

## Lmc

### "Haunted House Makes A Secret"

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My name is Holy, my neighbor is Haley, always two of us, nothing but mischief  
That day's evening twilight, I pulled on her hand and it was love at first sight with that child  
Blue pupil in her milk-colored skin, her flowing chestnut-colored hair in a crimson ribbon  
That smile was innocent My chest tightened

Secretly Papa sneaks out of bed and jokingly shows up in Mama's dress  
If that kind of child laughs, seven colors Vividly color the mansion that has become old-looking  
A lot of things, a lot of people, and yet that child seems lonely anywhere.  
Always dressing your plain face with innocence, alone in a graveyard, it's getting late

Though, Haley My transparent body, well I can't hold that child tightly  
So it's a night when the stars are pretty like this, already it hurts to be a little bit close

My name is Holy, my neighbor is Haley, and I'm alone again. She is like a Lily.  
Three AM, always meeting in the room, and tonight I forgot the time, let's play  
But we dislike morning, we enter forever together  
And eventually that child and today are alone in a graveyard

Though, Haley, we cooled down, with both hands, well, I can't wipe away that child's tears  
So let's secretly speak our minds, before this night dawns

If the seasons go around and that child sometime becomes adult, we become unable to be seen  
And it's probably all forgotten entirely, the moon near the window is blurred

Though, Haley, my transparent body, well, I can't hold

that child tightly  
So let's secretly speak our minds, forever it hurts to be  
nearby

Because a secret is a secret

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