

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