

My Brightest Diamond "Drizella"

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Drizella

What I do I do not want to do
And yet I do it still
Everybody else is turning around
Yet I am standing still
It's easier to own other people's sorrows
Rather than your own
Drizella

I am ugly, I am a weed
Turn away in disgust of me
But who told you that
And why did you believe
But there are little secrets you've been trying to hide
But you were told a lie
And you believed the lie
Don't believe, don't believe

Fister Drizella
Pressing the windows, again

Do you want to die
From this pain that you hold inside
What have we done to deserve the dish we're eating
from
Nothing
But we take what is on the table
Said, I am hungry
Aren't you hungry too
Drizella

Fister Drizella
Pressing the windows
Fister Drizella
Pressing the windows
Again, again

Wash your face in cinder
Be a little cleaner
You've got bubbles in your mouth, in your mouth

Bubbles, bubbles...

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