

Progress In Color, Its Just A Plague

Its a plague, this constant weight, it haunts my thoughts when you're away.
And would it be safe for one to say, I made your heart smile at the end of the day?

And what, what was hidden behind your smile?
Was it love, or pain in disguise?
I know my love never took that away,
I know my love was just a plague.

With everyday I pray you'd say I brought you joy in some way.
But that's not the case, cause I took it away, I turned your joy into pain.
I know my songs were never profound, they were never sincere enough to make your heart sing out
So where am i wrong, in hoping that I might someday realize where I was all along?

where I was all along

and what, what was hidden behind your eyes?
was it love, or pain in disguise?
I know my love never took that away.
I know my love was just a plague.