

# End Of Green, She's Wild

She paints black pictures, her eyes filled with sorrow than she cries,  
The curtain falls.  
Raped by her life.  
Left alone in these neverending night.  
Her restless times.  
Sad in these hours,  
These moments, she's walking down the hall.  
She begins to smile...  
She's going wild, oh she had a knife.  
She's going wild, she's not satisfied.  
Black dressed appearing, a life without feeling.  
No thoughts, no love inside.  
Despairing and dreaming, amazed by a bitter taste of joy, her bloody toy.  
She cuts again, then she's leaving with a trail of blood the hall and begins to cry.  
All she want is to be loved.  
Tonight she goes too far.  
She's gone without a trace and now the curtains close again.  
She's going so wild.