

## MAKE UP

Those colours on your eyes  
Lips painted with red  
Warm atmosphere in front of your mirror  
How do you feel?  
Self confident, ready to party?  
Do you feel pretty?  
Little girl so ashamed  
Is it your fault? Are you guilty?

What is this trace?  
This trace on your face  
Did you fail your make up or is it hand made?  
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It's not eye powder  
And it's not lipstick  
It's not the blush that gives you these cheeks  
Just blood and bruises  
Don't tell me you fell in the stairs again  
You're all black and blue  
Little girl so ashamed  
Is it your fault? Are you guilty?

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