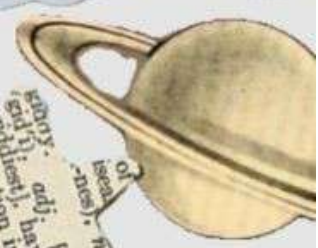


YOUR MONTH YOUR TAYLOR ERA



folklore



everybody has a secret
admission in a soft thing
that's not a secret

august
Taylor Swift

and you know damn well for you i would
ruin myself a million little times

AUGUST



*to live for
the hope of it all*

don't call me "kid"

don't call me "baby"

look at this idiotic fool

that you made me

betty

You drew stars
around my scars
But now I'm bleedin'

