

# Gothic Lolita

Emilie Autumn

How old are you?  
I'm older than you'll ever be  
I've been dead a thousand years  
And lived only two or three  
I don't mind telling you  
My life was ended by your hand  
The kind of murder where nobody dies  
But I don't suppose you'd understand  
(Call off the search, we've found her)

If I am Lolita  
Then you are a criminal  
And you should be killed  
By an army of little girls  
The law won't arrest you  
The world won't detest you  
You never did anything  
Any man wouldn't do  
I'm Gothic Lolita  
And you are a criminal  
I'm not even legal  
I'm just a dead little girl  
But ruffles and laces  
And candy sweet faces  
Directed your furtive hand  
I perfectly understand  
So it's my fault?  
No, Gothic Lolita

Thank you, kind sirs  
You made me what I am today  
A bundle of broken nerves  
A mouthful of words  
I'm still afraid to say  
I don't mind telling you  
Now that I'm old enough to love  
I couldn't begin to  
Even if my pretty life depended on it  
And funny thing, it does  
(Call off the search, we've found her)

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I am your sugar  
I am your cream  
I am your anti American dream

I am your sugar  
I am your cream  
I am your anti American dream

I am your sugar  
I am your cream  
I am your anti American dream

I am your sugar  
I am your cream  
I am your worst nightmare  
Now scream  
(Call off the search, we've found her)

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