## Alice In Chains, Private hell

Give away your love and then remove another tomb Painted words adorn the walls, echoing untrue I feel cold...

Promises abound, you rarely find it to begin Maybe I'm afraid to let you all the way in I guess so...

I excuse myself

I'm used to my little cell

I amuse myself

In my very own private hell

I excuse myself

I'm used to my little cell

I amuse myself

In my very own private hell

Lately I'm beside myself, pretending unconcerned Standing at a corner where I threw you on a turn

I'll move on...

Flowers on a cross remain, marking an ending scene Damn it all if blood you spill, turn the grass more green

Life is short...

I excuse myself

I'm used to my little cell

I amuse myself

In my very own private hell

I amuse myself

In my very own private hell