The Diary

Use my grains for blending voices Bigs among his birds is flying All of this was quite accepted Now their skin they were affected

Just on eleven and now she's going on twelve No one can see

She must be one in hundred millions A mind so tall and torned and wreckful What have you done with this poor girl You made her believe that nothing's sacred A conscience is lost Voices tell me I am in need See the people in pain into bleed For nigh a trice they never say A knife can kill and now she missed it

Just on eleven and now she's going on twelve No one can see

She must be one in hundred millions A mind so tall and torned and wreckful What have you done with this poor girl You made her believe that nothing's sacred A conscience is lost