

Otep "House Of Secrets"

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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, 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, don't feel pretty
Today

Come one, come all, witness the fall
Cry to the sky
Today we break away
Uprising [x3]
In the house of secrets
What happens here stays here, say nothing disappear
[x2]
Uprising, what happens here stays here, uprising, say
nothing disappear
Uprising [x2]

Locked away
In the chamber of hysterics

Here
In the house
Of secrets
In the house of secrets
I will tell you of loneliness
Shhhhh

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