

The Gates Of Slumber

"Diadem"

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She wears her sex like a crown
She tears the little boys to pieces
When they come around
She's pretty like a magazine
I am her victim
And how she loves to watch me bleed
But when she smiles
Once in a while
Without the meanness
Without the style
And I can see
The fine woman she can be
I take my place in line
Suffer her design
Waiting for my diadem to shine

I don't know what I'm going to do
She robs my reason,
And rest assured she knows it, too
If I were stronger I would leave
A righteous treason
O'er which I know she would not grieve

But when she smilesâ€¦!

The morning comes and I descend
Down from my dream state,
To the car around the bend
The Blue horizon beckons me
The crowded freeway
Takes me to my destiny

'cause when she smilesâ€¦!

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