

House of Secrets

Otep

[intro]Oh no. no. let me go.
[hah hehe]
No. god no!Shut up![song]Shhhhhh. it's okay, it's okay.
This is our, dirty, little, secret.We're all alone in the city
My hands are stoned with pity
I could get by or get high with fifty [yeah]
And I don't feel pretty ... today.And there's a lady in a stable
Her daddy reads her fables
About the moon & his bride
He's in her room every night
& feeds upon a tableOf silken robes
An altar of stone
But the child is unable
To run, run, run
& flee his tower of babelSo blood, blood, blood
Slithers down her ankles ...We're all alone in the city
My hands are stoned with pity
I could get by or get high with fifty [yeah]
And I don't feel pretty ... today.Come one
Come all
Witness the fall!Cry to the sky!
Today we break away!Uprising!
Uprising!Uprising!
In the house of secrets!What happens here, stays here
Say nothing, disappear!Uprising!
Uprising!Locked away
In the chamber of the hysterics
Here, in the house ... of secrets.We're all alone
& I will tell you of loneliness.
[shhhh.]

Songwriters

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