

# Fiction Plane, Sickness

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