

**G
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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

**L
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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

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