Who are you to decide what the meaning of perfection is and what makes you so high and mighty?

You're just like a weed slowly getting bigger but killing a beautiful rose

At the same time by taking all it's light and smothering it

I hope that feeling of being better then anyone else was worth it to you because

She's gone and can't ever come back

It's too late nothing can bring her back

It's worthless people like you that destroy something truly beautiful

You've caused innocence to die

Someone who didn't fit in with your bullshit ideals and finally came

To the point where she took her own fucking life

I hope you think about it every second of every day and you see her face when

You try to fall asleep at night

I hope it fucking haunts you

Perfection is what each individual makes it

Be in charge of your own life not everyone else's Just yours