

A Textbook Tragedy "Cynthia: A Mistress"

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Cynthia
Why are you always screaming?
Tell your lies
Nobody believes you
Think this through
Are you sure you want this?
Are you sure you want to end on a violent note?
I know I do
Just sit still
I got a girl
She's out of this world
Yea she's electric
With disco curls
So bring your close friends
And party down
We've got a nice place
Come drink a round
Sour? Saint? Sour!
Cynthia
Come closer
I've always been a sucker for those vicious eyes
Now dim the house lights
And settle in for the show
The fourth floor looks just like a theatre
Now we're ready to go
See the angel with the cut wings
Lying on the pavement
Bleeding from the landing
Choking on her own teeth

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