

Dominatrix

"Broken Glass Candy"

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You please, you please,
Count all the raindrops one by one and watch them
Marrying on the floor...
Got the number? That's the size of my anger.
Why apply for a lover if I can apply for mental health?
Why hide my chaos if I can go to hell glamorously?
Goodness* knows how long I've been searching the
way out
Of the castle.
Goodness knows how many doors I've bumped my
head
Against.
Pick a hand, go on, pick a hand.
Oh, you've chosen the cutest gift!
But watch out when you taste it.
You'll like it if you're on broken glass candy,
God doesn't exist anyway

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