Let's Get Shitfaced.

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Apologies for the offensive language!

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Let's Get Shitfaced.

Let's get raging drunk, forget I ever did this,

forget I ever agreed to go near your family again.

Let's pretend I'm good enough for one night,

let's see how much I can delude myself.

Everyone else gets a normal love life, not me,

I end up fighting through the shit until someone

thinks it's time for me to get thrown back down

into my lowly, scum-filled place.

Scum from the South, that's all I'll ever be to them.

Not good enough for you, not worthy of the love that

you've shown me, not even worth the scraps of food

from your high-class table.

You'd never guess I was your choice, nor would you

guess that I'm actually quite high-class myself.They

see me as the harlot who stole their darling boy, the

witch who twisted his mind and enchanted him.

Is this how Anne Boleyn felt when they came for her?

Did she feel trapped, alone, powerless, jealous of all

the simple love surrounding everyone but her? Or did

she stand and laugh in the faces of her tormentors?

One day your parents will pay for the misery they have

put me through. One day your sister will learn how it feels

to be bullied and be powerless to stop it, and one day I

will laugh at all of you as I dance above your heads.

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