

Petite
Purposeful like a pillbox
Nothing is wrong
For nothing does matter

Spelling trouble in the clouds
And making trouble in clouds
This isn't something your heart needs to know
A world of trouble falling down as snow
You feel worry and you should
You feel forced because you are
Where did your love for living go?
Recited off of your headstone

It was not my wish to be a slave
What God wants She does
Empress of Blood and
Murderess of Fools
What God wants She does

Sweet Petite
Resolute as a rainbow
What it was and why it won't be

Spelling trouble in the clouds
And making trouble in clouds
This isn't something your heart needs to know
A world of trouble coming down as snow
You feel senseless and you should
You feel pointless for you are
Where did your hate of this life go?
Rubbed it off from your headstone

It was, oh, not my aim to be a slave
What God wants She does
Duchess of Blood and
Murderess of Fools
What God wants She does