

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