

Used**"I AM A FAKE"**

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Small, simple, safe price.
Rise the wake and carry me with all of my regrets.
This is not a small cut that scabs, and dries, and
flakes, and heals.
And I am not afraid to die.
I'm not afraid to bleed, and fuck, and fight.
I want the pain of payment.
What's left, but a section of pigmy size cuts.
Much like a slew of a thousand unwanted fucks.
Would you be my little cut?
Would you be my thousand fucks?
And make mark leaving space for the guilt to be liquid.
To fill, and spill over, and under my thoughts.
My sad, sorry, selfish cry out to the cutter.
I'm cutting trying to picture your black broken heart.
Love is not like anything.
Especially a fucking knife.

Like I fell, you can tell.
By the way I move into my head.
Do you think that it's me?
Or it's not me I don't even care.
I'm alive.
I swear I'm the cleanest I have ever been.
I feel pain.
I feel

Just look at me. Look at me now.
(I'm a fake, I'm a fake, I'm a fake, I'm a fake).
Just look at me. Look at me now.
(I'm a fake, I'm a fake, I'm a fake, I'm a fake).

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