

Pulp, Anorexic Beauty

Sitting alone on / a cold bar stool, / your cold, hard eyes make me
feel a fool. / Pastel-white features, / high cheek-bones,
scarlet-blooded lips and deathly tones.

The girl of my nightmares, / sultry and corpse-like.

The girl / of my / nightmares.

Brittle fingers, / and thin cigarettes, / so hard to tell apart,
(she hasn't spoken yet.)

You put your hand on mine, / death white on brown,
those whirlpool eyes; / well, I begin to drown.

The girl of my nightmares, / erotic and skull-faced.

The girl / of my / nightmares.

Anorexic beauty, / feather-weight perfection, / anorexic beauty,
underweight / goddess.

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(she hasn't spoken yet.)

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