

*ana save me-*

it's not bad, you say.

no one's fault that I look this way

but what should I believe?

am I really beautiful, both inside and out?

*no.*

i am trapped,

in this prison,

that i call my body-

And it will only get worse,

unless i get better, and by better, i mean

starve until you can't

pray to wake up hungry,

hope to be smaller, to be less

tomorrow is a new day,

less mistakes

no mistakes

*none*

you either live ugly or die hot, and i'm choosing the latter