

Louis Vuitton Body Bag

Jeffree Star

Stab you with scissors and let's hold hands.
Blew out my birthday candles.. wished that you were dead.
Slice you to ribbons, lay next to me.
Let's give each other lobotomies.

Slit your throat & zip you up.
I won't fuck up your pretty makeup.
Tell your friends, try not to brag.
You're sleeping in a Louis Vuitton body bag.

To be ourselves, we have to destroy ourselves...
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Pretend I love you for another year.
Starve myself so I'll fucking disappear.
Your red-dipped fingers look like strawberries.
But these gashes look like self-injuries.

Slit your throat & zip you up.
I won't fuck up your pretty makeup.
Tell your friends, try not to brag.
You're sleeping in a Louis Vuitton body bag.

Depression, my new obsession... home sweet home.
Self-mutilation is like a sick art show.
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Depression, my new obsession... home sweet home.
Self-mutilation is like a sick art show.

Slit your throat & zip you up.
I won't fuck up your pretty makeup.
Tell your friends, try not to brag.
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I love you too.