

Diana Ah Naid, Wicca Basket

Finding god in a wicca basket, passed around like a bucket of food
And she's hungry but she's been starving before and still refused
She handles situations like an expert, noone ever has to help her
Doesn't mind hanging out with me, says sometimes she gets lonely
She says she's never felt like this
She likes to be in trouble but only as a team
She says that together we can get our way out of anything
She has a 'b' in survival, taught me everything she fought to know
Takes to the city like a playground ride, said she thinks I'm alright
She says she's never felt like this
I like the way she walks barefoot,
and how she she smells of flowers and dirt
And when she touches me I think she's right, god is in a wicca basket