

# BLIND, Last Words

I'm sorry for the wrong I've done  
I'm sorry for the wrong you've done  
Built in the image of Love  
That records no debt  
If today was a tear-streaked farewell  
And tomorrow's warm progress ran cold  
I'd remember the hands held  
Not words thrown away  
It's time to slow down  
To put off my dreams for another day  
To lay my head down  
And realise tomorrow's not so far away  
The feeling of a state of grace  
The feeling of a slap in the face  
My sickness subsides as my  
Thoughts turn to you  
Slow down....