

# Private Hell

## New Morality

Give away a love  
And then remove another too  
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  
    Mark 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 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

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