

7 Angels 7 Plagues "A Farwell To A Perfect Score"

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[Lyrics by J. Logan]

I feel ill with words of repentance and love
I could never forget what it felt like
to feel my heart drop and watch as
lonley insects swarmed around it
and fed off like a disease to a diagnosed patient
You no longer see me

What am I doing but holding back tears
and thinking of you

With this tainted image of me
With no longer love but disappointment
I'm still here
I just forgot I was human for a second
and that I can't just be some image
I have error

I long to hear your voice again
untainted with openness
I'm sorry for what I have done
I'm sorry
What have I done?
and for what I have done I am truly sorry

Words for you are like my pot of gold
Let me not have spent my riches
but without this friendship I feel poor
Though I will still reflect on what we had
and all of the potential...

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