

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