dead.
Slice you to ribbons, lay next to me.
Let's give each other lobotomies.

Slit your throat & zip you up.
I won't fuck up your pretty makeup.
Tell your friends, try not to brag.
You're sleeping in a Louis Vuitton body bag.
[Body Bag]
[Body Bag]
[Body Bag]
[Body Bag]
To be ourselves, we have to destroy ourselves.
To be ourselves, we have to destroy ourselves.

Pretend I love you for another year.
Starve myself so I'll fucking disappear.
Your red-dipped fingers look like strawberries.
But these gashes look like self-injuries.

Slit your throat & zip you up.
I won't fuck up your pretty makeup.
Tell your friends, try not to brag.
You're sleeping in a Louis Vuitton body bag.
[Body Bag]
[Body Bag]
[Body Bag]
[Body Bag]
Depression, my new obsession, home sweet home.
Self-mutilation is like a sick art show.
Depression, my new obsession, home sweet home.
Self-mutilation, like a sick art show.
Depression, my new obsession, home sweet home.
Self-mutilation, like a sick art show.

Slit your throat & zip you up.
I won't fuck up your pretty makeup.
Tell your friends, try not to brag.
To be ourselves, we must destroy ourselves.
You're sleeping in a Louis Vuitton body bag.[x4]

I love you too.

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