

## Horrors

### "She Is The New Thing"

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She's a special girl you know, the kind I'd hope to see,  
hanging on a wall, watching me cross the street  
I wonder how long it will be before I'm sick of her, and I  
no longer care where she goes or has been, because  
she's the new thing  
Feel my stomach sink. Whatever she brings, I cast  
myself in  
She is the new thing  
It started so slight then I flared into life, attention again  
onto another new thing  
Once she had me on my knees, enamoured with  
disease  
Now, she fails to impress  
A different sickness  
A different kind of sickness, lacking any interest  
And I, sunk in apathy, totally absorbed in me  
Sitting vacant on my own, my senses lying prone  
She was the new thing  
Feel my stomach sink and I curse my slow limbs  
Staring at her, alterior girl, I cast myself into whatever  
she brings...  
Another new  
With sickness, it ends how it begins: First mine then  
hers, and then the cycle blurs as my actions reoccur  
through no fault of my own, through no fault of my own

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