

Kristy Thirsk, Whitelight

(Thirsk)

Satan won't leave a light on, waiting for me to feel locked
To my own fear and that's when he comes
With a heart like a dungeon, i know what I feel is pungent
Hell in his nails and that's just one touch
Once i had been infected, all kinds of love were rejected

Isn't life funny, love, pain and money
The darkest clouds, honey, they can always fake they're sunny
Isn't life funny, love, pain and money
The stars could drip like honey, but all our scars are seen in the whitelight

Through the manipulation, my spirit found a station
Floating on ceilings, corners and shelves
Once i have found stranger, then that little girl in danger
Won't have to find the end herself
Once she had been protected, all kinds of love are reflected

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We see all our scars, all our scars, all our scars

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