

## 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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