

Sickness

Fiction Plane

Do I feel love?
Oh boy do I feel love I'm lonely
And the worst of all
With vanity, a coward Do I fear love?
Oh boy do I fear love I'm lonely
And the worst of all
With vanity, a coward Always falling into sickness
In this life there's no time
No time to rest
Always falling into sickness Sat inside a tiny church
Fashioned out of local birch
The priest chose psalms and let us pray
She lay still until this day

Lyrics provided by

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