

Scratched Inside

The House of Love

Jane's strong and always good
No bruise, just white skin
How could I search for more
I have, what no man could ever have
So how come I feel scratched inside
My life is singular
I must go through a fire
Bamboo and cold drains
Jane comes
I feel electricity fall on me
So how come I feel
Scratched inside
You are to me
What I am to God
So small
I was the strongest boy
I feel the best I've ever felt
So how come I feel
Scratched inside