

Heaven was her name

Orange Blue

She began to tell a story 'bout her hell
She hated being at home, but loved to be alone inside

Heaven was her name, she was not to blame
For the pain of her past
When the rabbit howled, rivers stopped to flow
Heaven at last was hiding her past
While her pride was asking to grow

She thought about her fears, many of them
And cried some awful tears, didn't know where to begin
Her pain is quiet too real to understand that fear
I thought

Heaven was her name, she was not to blame
For the pain of her past
When the rabbit howled, rivers stopped to flow
Heaven at last was building her past
While her pride was asking to grow

She's got some fantasy in her mind
That's scraping her skin
She's got some stories for you
I swear you doubt if they're true

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