

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've 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
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But ruffles and laces and candy sweet faces
Directed your furtive hand, I perfectly understand
So it's my fault, no, Gothic Lolita 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
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So it's my fault, no, Gothic Lolita

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