

Blasphemous rumours

Angelzoom

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 rumors

But I think that God's

Got a sick sense of humor

And when I die

I expect to find Him laughing I 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 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

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