

the sound of heels attacking
gravel in an alley and the
scent of something sulfurous
gushes from her lips

emyli everybody wants to be you
they don't know the shit that you've been through
emyli everybody wants to be you
they don't know the shit that you've been through

the punctures in-between the
bruises on her arms and legs
invisible with powder puffs and
fishnets jeans and kisses

emyli everybody wants to be you
they don't know the shit that you've been through
they just like the way you look
the way you dress
the way you walk
they couldn't care less about the way you took a beating
the way you took a beating
the way you took a beating
a beating
a beating

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