

# Love Is Suicide

Katy Rose

Pretty little stupid girl  
Pretty little cupid face  
Crowded like her mother's pearls  
Lonely like her grandma's lace

This feels like another world  
And she's just another day  
This feels like another world  
No reason for the music played

Told me she was clean today  
Do the math?  
I know how she likes to play  
Sylvia Plath

Love is over romanticized  
It's the red stuff in your eyes  
It's every tear she cries  
It is suicide

And no one would ever know  
How inside she could of shined  
As much she may try to glow  
There is darkness in her spine

Told me she was clean today  
Do the math?  
I know how she likes to play  
Sylvia Plath

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It is suicide  
Love is suicide  
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