

HAJĀĀ

LeukĀĀmīa

Souls suffer the landscape
In shrouds of dew, as ghosts
The eternity is for searching
But a certain dissension grows
I've seen them wander
Voices raised in prayer
Consorting with whisper
They curse the ones not there
If you didn't want this and I didn't need it
Then how has this interest become an addiction?
If you didn't want it, then why can't you do without?
I know I'm not your first one
But I pray I'll be your last
I've never seen you cry before
But I know that I'll make you laugh
I know and you know, you've heard this all before
These arms are for holding on
This heart won't stray from home
If you didn't want this and I didn't need it
Then how has this interest become an addiction?
If you didn't want it, then why can't you do without?
I know, I know, I know
God tell me, where's my Halo?
If you didn't want this and I didn't need it
Then how has this interest become an addiction?
If you didn't want it, then why can't you do without?
If you didn't want this and I didn't need it
Then how has this interest become an addiction?
If you didn't want it, then why can't you do without?

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