

Vanity Theft

"Surgical Tools"

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Damager!
Oh damager!
With glass in your eyes.
How do you see?
How do you feel with your hands so posed?
Lets talk numbers! Lets talk themes!
Now they've been ruined.
See you next week.

No! I missed the meeting
Oh no! I've been away
Oh! Lets be reborn
Oh yeah!
Lets dig out graves and make them deep.
(Oh god! it's a fashion trend)

Fortress, lock your plague.
Damager, dig your grave.
Though your pages are torn and tattered,
They still read you like a book.

Just close your eyes and walk away

We laid her down.
Opened her with
The sharpest blade we found.
Hoping inside we'd find a cure
To our condition.
But as graceful as the lady may have been,
She still bled the blood that made her human.
Shed roses on her bed.
She spoke in a winter-wilted language
"I've sold my gold for blood red."
She'll never cry another tear again.

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