

Self Dysmorphia

Mckenna Grace

Cherry lip, apocalypse
The world ends at her perfect hips
Sweetest smile on the internet
How could I compete with that
God perfected
And I'm defective
They say beauty's just subjective
Guess I never got the message
Call it Instagram depression

Don't be critical
I'm so miserable
I compare myself to all this physical
All things digital
Pretty on a screen
I wish that was me

I got
Self dysmorphia
A constant reminder I was
Made wrong
I got a
Full me phobia
This party'd be better with me
Me gone

Hmm, I wonder why...
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Dirty mirror on the wall
Who's the fairest of them all
It's not me
But I could find
A billion girls to fit that type
And I'm just typecast as the friend
I'll make you laugh but not the prettiest
I keep trying to work on me
But you can't photograph a personality

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