

Blasphemous Rumours

Gregorian

Girl of sixteen
Whole life ahead of her
Slashed her wrists
Bored with life
Didn't succeed
Thank the Lord
For small mercies
Fighting back the tears
Mother reads the note again
Sixteen candles burn in her mind
She takes the blame
It's always the same
She goes down on her knees and prays
I don't want to start
Any blasphemous rumours
But I think that God's
Got a sick sense of humor
And when I die
I expect to find Him laughing
Laughing
Girl of eighteen
Fell in love with everything
Found new life
In Jesus Christ
Hit by a car
Ended up
On a life support machine
Summer's day
As she passed away
Birds were singing
In the summer sky
Then came the rain
And once again
A tear fell
From her mother's eye
I don't want to start
Any blasphemous rumours
But I think that God's
Got a sick sense of humor
And when I die
I expect to find Him laughing