

## Secret Society

Disco Ensemble

It's dark now at the carpark  
Take the last seat in the last car  
Hear the breaking of bones when you hold her hand  
The morning has spoken  
All the bastards have choked  
She has stolen the crown  
Now you'll feel her wrath

She writes her diary  
She is alone in her secret society

She's got checks like peaches  
You can hear how she preaches  
And we all are entitled to understand  
Her moral is leaking  
And she still keeps on seeking  
For the latest identity  
In the "Lego" tower marching around  
Hear the empty howl in the quiet town

Misfit sentences, worn out metaphors  
She is alone in her secret society