

The Thousand Days

I.Q.

I may be wrong
But the miracle that I prayed for is here,
Could be illusion, maybe some trickery,
I don't know why
I'm scoring the angels,
Counting all the thousand days,
There were so many tears
So many times, wasting away,
So what about the thousand days?
We miss the reason because of what we are,
I fall silent with you,
The gash I know is getting obvious
The blood of ages from
Scoring the angels,
Guaranteed for all we know
There were so many tears
So many times, wasting away
So what about the thousand days?
I swerve the engine, the balance disappears,
While i'm sleeping
I'm scoring the angels
Counting all the thousand days
There were so many tears
So many times, wasting away.
So what about the thousand days?

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