# 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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