

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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