



## ***Beauty Pandemic***

You're heartless  
Your love was a bootleg

You first- left me bootless  
You last- left me footless

Crippled to fend for my own  
In total darkness  
Confused and entirely mindless on narcotics

You forced me to live in the clinics  
and work with the pros of forensics  
To reconstruct my soul with prosthetics

I'm all- just cosmetic  
Reconstructed in plastics,  
To fit in, with the beauty pandemic

Here I stand, emotionless- anesthetic  
Because you murdered a pumping heart- realistic

I'm heartless  
Your love was a bootleg