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Hollywood Gold Rush Forever

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Hollywood Gold Rush Forever Marissa Sullivan

Beautiful hollywood lips whispered

Tragedy is the artist's gold

Beautiful girls with knees blistered sift with splintering scarlet nails
Tragedy somewhere along the river

Beautiful girls upon beautiful girls

Languish along that river all for tragedyglimmering, golden, gilded

Beautiful as Gatsby dead in the pool, Lord,
What a tragedy it is to blush,
to giggle as your blood becomes

Beautiful to those who once would dress your wounds, who now snort tragedy like cocaine

Till nothing but suffering is beautiful,

till your sweat is crystal,

till your tears are valuable,

till tragedy is your lover and far more

Beautiful than a white picket fence, a rose garden, a dog, a life.