

## 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