

## Therapy

### "Plague Bell"

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I think that this record is stuck  
The dust in these grooves leave it blocked  
It used to be sound as a bell  
Now it sounds like it's dying

To its siren-like call you are drawn  
Oblivious to warnings of harm

Are you happy now?  
Now you've got what you wanted

You want to see the magic return  
But you will only see it cursed and spurned  
When will you ever learn that I hate every second

The life that we lived has moved on  
The people we were then are gone  
But the fire that we carry flames on  
It still burns but in a different way

So to hell with old heartaches and deaths  
Misfortunes, mistakes and regrets  
There's fresh problems and I want fresh solutions

You want to see the magic return  
But you will only see it cursed and spurned  
When will you ever learn that I hate every second

You want to see the magic return  
But you will only see it cursed and spurned  
When will you ever learn that I hate every second

Shall we dance? Like we used to  
Shall we dance? Just like the old days  
Just like the old days  
Just like the old days

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