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Your lies, beautifully plated  
in glowing gold  
All to keep one under your spell  
Like good makeup does blemishes,  
You cover it up so well

No one really knows  
That underneath lies toxic lead  
Your first lie was gross as mold  
All to have one there to hold  
Then leave one there for dead  
For that, you'd probably go to hell

You're made of invisibly toxic fetishes

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All you have left to offer, is repair  
To remove the mold you purposely spread  
and grossly share

Your fakeness has been exposed  
You cannot rectify your damages

As your gold- plated lead no longer glows

Ahead,  
You have an everlasting road  
To catch this genuine gold