

dEUS, Secret Hell

Hey I know there's more to this...
But I bought you a newspaper every Sunday
At the end just a huge pile of yellowed
Sunday telegraphs on the windowpane

We sang Three Blind Mice together:
"Three blind mice, three blind mice
who went in across the farmer's house.."

You know well
Just never tell
If someone's got a secret hell

Now you
You should be breakin' me
Sometimes I lose my head
I don't know nothing
You should be breaking me
Instead you let me hide behind your back

What goes around
Will come back down
Can someone get it out of town

I'm in this state
Kinda late
But tell me, don't it look just great?

You
You should be haunting me
Some drift get twisted before I even touch 'em
You should be scaring me
But don't I only scare myself?
So don't I only scare myself? (x5)