

I was raised on a dirt road  
Ghost town, stray dogs  
Whole nine, the gold mine closed down  
I knew the woods like the back of my hand  
And i would shoot the breeze  
With the roots and trees  
I'd go by the river  
And watch the way the devil dances  
But never took his hand  
Even though i did have several chances  
Everybody slept  
When the morning dew turned to frost  
Darkness moved in  
And somebody burned a cross  
A girl named stella cuwin  
Was prettier than you'd imagine  
The town should've given her the crown  
For the beauty pageant  
But instead  
Some local pinhead started spreading rumors  
About the cuwins being inbreds  
And what's worse, people believed it  
Cause the family was dirt poor  
And down on their luck  
So that made it hurt more  
Picking up garbage and mowing the grass  
At this point stella stopped going to class  
You know how they ridicule a kid in school  
And this shit's enough  
To make anybody feel like a misfit  
She made herself invisible  
And hid inside a house of mirrors  
Whenever the fear stops  
So did the tear drops  
But fear is forever  
And lies become legend  
And eventually growing  
Slowly, exponentially  
She should've been a cover girl  
Treated like a princess  
But she's an enigma  
Haunted by the stigma of incest

She tried to hide the scars  
Her name reminds me of the stars  
I saw diamonds divide  
In the corners of her eyes

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One horse town  
Known for the most softness  
Little old schoolhouse  
Burned down post office

Blueberries and bulrushes  
A tree with a tire swing  
Volunteer fireman's fair  
The whole entire thing  
Stella was heartbroken  
Decided to start smoking  
Bad taste in her mouth  
She grew into a sad face  
Her few friends were worried  
But her parents were always proud of her  
But she never escaped from under the cloud cover  
A woman reduced  
She was eaten by a monster  
And after all these years  
The past, it still haunts her  
It whispers her name  
When she's trying instead  
To just listen to music  
While she's lying in bed  
Now the story of stella  
Is one that every child knows  
But the witch in the woods  
Is more like a wild rose

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