

Faith, Torn Apart

Xiu Xiu

Kneel under faith
In growing despair
Hung noose of charm
I won't stop where you start

Faith, torn apart
Torn apart
Torn apart
Oh, no one
Oh, no one
No, no one
Hears no one

"Oh brother sleep, oh sister formality
Your simple curriculum, opening, ever opening
My Philippian, what do you want me to do?"
"I want you to kill me
Crushed to death
I'm crushed to death"

Faith, take it out
Like a womb
Take it out
Oh, no one
No, no one
Oh, no one
Hears no one

My room is a mess
My hair is black and blue
My new phone is pink
My dress is a fishnet dress
My face looks soft
My eye shadow is like Cleopatra
My contacts are bright green
My braces are real
My pose is for you
My freckles are for you
My shirt has no buttons
My finger is in my mouth
My hijab is polkadot
My head is resting on my wrist
My gaze is never going to settle
My beauty mark is from a pen
My wig fell off into a pillow
My smirk is a shadow
My glasses have purple frames
My village is 6,600 miles away
My arms are chubby
My nose smells horrible smells
My kiss comes from a scream
My heart is going to crack in half
My gold tooth is knocked out
My baseball cap hides the truth
My name is romantic
My thoughts are petunias
My bra strap is a new feeling

My jaw is uneven and unassured
My posture is by demand
My skirt is thrown up over my head
My curls are fading fast
My ambition is still, it is still to be a star
My pajamas don't fit very well
My knees hurt
My little shirt matches my little shorts
My skin feels like a breaking vase
My appearance will stress you out
My bikini looks dumb
My shower is the least refreshing thing about it
My only recourse is there is no recourse
My bindi has been rubbed to the side
My frown is for always
My family will never see me again
My goofy jokes hide my goofy damnation
My ego's excuse: "It just happened"
My tears and my drool are all the same
My fear is for one and all
My dead end childhood is just beginning
My niqab is like a rose
My motto is "Champagne for my real friends"
My age is on a card and cannot be disputed
My nails will be broken
My pelvis will be broken
My feather boa feels like the butcher shop
My favorite band is "I don't know"
My complexion is flawless for hours
My awareness is the same as fainting
My party is private
My day has been endless
My night cannot possibly go on
It doesn't matter what you think
Do anything you'd like
Because I was born dead
And I was born to die