

Saylor Lake

Drop Dead, Gorgeous

You're all the fucking same.
Worthless,
And waiting for a savior that was there all along.
You're all the same poison.
With perfect lives and cruel intentions.
A trail of blood.

You've fucking built the skin.

Give the paper something to talk about.
Give the readers something to talk about.
Saylor Lake's got a mean howl.
Careful at night, better watch out!

Decorate her funeral with open wounds,
When the sorrow pours like water,
Down a cold and restless body.
Slowly flows a river;
In the river we will gaze.

Up the stairs, down the hall,
Into the bed she crawled.
To place a panicked phone call,
But she was struck in the head with a blunt object.

When everything's gone, it's quiet and we want nothing more