

## The Gathering Field "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 smiles

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 smiles

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