

Rag Doll Sweet

Rag Doll sweet, you will never be loved your stomach too plump your face too round

Pluck and pull, starve and cut, tighten and remove, fix and perfect.

Sweet, thing, do not talk, do not argue, for you of stupidity and of submission will be crowned.

Honey don't you worry, you will have a man soon enough for you are dependence bound

Boo, if he wanders do not have woe for "I do promise to obey" you got old so now he must deflect

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Apple pie, don't you worry if it is he who acts as a horrid hound

Pumpkin, for you have provoked him henceforth and the words he speaks are direct

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Sugar, clean and cook and do not think for that will only lead you to a wound

Doll, clean yourself up, cover up those purple blotches you are happy and will be wrecked

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Kitten, pick yourself up, like a piece of furniture you live only to be found

Darling, like a book after your are checked out and once read long enough you will be checked

Sweet thing, do not talk, do not argue, for you of stupidity and of submission will be crowned.

Babe, you can't speak your opinion is weak your thoughts are drowned

Beauty, don't let them see because we all have to keep up the cliqued

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The Sickness That Feels Terminal

I'm sad today
But I do not weep
I do not pout
I sit, seeping in my own misery
in my own sadness
my own personal attack
I sleep for too long
I become dark, thick, and bitter
full of discontentment
I don't feel whole
So I bite into someone else
I claw and bite and scratch
Desperate to feel their happiness
And yet still I am not whole
Still I feel half dead.

Waves Crashing

it rushes in
too excited too quick
so it runs just as quickly
leaving me with a glimpse of love
like the salty air on my lips
without seeing the seaside
just a preview of how happy I could be
a glimpse of love was the key

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When you laugh and call me beautiful
You light up my head in darkness
And the tears don't seem to burn as much
With your touch
But still his words stab
But your laugh
Lights up my life
You gave your happiness to me in your words
You gave me joy in your glance
And our lips continually dance

Third sin

Your words open heavens gate
And leaves peter sleeping
We run around painting the clouds black
With our sin