House Of Secrets

Otep

Shh, it's okay, it's okay
This is our, dirty, little, secretWe're all alone in the city
My hands are stoned with pity
I could get by or get high with fifty, yeah
And I, I, I, I don't feel pretty, todayAnd there's a lady in a stable
Her daddy reads her fables
About the moon and his bride
He's in her room every nightAnd feeds upon a table
Of silken robes, an altar of stone
But the child is unable
To run, run, runAnd flee his tower of babel
So blood, blood, blood
Slithers down her anklesWe're all alone in the city
My hands are stoned with pity
I could get by or get high with fifty, yeah
And I, I, I, I don't feel pretty, todayCome one, come all, witness the fall
Cry to the sky, today we break away
Uprising, uprising, uprising
In the house of secretsWhat happens here stays here, say nothing disappear
What happens here stays here, say nothing disappearUprising, what happens here stays here
Uprising, say nothing disappear
Uprising, uprisingLocked away in the chamber of hysterics
Here in the house of secrets
In the house of secrets
I will tell you of loneliness, shh

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