

Deus "Secret Hell"

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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?

I'm 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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