

Plague Bell

Therapy?

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