

Everyday she wallows in her dream
Pacing back and forth with nothing in between
The devastated girl has given up.
The boy has fallen to the feet of luck,
But tells her with a slight smile
It's just a virus
She laid on him
And I can't touch it
It's buried in
And its all for nothing
This web of you
Is just a cycle of abuse.
Since you said its fine I might believe.
Dirty girls are easy to deceive
A penny for your thoughts
Or just to take your clothes off
I'd rather dull the pain
Than stand out in the rain
to catch the Virus
That seems to be
The undercurrent of my insanity
The lowest layer that has been fused
Beneath my cycle of abuse
It's just a virus
He says to me
It's not quite the prison you make it out to be
Too bad you're dying, too bad but true
As is this cycle of you.