

Lower Class Brats

"Queen Of Diamonds"

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I found this diamond in the sand,
And I hold it with every muscle in my hand as I watch
people stare,
Like vultures waiting to feed,
On what's left of me,
Just to feed their jealousy,
So I lie back with my hands wrapped tight,
Gazing at this little gem of mine

The way you sparkle,
In the sunlight,
It blinds my eyes,
But I don't mind,
The way you twist your hair,
Around that porcelain figure,
Makes me want it more,
Oh how I adore her

I found this diamond in the land,
Stopping vultures,
And as her body goes,
They can't stop these holes

You've got me gazing graciously,
To your bright light,
And if your splits grow again

And I'll flood the world,
With my tears,
And rip the stars from the sky,
Your backbone in line,
It burns my eyes,
My unclean hands,
Were never good enough,
To hold you,
So sparkle like you do,
Just one time for me,
And I will praise you,
Let me save you

The way you sparkle,

In the sunlight,
It Blinds my eyes,
But I don't mind,
The way you twist your hair,
Around that porcelain figure,
Makes me want it more,
Oh how I adore her

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