

Josh Smith

Unprettier

Your heroes are dead.

Meteorites didn't kill them,
sniper bullets didn't fall them.

You killed them.
All of your champions brought down,
victims of mistaken identity.

Because somewhere in time, you became more in love with the *idea* of a hero,
hopelessly addicted to your perverted concept of what a hero is.

And that is exactly how the devil darkened your door.
You beckoned him in, and let the true monsters poison your home.

What I know, and you forgot, is that evil is *pretty*.
Candy-coated, saccharine-sweet,
pleasing to the smell, sight and sound.

And you weren't content to bathe in evil's stark red milk.
As a good cultist, you indoctrinated your children.

You force-fed them models and movie stars,
made demagogues out of demons,
filled their hands with makeup
and taught them to detest true beauty.

True beauty has *flaws*,
real heroes have scars
and it's because of the battles they fight.

When you look into my face,
each scar is one of your children that I have rescued.
Each scar clawed into my skin by you,
fighting to preserve your child's innocence.

Innocence, your other opiate.
It's naivety, and it's disgusting.

To keep a child ignorant of the world's evil is to endanger them.
What's more — it's not done for the child's protection,
it's done for the parent to vicariously grieve their own lost innocence.

And that is why you hide your children from me,
why you warn your children about me,
why you brand me the villain,
call me *predator*,
label me an *offender*.

You know that I will take their innocence from them.

I will wake them up from your halcyon world of illusion
and expose them to evil.
I will do for them what you cannot,
because I am the only true hero left.

With *one touch*,
I will give them my mark,
scar their face — I will make them unprettier.

I, will make them unprettier,
as I have been made unprettier.

Lucky Charms

Life is a bowl of cereal.

You think that you're the milk.
To me, you're just another oat.

I'm the marshmallow.
I'm what everybody wants.

Demand is created by two things:
quantity and quality,
more specifically, low quantity and high quality.

One will get you to the top,
but only both will keep you there.

You have the quantity, and I the quality.
Biggest difference is,
my numbers will grow,
but your quality never will.

And in the milk you just get soggy,
as I get sweeter.