

# 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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