

# I Told You I Was Ill

Therapy?

Empty home they've all left one by one  
I'm alone with all the things I've done

The things I can't make right  
The words I can't take back  
The life that's unfulfilled  
The love I've killed  
I told you I was ill

I exist a prisoner of my deeds  
Manic smiles soon flayed by memories

The things I can't make right  
The words I can't take back  
The life that's unfulfilled  
The love I've killed  
I told you I was ill

Bare magnolia walls dragging feet in unlit halls  
Unfinished business I've begin and left undone

The things I can't make right  
The words I can't take back  
The life that's unfulfilled  
The love I've killed  
I told you I was ill