

# Amiss, Amiss

If everything could be concealed  
IF all the scars could be healed  
Then why am I still searching for  
Something like there was more  
(Chorus:)

What will become of this  
This is such a foreign bliss  
This perfect thing is now  
Amiss

So I&quot;ll undergo what I can't endure  
The agitation soon will pass  
I found a cure for the disease  
The treatments simple but spurns  
Ignite the flame you once put out  
Bring your touch end this drought  
Lead the dance that was forgotten  
Speak the words that became rotten  
Those words you spoke bring empty sound  
You once lifted me up now I'm down  
You've brought me down  
It let me down  
(Chorus 3x)