

She looks in the mirror then quickly turns around,
she grabs her make-up quietly and puts in on without a sound.
She is off to her nail appointment because she has to look her best,
all she's doing is going to school, but there's so many to impress.

She looks like a stunning mess feeling so sick and fake,
Why must she please everyone else? Why the same awful mistake?
She is hiding herself through cosmetics, through glimmer, glitz, and gleam,
she doesn't mean to live like this, her clone is not her dream.
She cries herself to sleep some nights as she looks through her magazines,
wishing she were someone else, one of these gorgeous teens.
She has no concern of her health and her wants are now her needs.
this is everyday life for her with fakeness, lies, and greed.

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