

Jeffree Star "Louis Vuitton Bodybag"

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

Slit your throat and zip you up.
I won't fuck up your pretty make-up.
Tell your friends try not to brag.
You're sleeping in a Louis Vuitton bodybag.

Bodybag, Bodybag...Bodybag.

(To be ourselves-
we have to destroy ourselves.)

Pretend that 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 and zip you up.
I won't fuck up your pretty make-up.
Tell your friends try not to brag.
You're sleeping in a Louis Vuitton Bodybag.

Depression. My new obsession. Home sweet home.
Self-mutilation like a sick art show (x3)

Slit your throat and zip you up.
I won't fuck up your pretty make-up.
Tell your friends try not to brag.

To be ourselves- We have to destroy ourselves.
You're sleeping in a Louis Vuitton Bodybag. Bodybag.
Bodybag. Bodybag.

I love you to.

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