

## A Long March To Perfection

Abigail

A long march to perfection  
You even said it yourself  
Even created us so we would hurt  
How broken I come to you in pain  
How forgetful I must be

(Chorus:)

To turn away  
To fail beyond misery  
Awake me from sin  
At last

Taken from hindsight  
Clear skies peek in around my eyes  
Under these walls that hold  
My eyes from looking forward

Take this heart make it yours  
Specific thoughts destruct certain hearts  
Those hearts should be in a safe place  
Put this nightmare to death

We'll Put this to death

Take this heart make it yours