

Diary Of Dreams, She

She has the silence deep in her breasts embrace
She wears a perfume of a truly vicious taste
She has the wisdom in her empathic eyes
She knows the truth to all unspoken lies

She says she'd sell her angel for a dream
She says that she is not who she might seem
She says that she has lost her self-esteem
She says that she will not give up her dream

She offers traitors her lap to feel like home
She masters violence as if she fears no one
She makes your anger turn into quiet tears
She makes you laugh about the intimate fears

She hears the voices that tell me what to do
She looks into our eyes, but only smiles at you
She knows the warmth she feels is not for long
She stopped to speak that's why I end this song

It's kind of funny, you know...
'cause I'm not really here for your psycho games
Little demons make your eyes turn silver, you freak!
Your lips are turning blue
No, this is really not my kind of stimulation
No, this is not a proper treatment
Life? You can have it if you want!
It doesn't mean anything to me, anyway, you freak!