

# Little Hells

[Marissa Nadler](#)

Mama, I have nothin' but cobwebs and dust in the lock  
Blood runs thick in the veins  
But I live like a fish in the water againShe says soft to a fault  
She believes the hardest things of all  
True love never did exist at allOhh, she lives in a dark cloud of little hells  
When she meant something to somebody elseBut now it's dark and the cobwebs and rose petals  
Defying her into the web to go back to the days of color  
Into the web to go back to the days of color

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