Perfect Son

Blueline Medic

As in the final hours the priest came walking in
With beans about his hand and wine about his breath
He took the frail wrist and pulled the stool up to the bed
Have you anything to confess? Have you anything to confess?

Nothing Father, I die with no regrets
You die with no regrets? I died with no regrets
But none of us are perfect son, be not in pieces in your rest
Have you anything to confess?

If I have wronged another blameless or with intent
You can bet that I did my best

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