

Battered Ornaments

"Perfect Illusion"

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She is the self proclaimed new heroine
She is the martyr off all things serene
No human vice
No earthly possessions
She was bred out of your own misconceptions
She was there when your world turned to shit
She was gone when you made up for it
White on black, the perfect illusion
Indulge her while she fuels your delusions

Bitter witch
This Hive Queen
Close your eyes and wait for God
Gone amiss
A ripe pick
Swallow you and
Spit out the seeds
I weigh more
But means less
Body emptied, head severed
A new church
In her. You might just be...
At it again

You think up big words to justify it
But it boils down to you being a prick
Think again when she turns you her cheek
Your resolve just won't make things turn real
She was the self proclaimed new heroine
She made you wish you could fuck up again
She was the self proclaimed new heroine
But wasn't real
Get the fuck over it

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