

# 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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