

Little Hells

Marissa Nadler

Mama I have
Nothing but cobwebs
And dust in the lock
Blood runs thick
In the veins
But I live like
A fish in the water again

She says
Soft to a fault
She believes the hardest things of all
True love
Never did exist at all all all all
She lives in a dark cloud
Of little hells
When she meant something
To somebody else

But now it's dark
And cobwebs and rose petals
Defy her
Into the web
To go back
To the days of color

Into the web
To go back
To the days of color