

I Told You I Was Ill

Therapy?

Empty home they've all left one by one
I'm alone with all the things I've done

The things I can't make right
The words I can't take back
The life that's unfulfilled
The love I've killed
I told you I was ill

I exist a prisoner of my deeds
Manic smiles soon flayed by memories

The things I can't make right
The words I can't take back
The life that's unfulfilled
The love I've killed
I told you I was ill

Bare magnolia walls dragging feet in unlit halls
Unfinished business I've begin and left undone

The things I can't make right
The words I can't take back
The life that's unfulfilled
The love I've killed
I told you I was ill