

Fiction Plane "Sickness"

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Do I feel love?
Oh boy do I feel love

Do I feel love?
Oh boy do I feel love

I'm lonely
And the worst of all
With vanity, a coward

Ohhhh-ohhh
Ohhhh-ohhh

Do I fear love?
Oh boy do I fear love

Do I fear love?
Oh boy do I fear love

I'm lonely
And the worst of all
With vanity, a coward

Ohhhh-ohhh
Ohhhh-ohhh

Always falling
into sickness

Always falling
into sickness

In this life there's no time
No time for 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

Ohhhh-ohhh

Ohhhh-ohhh

Always falling

into sickness

Always falling

into sickness

In this life there's no time

No time for rest

Always falling

into sickness

Ohhhh-ohhh

Ohhhh-ohhh

Ohhhh-ohhh

Ohhhh-ohhh

Do I feel love?

Oh boy do I feel love

Do I feel love?

Oh boy do I feel love

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