

I am not for you
I'm not made to bring you pleasure and I am not made to make you feel pain
I'm not made to make you feel anything
I am not made for you
So who do you think you are, taking from me like it's my purpose?
And taking from me like my being belongs to you?
You do not own me
I'm not your baby doll, your sweetheart, your pretty little play thing
I am not yours, and I am not for you
You want something soft and fragile, so easy to pin down
Only existing to put you at ease
So I have to ask you, why do you feel the need to silence me?
There is something breakable in me that you could never understand
Because that's how I was taught to survive
To be gentle, to be soft
Because underneath these gentle curves are sharp edges and rusted metal
Seductress, vixen, succubus, whore
I have so many names, most of which you gave me
Do I scare you?
I hope I fucking do
Do I scare you, baby?
I hope I do
I am simply an illusionist and you have all believed the lies
Because I would rather you love the show I put on for you, than showing anybody the monsters inside
So I have to ask, do I scare you?
I hope I fucking do