

## 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  
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