

One Hundred Locks

Get Set Go

She cuts herself beneath her clothes
A secret room that no one knows.
She likes the way she hurts herself.
It makes her feel like nothing else.

She never talks to anyone.
She hides away, abhors the sun.
She keeps her heart within a box,
Protected with one hundred locks.

It's tru-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-ue.
It's tru-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-ue.

She walks nude throughout her room.
She bares the scars of countless wounds.
They multiply upon her flesh.
Some are old and others fresh.

It's tru-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-ue.
It's tru-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-ue.

She loves the night,
The stars, the sun, the moonless night,
When all of the lights are gone
And only darkness shines.
She loves the night when only
The darkness shines.

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It's tru-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-ue.
(She loves the night,
The stars, the sun, the moonless night,
When all of the lights are gone
And only darkness shines.)

It's tru-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-ue.
(She loves the night,
The stars, the sun, the moonless night,

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