

Stole

Bru-C

Christina was a lonely girl, with freedom
So distant from her family and no one knows the reason
The prettiest of faces and she knows it's so appealing
Attention was a vice so when she posts, loads are reaching
Men that keep approaching her and creeping
Asking if she's looking for a motive for the weekend
Some dealers off the ends hit her up, said bring a friend, got a party in the penthouse, roll through if your feeling
She replied with heart eyes, of course we'll link
Pulled up with her friend, seemed fine as they were walking in
The only girls there, three guys, bought in sniff, pouring drinks, good vibes, she didn't even pause to think
As she drunk more the room started to spin
She tried to fight, her eyes closed and the darkness kicking in
She was spiked and abused, like karma weren't a thing
Now she lives with mental scars and the scars upon her skin

'Cause when you're hurt it's the only way out
Closer to hell, it's a lonely way down
Maybe in heaven I'll find my escape
Goodbye tomorrow, I'll see you someday

Charlie started uni in September
With summer soon approaching it would be one to remember
His first ever festival, his mum said that he couldn't go
He came from a loving home, his fam would always worry though
After many tears, he managed to persuade her
Studied economics but inside he was a raver
He never took drugs, he was scared of the effects
But he didn't wanna seem like a loser too his newest friends
He's at the main stage, his friend gives him a pill
Then a wink and a hug, like it's cool bro, just chill
It'll be the best thing you ever do, let's be real
Everyone's off their face, take a look around the field
He put it on his tongue and swallowed down his beer
Soon to fall to the ground as his friends watched in fear
His heart started beating real fast and then it stopped
Charlie died on his back, left his whole family lost

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She running late on her assignment
Feeling like dog shit
Struggling with the pressure, so much time, she nearly lost it
Fear of flopping knows that all her families watching
Escapes by sniffing lines of coke and downing cans of Foster's
Last week she should of handed in her module
She raving every night, she on site, she in the mosh pit
Sex with the same sex, she coming out the closet
A trending topic, she's a victim to the gossip
But she can't handle it, the uni work, the gambling
The rumour, the high expectation from her family
She has to face the world, 'cause every day it is mandatory
Suicidal thoughts have got her tied up and it's strangling

Edge of the bed, tears streaming as she's standing there
Death's up in the atmosphere, tell me, can you fathom it?
Her friends are at her door, banging it and panicking
Kick it off it's hinges to see their friend hanging there