

Liza Miskovsky, Mary

Mary, I'm so sorry
You're hands were taken of this crystal ball
Close to heaven, far from seven angels,
They believe your ovelord
Steming pictures of their bodies
Hunts to feed your vision
Cold and unberable
Dark, dark, darkness,
Mary's heading for the golden bell
Her coins were not good enough
To throw in their wishing well,
In their wishing well,
They went to hell
Closed her eyes and jumped
Int the sea of Mr. loneliness
And his companions
But they couldn't keep her there
Her light dissturbed the black and grey
In their living room
Minutes passed and Gabriel he laughed
"You're sole is smelling oh so wonderful
Mary, you're so beautiful, so predictable"
His hands through her hair again,
And then he left
Dark, dark, darkness
Mary's heading for the golden bell
Her coins were not good enough
To throw in their wishing well,
In their wishing well,
In their wishing well
So please come and see me,
I'm to predictable
Please come and see me,
Mary, you're so predictable