

House Of Secrets

Weird Dreams

Shh, 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, I, I, I don't feel pretty, today And there's a lady in a stable
Her daddy reads her fables
About the moon and his bride
He's in her room every night And feeds upon a table
Of silken robes, an altar of stone
But the child is unable
To run, run, run And flee his tower of babel
So 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, I, I, 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
What happens here stays here, say nothing disappear Uprising, what happens here stays here
Uprising, say nothing disappear
Uprising, uprising Locked 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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