

# Angles and Errors

## Park

There's a selfless soul I'm seeking  
One that wants nothing, just look after me  
Such is a seldom seed planted far from the sun  
I'm full of hope, she's not yet gone Roll up your sleeves so that I might see  
Your angles and errors, arms what have shared you  
And every mark etched in your skin  
I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry for who I am If such a pair of hands worth holding  
Staggers into palms which are longing  
I'd take a taste to be taken away at daybreak  
And sadly fold back into place Can someone be more of a mother to me?  
Scream out my thoughts, correct all my verses  
Assure me I'm wanted every night  
I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry for who I am If such a set of lips, fired sure as a bullet  
Sets its center on a chest that will not have it  
I'd take a taste to be taken away at daybreak  
And sadly fold back into place I'm so sorry  
(Every angle it's true)  
I'm so sorry  
(Every angle it's true) I'm so sorry  
(Every angle it's true)  
I'm so sorry  
(Every angle) I'm so sorry  
I'm so sorry  
I'm so sorry  
For who I am

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