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
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

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