

## lehetek én a híd, lehetnél te a szakadék

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/50925724) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/50925724>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Lifesteal SMP</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Mapicc &amp; PrinceZam &amp; Roshambo Games (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">PrinceZam (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Roshambo Games (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Mapicc (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Alternative Team Awesome</a> , <a href="#">Goth PrinceZam</a> , <a href="#">Metalhead Mapicc</a> , <a href="#">Metalhead Roshambo Games</a> , <a href="#">Getting Ready_(to go where? Who knows!)</a> , <a href="#">Makeup</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-10-18 Words: 4,382 Chapters: 1/1

# lehetek én a híd, lehetnél te a szakadék

by [orioncataclysmic](#)

## Summary

Ro pouts, tapping a bit more paint onto his face to finish covering up the natural shade of his skin. “Poser. Elitist. It’s tradition to go batshit stupid with whatever you have. Besides! I’m not even done yet, and you have no eyebrows.”

“You did not just say that,” Zam says, bringing a hand to his chest in offence and looking at Ro through the mirror. “Roshambo. You didn’t insult my eyebrows.”

In which Zam and Ro dick around with their respective subcultures' makeup styles.

## Notes

Metalhead here, about to make my subculture everyone else’s problem. Metalhead Mapicc had me in a death grip since the start, but then I thought about trad goth Zam teasing his hair and Ro putting on corpse paint and have not been able to stop thinking ever since. Months worth of brainrot, this fic is.

The title comes from Híd by Leander Kills!! It roughly translates to “I could be the bridge, you could be the abyss”, and the entire Túlélő album (where it comes from) BANGS

(P.S. picture there being a shitty little speaker in the bathroom blaring some unholy combination of She Wants Revenge and Lorna Shore. It just Works)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“You look jacked as fuck!” Zam laughs, looking over at Ro. White paint covers his face, patchy and cracking around the eyes. His bottom lip is curled inwards, stretching out his chin while also adding to the loop of absolute *idiocy*, a makeup sponge held loosely between two fingers, both of which are covered in about as much paint as the sponge.

“You don’t look much better!” Ro complains, though the words come out weird, because he refuses to make his face normal to speak. “I’m not contouring with black.”

“And I’m not stubborn enough to use face paint instead of foundation, skill issue,” he rebuts, sucking in his cheeks to make sure the black lines tracing his cheekbones are relatively even. “You should be less worried about being authentic, and more worried about all of those cracks. Do you really think not shaving your face is worth it? I can see all of the hair.”

Ro pouts, tapping a bit more paint onto his face to finish covering up the natural shade of his skin. “Poser. Elitist. It’s tradition to go batshit stupid with whatever you have. Besides! I’m not even done yet, and *you* have no eyebrows.”

“You did *not* just say that,” Zam says, bringing a hand to his chest in offence and looking at Ro through the mirror. “*Roshambo*. You didn’t insult my eyebrows.”

“I did,” he says, not even looking the slightest bit ashamed, reaching for the jar of corn starch placed in the middle of the vanity. “Or didn’t. It’s hard to insult what’s not there!”

Very pointedly, Zam puts his brush down on the far side of the vanity, and moves the jar away before Ro can grab it. He also takes the rest of the brushes. As collateral. “No more makeup for you, asshole. Apologize to my poor eyebrows if you want it back.”

“I’m not doing that!” he says, leaning over and twisting around Zam to try and grab at the container. His fingers brush it once or twice, but he doesn’t manage to grab it, pulling back with an exaggerated pout. “Zam, you’re so mean. If my makeup starts going patchy it’ll be your fault. Do you really want to be seen with an idiot?”

“Man, that’s not much different from every other day. If you want it back, you know what you have to say.”

Ro frowns, tips his head to the side as if considering his options. He sends the tube of white face paint a contemplative look, but Zam knows him well enough. He’ll crack. He just needs to try and layer paint on top of paint, watch as the bottom layer sticks to the new paint and comes off, and three, two one—

“Zam, I’m sorry,” Ro says, with the biggest eyes he can muster. It doesn’t work as well as he wants, because the cracks on his waterline only become more obvious, paint revolting against his expressions. Zam’s just about to cave and hand the things back, when Ro adds on, “Sorry you’re such a dick. Are you sensitive about your eyebrows?”

A shocked, offended look staples its way across Zam’s face, teeth looking yellower than normal due to the paleness of his face. At least the contour holds up. “Ro! You’re not getting

shit back now!”

“They hated me for telling the truth,” Ro says sagely, putting down his sponge in order to get closer to Zam. “They hated me for looking cool as shit. Now, I get my revenge.”

“They hated you for being a little dick!” Zam yelps, trying to duck away from Ro’s stupidly long arms. His nimble, masterful movements do not stop Ro from managing to pull him into a headlock, elbow tightening playfully around Zam’s neck. “Ro, let go of me!”

“Give me the corn starch, and nobody gets hurt,” Ro says in response, trying to hold a squirming Zam still while also trying to grab the bright yellow container out of his hands. “Come on, Zam, you know you want to.”

“You know you want to let me go,” he rebuts, trying one last time to keep the container away before coming up with a plan. “Fine, you can have it. But you better watch your back.”

Ro laughs, letting go of Zam and absconding with his prize. “You better watch your eyebrows.”

“Not funny, man.”

“*Very* funny, man,” he says, very intelligently, leaning over to grab a clean makeup brush. Unlike Zam, he sticks the whole damn thing into the starch, completely covering the head of the brush before whacking it against the side of the container, knocking loose a cloud of white powder. It’s messy, horribly inefficient, and Zam decides to ignore the trainwreck in progress in favour of drawing his eyebrows on, because Ro is terribly, horribly wrong, and he does have them. They just only come out when he has a brush!

It’s hard to focus on drawing the thin strokes of his eyebrows when Ro is muttering nonsense off to the side, headbanging to the pig squeals playing faintly in the background while also spreading corn starch all over his face in the most inefficient way Zam has ever seen. Powder falls down onto the black shirt he’s wearing, landing on his shoulders and the image of someone being artfully stabbed, and Zam fights the urge to call him an idiot for not covering it.

Instead, he tries to match his eyebrows as best as possible, dragging the inner corner down into a triangle shape, lines stretching to meet the bridge of his nose. The left one ends up a little wonkier than planned, but he can work with it, picking up the starch brush the second Ro drops it. For all intents and purposes, it’s an innocent move, so Zam waits until Ro’s more focused on putting a second coat of paint on to lean over.

“Whatcha doing?” he asks, standing on his tiptoes to look over Ro’s shoulder. The distraction works as intended, and Ro starts complaining about sponges and nailmarks and starch on his eyelashes while Zam uses the leftover corn starch on the brush to draw a dick on the back of his shirt.

The second the deed is done, he loses interest in what Ro has to say, because it’s the same story every time, and he wants to start working on his eye makeup, no matter how infuriating

it is. At least he's no longer a newbie at it, because that was even more of a disaster than anything he could do now.

It takes him a minute to figure out what he wants to do today, but he ends up deciding on bat wings, because they're cool as fuck, and Ro's probably going to go all out as well. Using his less-good eyeliner, he maps out a line from the top of his eye socket to the side of his head, brushing it right along the hairline. He'd start on the wings proper, but symmetry comes first, so he turns his head, and tries to replicate the line, to little success. It always comes so easy on the one side, and then the other side is like Mapicc in the pit! It's not fair at all, and he can't even wipe it away very well, because that means having to deal with foundation again, and white foundation is a *bitch*.

Less of a bitch than face paint, though, because Ro is saying some very creative things under his breath, trying to cover his nose without the paint coming right back off. Can't relate, his foundation sticks to things. Most of the time.

"Having fun?" he can't help but ask, laughing when Ro flips him off and mutters some very choice swears. The eyeliner is too close to his face, and he quickly moves it away before the laughter ends with a line across a part of his face that was not meant to be lined, safety-proofing his hard work. "If you want to borrow my foundation, you can just ask."

"Fuck you," Ro says, swapping out the sponge for more corn starch. "Do you think I need another layer, or is the colour dense enough?"

Zam looks at him and frowns, trying to pick out imperfections in the coverage. His forehead has a little bit of off-white colouring, and his sideburns aren't covered perfectly, but it's mostly good. "If you do the outlines for bat wing liner, I'll get the weird places."

"Deal," Ro says without hesitation, dropping the brush. "Me first?"

"You first," Zam agrees, picking the sponge up from the counter, and instantly getting paint on his fingertips. "Hold still. If you complain I'll make it worse."

"Oh captain, my captain," Ro says sarcastically, but crouches down enough for Zam to reach his face without having to stand on his tiptoes. They usually help each other, because it turns out doing these things in a group is better than doing them alone. Zam gets outside input on the makeup idea of the day, gets help teasing the back of his hair, and Ro gets someone to tell him when his face is patchy—which it always is, but that's Zam's secret.

He loses himself in the routine of dabbing paint onto Ro's face, making sure not to go over the same spot more than necessary, and can't help the grin that spreads across his face when one of his songs comes on. Humming along is instinct, as is the way he wiggles his torso, fighting the urge to drop the sponge, stand up, and start dancing, leaving Ro to suffer. He can't mosh, is far from resilient, but by god can he dance, losing himself in the familiar swaying motion of gothic dance moves.

"This is a creepy ass song," Ro says, like he doesn't listen to the sounds of Satan for fun. "What the hell do you listen to in your free time?"

“Hold still,” he says, trying to keep Ro’s face still enough to touch up his forehead. “It’s romantic. You listen to the creepy stuff.”

“Actually, that’s mostly Mapicc. I listen to the fun stuff.”

“Nah,” Zam says, because *he’s* the one with the fun stuff. Ro has the weird stuff out of the group, all sorts of sounds mixed together into something absolutely incomprehensible.

“Wrong. Let me get the other side of your face, and don’t talk. It isn’t helping your case.”

Ro sticks out his tongue instead, so Zam taps the sponge on it, laughing when he gets an exaggerated grimace. “Zam! What the fuck!”

“Deserved.”

“I don’t think I want your help anymore,” he says, pushing back up to his feet. Zam follows shortly after, snorts at how Ro has to shake out his legs, because he’s just that tall. “You’re so mean to me.”

“I’m done anyways,” Zam says, frowning when his lucky streak of two songs in a row goes down to a song that could probably be found at a rave, if it weren’t for the screaming. “Do your starching and then it’s my turn.”

Somehow, Ro manages to do his starching in the most annoying, self-righteous, cocky way possible, and Zam just watches him in some mix of amusement and exhaustion. It’s fucking corn starch! It’s powder! He doesn’t have to put it on like a dickhead!

He’s tempted to share this, but decides not to, because Ro is going to be getting very near his face with very black liner, and Zam doesn’t want to have to redo half a face of foundation just because Ro was feeling petty. Instead, he waits until the brush is back in the container, and Ro reaches out for a liner. Zam makes sure he gets the one with less saturation, because it’s easier to draw lines when they don’t go on as heavy.

For whatever reason, Ro decides that the best way to go about things is by grabbing Zam’s chin with one hand, uncapping the eyeliner with his teeth and spitting the cap into the sink. “How big do you want them?”

“Is that even a question? Bottom wing has to end below my eye or it’s not big enough.”

Ro nods, bringing the eyeliner to Zam’s hairline. “Respectable. Sure you’re not compensating for anything?”

“Roshambogames, if you do not get to work on your half of the deal, I will make you regret it.”

The laugh Zam gets in response is brilliant, a little wheezy, and then Ro is mapping out lines and points and curves, telling Zam to not move. He can do *that*, at the very least, a whole lot better than Ro can. Having someone else drag the eyeliner tip across his face is weird, a little ticklish, and instead of focusing on it, he looks at how Ro’s face paint cuts off just under his chin, a couple of patches on his neck.

“Do you think I could get your neck while you draw on my face?” he wonders, looking off at the counter. “I think we could do it.”

“I kinda want to see you try,” Ro says, dragging the tip of the liner across Zam’s vision, trying to keep things parallel. “Go for it.”

“You have to let me use my foundation,” Zam wheedles, because like *hell* is he using Ro’s crusty ass tube of paint. “It’ll be easier on both of us.”

Ro frowns, eyeliner pressed to Zam’s face. “Fine.”

Zam cheers, but silently, just in case it makes Ro take things back. Carefully, he feels around on the counter for the discarded foundation container and one of his brushes, trying not to make Ro slip too much. Instead of putting the stuff directly onto Ro’s neck like he would his own, Zam pumps it on the brush, contorting a little to be able to reach properly.

He’s gotta say, this is one of the weirdest ways he’s gotten ready, but they’re both benefiting from it, and Zam doesn’t have to worry about symmetry, so he’ll take it. He ends up finishing faster than Ro, because smearing foundation around is an easy enough job, as is sneakily grabbing the corn starch brush and whacking it all over the place, getting even more on Ro’s shirt in the process.

Obviously, Ro complains about it, but he still finishes drawing the liner, and when he finally lets Zam look at in the mirror, it came out better than he thought it would. The symmetry is almost perfect, wings that swoop in from just below his temples and get shorter and shorter, ending just below his eyes. Now he just has to fill them in!

“Thanks, man!” he says, taking back the eyeliner and debating over whether he grabs some of Ro’s face paint, or tries to use more eyeliner. The face paint would be more efficient, less wasteful, so he settles on it easy enough, beaming when Ro thanks him for the help. “I’m stealing your face paint, by the way.”

“Just give me a little to plan out things, and we’ll be fine,” Ro says, which is a decent enough compromise. Zam squeezes a little bit of it out onto the tube’s cap, wiping the residue off onto a loose piece of toilet paper. “What’s mine is yours, what’s yours is mine. I’m using one of your thin brushes.”

Zam can’t help the snort that escapes him. Of *course* Ro would have other motivation behind the sharing. It’s not like they don’t steal supplies from each other all the time, so he doesn’t really care, picking up a wide brush and putting a little bit of paint on it.

As it turns out, face paint goes on a lot easier than anything else Zam could have tried, including using eyeliner to colouring-book the fuck out of his face. The wings are filled in in record time, black enough that Zam almost doesn’t believe it. Why the shit has it been so easy all of this time? This is just *cruel*, he doesn’t want to have to admit Ro was right about something.

Because he doesn’t want to share it, Zam decides to keep the thought to himself, grabbing the eyeliner again to sketch out an inner corner that stretches across to his nose, connecting

nicely to the bottom end of the wing. Half his face is covered by black bat wing, and his eyelid is about to go down the same journey, once he figures out how to work with his eyebrows. Maybe the line coming in from his temple fades out into a more smoky black, and the lines down the bridge of his nose connect with everything else? He'll make it work.

Beside him, Ro is finally starting to do something other than mess around with layers of white paint, sketching his own lines down the bridge of his nose. They're different than Zam's, though, because they stretch across and down past the edge of his eye socket, rounding the whole thing out until he looks like a skeleton. The effect is a little ruined by the fact that everything *inside* the circle is patchy white paint, but Zam is more than familiar with the fact that makeup like this relies on a whole lot of trust the process.

He can't help but watch how Ro goes about outlining his face, adding a sharp little point near the bottom corner of his eye, dragging it past his cheekbone. Like he did with Zam, he's making an outline on his own face, creating a colouring book from nothing but his mind.

Ro's own face is a lot less fluid than Zam's, thin little spikes woven into the outline of his eye makeup. Zam wants to look haunting and a little glamorous; Ro wants to look half-dead and horrifying. He hums under his breath, filling in the rest of his other eye before deeming things good enough. Now he just has to do his lips and his hair, which is probably going to take up most of his time.

Ro spends the majority of his time on the first step, painting his face. Zam spends the majority of *his* time on the last step: fucking his hair up. He's not quite there yet, but he's more than aware of the work it will take, lining his lip with steady hands. The bottom one stays relatively the same, pointed a little more at the bottom and the sides, but the top one is Zam's pride and joy, his favourite part.

Starting from the corners of his mouth, he draws lines upwards, dragging them into little points that end much higher than the natural curve of his lips. His cupid's bow becomes a sharp little V, the top of his lips shaped into tall points. It marks the end of his makeup, mostly. There's still a couple of detail things, like mascara and piercing jewellery, but Zam can deal with that later, because his hair is most important.

While he goes to grab his hairspray and blow dryer, Ro steals the black paint back from him, halfway done filling in one of his eye sockets by the time Zam comes back. He's got an ambitious little design marked out, but Zam knows it's only scraping the surface of what Ro plans to do once the base is made. Corpse paint is a whole lot of lines, lines that Zam knows he would fuck up monumentally if he tried doing them himself.

He leaves Ro to create his (literal!) black eyes in favour of coating his hair in heat protectant, because he's a fool, but he's not a complete *idiot*. Also, it took ages for the last batch of heat damage to grow out, and Zam has no interest in dealing with that again.

Already preparing for the ache in his arms, Zam sections the front of his hair, grabs a small section, and gets to teasing. It's an annoying little process that takes a lot of work, and even more hairspray, but he's mostly gotten it down to a rhythm by now, creating little spikes, spraying them, heat setting them, and then joining them to the already teased hair. He's



halfway done his head when Ro has both eyes coloured in, is halfway to joining both sides of his part by the time Ro's got the details done on one side.

Webs of black crawl away from Ro's eye, a few dense lines surrounded by dozens of tiny ones, creating a jagged and piercing stare. Zam likes looking at it, watching how the lack of colour brings out a green in Ro's eyes, darkens his gaze. It's art in its own right, however weird and loud.

Zam goes back to struggling with his hair, arms finally having come down from their pins and needles, fire for blood high. Sure, it'll come back with a vengeance in a few minutes, but it's easier to work when his arms are passively hating him instead of actively hating him. Like this, he can probably at least try and *start* the back of his head, or maybe touch up the front of it,

His hair has some pretty impressive height as it is, but a bat's nest is sold by its longevity, and he has to make sure that it budes as little as possible. There's a natural advantage brought by the fact that his hair isn't pin-straight like Ro's, but it's still annoying to release into the right shape, making sure the sides don't collapse.

A swear on his tongue, Zam turns to look at Ro, only to find that his other eye is done, and he has his hand held out for the comb. "I do the back of your head, you do my lips?"

Now that's a deal Zam can get behind. Wordlessly, he passes the comb over to Ro, who picks it up and flips it around with ease. He teases Zam's hair and hair sprays it into place while also managing to faintly headbang, body rocking back and forth to one of his less-screamy songs.

Like a master, Ro gets the back of Zam's head into working shape in no time, hairspray filling the room until it's almost enough to get high on. He looks way too proud when he's done, but when Zam tips his head to look at the work, he can't help but admit that maybe Ro did do a good job after all.

"How do you want your lips?" he asks instead, because he may be a sappy motherfucker, but he doesn't have to go *that* far. "Maw of death, or close to mine?"

"Make them have a baby, and we have a deal."

Zam can work with that! He'll round out Ro's lips first, and then make them all fun and pointy on the sides. He'll be like the Joker! From the movie, Joker!

Instead of reaching for lipstick, Zam grabs the black face paint again, because he doesn't own matte black lipstick, and keeping the shades of black similar is probably the best idea. Maybe it's a bit weird to be poking at your friend's lips with a brush, but makeup artists do it all the time.

Makeup artists don't have to deal with Ro sticking out his tongue and trying to lick their fingers, so maybe Zam deserves a little more credit than them. He gets the job done, though, managing to pull off clean lines and a solid coverage.

Ro takes the brush out of Zam's hand, and then very promptly messes up the clean lines. Not an atrocious amount, thank god, but still enough that Zam wants to wince, turning back to the counter to start cleaning up the mess of products. The next step is making a mess of *clothes*, but it's easier to dump those on the counter and not have to worry about leftover white foundation getting all over them.

He gets lost enough in the process of cleaning up and organizing that he misses out on the sound of footsteps, looking up to check on a stray hair before startling.

"Why is there a dick on the back of Ro's shirt?" Mapicc asks from the doorway, three seconds before bursting out into a wild coughing fit. Shit! Zam forgot about the penis! "And why are the both of you so determined to make my life a living hell?"

He already sounds stuffed up, so Zam discards his hair fiddling to turn around and properly say hi. He's got a loose black shirt on, a white horned skull surrounded by tentacles smack dab in the middle, ANGELMAKER written above it in near-impossible to read letters. It's a badass shirt, all things considering, even if it leans a little freaky.

"Hi, Mapicc!" he says, right as Ro says, "There's a what on my what?"

"A dick on your shirt," Mapicc says, nodding Zam's way. "Strange choice in fashion."

"I didn't put it there!" Ro complains, turning accusationally to Zam. "*Zam.*"

"I didn't do shit!" Zam lies, hands up in the perfect picture of innocence. "But if I did, it's definitely your fault for being oblivious. And insulting my eyebrows."

"Fuck you!" Ro says, but it's playful, even as he reaches for the cornstarch brush. "That's my good shirt!"

"Every other shirt of yours is in the wash," Mapicc says, one eyebrow raised. "I don't think you have a choice."

"I don't think you have a hairbrush," Ro retorts, and it's such an easy blow that Zam almost feels bad for him. Of course Mapicc's hair is tangled, it goes past his waist! Ro has no ground to stand on! "So what if I hate the laundry. It's dumb."

With that, he shakes the starch-covered brush right in front of Zam's face, covering him in the stuff. It happens when he's halfway through an inhale, so Zam chokes on the particles, has no choice but to cough wildly. Mapicc joins him a half second later, looking at Ro with a glare that could kill.

Zam, smart, and wise, and smart, very quickly slips out of the bathroom, and decides to go look for his fishnets and his good choker. Distantly: yelps.

Yeah, he made a good choice escaping when he did.

## End Notes

I am admittedly not goth, so my knowledge of that subculture is a lot less and I will not be able to ramble much about Zam here, but. The song he is humming along to is You Always Eat The Ones You Love by Scary Bitches, and based on my limited knowledge of goth music, I have him pegged as a Corpus Delicti, Concrete Blonde, and London After Midnight enjoyer. Also, Kiss Me Until My Lips Fall Off by Lebanon Hanover. He gets some fucked up little love songs, as a treat.

Mapicc would be either a metal purist or that motherfucker who only listens to niche bands and finds his way to gigs held in someone's basement with a hundred people there max. DEFINITELY a deathcore/grindcore fan who takes great pleasure in playing songs with seven types of gutterals in front of an unsuspecting audience. If going down the niche bands only route, he would absolutely still be owning Cannibal Corpse and Slipknot shirts while also probably complaining that they are overrated (because he's a hater at heart <3). Leech by Angelmaker threw me his way almost instantly, but I think he'd also listen to Loathe, Currents, Architects, Mudvayne, Suffocation, and Napalm Death. He's the asshole in the moshpit pushing the lines of crowd killing and getting right near the front of walls of death, and complaining about all of the battle vests that aren't neatly done grids of official patches while his own is a very wobbly thing covered in blood stains because he keeps poking his fingers and refusing to use a thimble. He's the token non-makeup alt in Team Awesome where his whole thing is to stand around with long hair and a band shirt looking pissy as hell

ROSHAMBOGAMES. MAN WHERE DO I START. Corpsepaint, obviously. I described it a little but I really do want to hammer in the fact that he is getting silly with it he is getting messy with it there are hand motifs fucking EVERYWHERE. When he first started doing it he was an absolute trainwreck, tried to stamp his whole hand on his face and then got upset when it didn't sit right. Sometimes, if he has the patience, he'll make the eye socket marks extend in places where it looks like a mini hand, and he almost always ends the look by stamping his own hand across his throat (and then touching it up when the paint looks wrong). He'll complain the whole time about the texture and the process but he really does love doing it. I don't think he's as much deathcore as Mapicc, but there is no doubt in my mind that Lorna Shore is right up his alley. Gimmick/orchestral metal in general feels so quintessentially him, I can't think about his energy without thinking about [Serkland](#), [Jinnslammer](#) or [ENTER LUST](#) or fucking [Pizza Homicide](#). He also gives off metalcore energy, feels like he'd listen to Bad Omens, Bloodywood, Sleep Token, Gojira, Electric Callboy, and Scene Queen. Huge about the aesthetic, enjoys the press of people in a moshpit but not the actual getting hit part (and will whine about it to Mapicc, crowd killer number one)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!