There is a story I heard of a little girl made of layers upon her skin,

skin so bright with a shine that blinds

Many wanted this shine that she wore with pride,

with every year she grew her skin grew more flashy and she slowly gave her light away by only saying just ask me

She was naive but she was only a little girl

Not any knowing better and letting wasps to have her shine

Ultimately led to her demise

 Wasps came to rip her apart layer by layer with false words, they lied

Lied about who they were and why they arose

With every tear that fell, her body and soul were expose

 Left with nothing at all, she no longer had the shine that many wanted to find

Now she’s left in the dark stumbling and gaging blind

Grabbing whatever layers she can find to cover her blackhole,

Now left with a blanket of layers and fire made from coal

Unfair ending for the little girl now woes

But no one can change it because that’s how the story goes