

## Crib

### "Survival If The Prettiest"

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It is my saving grace  
I bow to no one  
Even on dismal days  
I never make haste  
To judge a brain  
By it's face  
Roll me over  
And kiss my mouth  
I'll tell you what I  
Was dreaming about

Sometimes you have just got to lose to win  
Yesterday's frog will be tomorrow's prince

Survival of the prettiest  
Give a warm welcome to truth  
It's not what's inside you  
It's the survival of the prettiest  
But every flower withers and dies  
And everyone is equal in time  
Ww decline, wither and die

A toast for temptation  
My eyes are often gripped by  
The beauty of beautiful bodies  
But the flesh is just  
The first choice for falsified fools

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