

# Secret Hell

dEUS

Hey I know there's more to this  
But I bought you a newspaper every Sunday  
At the end just a huge pile of yellowed  
Sunday telegraphs on the windowpane We sang three blind mice together  
Three blind mice, three blind mice  
Running across the farmer's house You know well just never tell  
If someone's got a secret hell Now you, you should be breaking me  
Sometimes I lose my head  
I don't know nothing  
You should be breaking me  
Instead you let me hide behind your back What goes around  
Will come back down  
Can someone get it out of town? Im in this state, kinda late  
But tell me, don't it look just great? You, you should be haunting me  
Some drift get twisted before I even touch 'em  
You should be scaring me  
But don't i only scare myself? So don't I only scare myself?  
So don't I only scare myself?  
So don't I only scare myself?  
So don't I only scare myself?  
So don't I only scare myself?

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