

The Diary

A.C.T

Use my grains for blending voices
Bigs among his birds is flying
All of this was quite accepted
Now their skin they were affected

Just on eleven and now she's going on twelve
No one can see

She must be one in hundred millions
A mind so tall and torned and wreckful
What have you done with this poor girl
You made her believe that nothing's sacred
A conscience is lost
Voices tell me I am in need
See the people in pain into bleed
For nigh a trice they never say
A knife can kill and now she missed it

Just on eleven and now she's going on twelve
No one can see

She must be one in hundred millions
A mind so tall and torned and wreckful
What have you done with this poor girl
You made her believe that nothing's sacred
A conscience is lost