

Her life was magazines and faithful TV screens selling an empty dream
of cars and calories and everything in between the sun and Saturn's ring,
but the price tag can't be seen and it took bites out
of her insides till she was just a hollow shell.
She grew up in east LA watching celebrities living out all of her dreams.
The plastic canopy of US royalty drew her gaze towards the sky
and away from her own mind.
And it took bites out of her insides till she was just a hollow shell.
And at home her mother cried cause daddy
had something on the side and they didn't look up when she sighed.
And when August came around,
the bathing suits were on the ground replaced by a cotton cloak
.
To see her own reflection was like squinting in the sun.
And when all tomorrow brings is a set
if broken wings it takes bites out of your insides till you are
just a hollow shell.