

## Emma Carroll

### "Addressing The Mirror"

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Mascara streams down your face.  
These seawater tears are metaphors for the pain you  
can't erase.  
You've never felt so out of sorts.  
You just don't know who you are anymore.

The days flash by you; you're an empty little girl.  
So read the letter blue tacked to your wardrobe door.  
Was it really meant for you?  
Is there anything you can do?

You hope in time she'll realize the emptiness in your  
eyes is due to her.  
So you write song after song for her.  
Word after word, dream after dream will be heard but  
not taken in.

You're a misconception, disfigured and bruised.  
Yearning for love and a new pair of shoes, what can  
you do?  
This aching in your heart will go away, just take my  
advice.  
You've already existed twice. You can do it again.

Get down on your knees and pray like they tell you to  
do.  
You're a waste of breath, of the droplets of hate that  
collide with the air as they speak, you're body is weak.  
Please don't leave.

So carry on this theatre show, you're a box office  
smash.  
There's no turning back.  
Plan shows about blood and electric lights but no-ones  
worth the live performance on opening night.

You know these feelings are fading fast,  
Just unclench your fists and your fingernails will stop  
digging in to the palms of your hand.  
You'll get used to the vacant space she's created.  
I know someone who's willing to fill it for you.

What will you do?  
You're torn in two, you're torn in two, and you're torn in two.

You can't say how you feel through the words of a song,  
How you die inside each time she strings you along.  
Where are your pearls?  
String them round your neck and carry on.  
And I know, I know you're strong enough to survive.  
Doll yourself up for this fight.  
You're in a bad way but just look at the photographs pinned to your wall,  
That's what you call,  
Pixilated Therapy,  
Animated Controversy.  
And no one, no one understands this better than me,  
better than me.  
Pixilated Therapy animated Controversy.  
And no-one, no-one understand this better than me,  
better than me  
No one understand this better than me.

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