

Princess Jasmine Of Tinseltown

The Nerve Agents

There was no false perspective here
She was so very sad and sickened
In the name of art she was to be here
Dying like all of the others?
Nauseated, Jasmine stood her ground
While all of the Tinsel people,
Soulless and evil, worked the town
Tinseltown damned
Said she was a princess now in need of conversation
She wanted more from those, that never gave jubilation,
When rubbed so slightly
Now here we go, back below...
Into this metropolitan hell hole
It is not the talent that let's you live...
It is the ugliest of things