Bell Jar

Passafire

She walks in the room and checks out the faces
We think she's all the seven wonders of the world
But there's a sadness hidden in the bizarre
Moonlight and madness living in a bell jarShe dresses in black 'cause sorrow is a magnet
Everything comes to her like it was meant to be
But she's frustrated leaving things as they are
And what she created living in a bell jarShe seems so at home, she's never alone
But she's oh so lonely
What is the crime in knowing your mind?
Set it freeAttached to a mirror in her glass sided prison
She writes the note that will excuse her from this world
It's complicated living in a bell jar
And she's suffocated living in a bell jarBell jar
Bell jar

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