

Image

Lera Lynn

You fabricate me, necessitate me
I am the cover of your magazines
Your morning dark roast-lust cuisine
You can't escape me, your hate creates me

I am the cancer to your feminine
The mother of the serpentine
I am the headline, I am the undermine
I am the voice inside your head
A screaming child with deadly lead

You give me buzz feed
You sun the bad seed
You crave the endless stream of
The sensational and obscene

I'll give it to you, you're gonna beg me
I'll give you rise and shine and break your legs
I'll drink your fine wine and leave you the dregs

You're gonna thank me, congratulate me
For the mindless image that we've made
And the ugly truth we've betrayed