Blasphemous Rumours

carpacho!

Girl of sixteen, whole life ahead of her
Slashed her wrists
Bored with life, didn't succeed
Thank the Lord for small merciesFighting 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 praysI don't want to start
Any blasphemous rumors
But I think that God's
Got a sick sense of humor
And when I die
I expect to find Him laughingI don't want to start
Any blasphemous rumors
But I think that God's
Got a sick sense of humor
And when I die
I expect to find Him laughingGirl of eighteen fell in love with everything
Found new life in Jesus Christ
Hit by a car ended up
On a life support machineSummer'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 eyeI don't want to start
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