

Abigail, A Long March To Perfection

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