

Honesty is out of style  
So hammer in the coffin nails  
A message sent across to land  
With kisses for you

We'll tell them nothing  
Our little secret  
They'll never make us, ever open up

Tradition in and out the door  
Family our fatal flaw  
A future frameless in design  
A seamless concept

We'll tell them nothing  
Our little secret  
They'll never make us  
Ever open up  
Never break our trust  
Until we're coffin dust

When this feeling fades  
It'll all seem like a waste

The fragile bond has shaken loose  
This secret love a shrinking noose  
Suffocated on the truth  
Left with nothing