

Autumn Under Fire

"How's This For A Real Synth Player?"

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I stand beside
(Beside your empty bed, it's all in my head)
I'm out of time
(Time to keep you here, you still dry your tears)
I wipe my eyes
(On your pillowcase, I'm counting every name)
These stupid rhymes
(Are all I have now, and I keep writing them down)

(I'm done with
Waiting in your empty room
I'm not still
Waiting here to find you)

I'm not waiting in your empty room
I'm not still waiting here to find you

(I'm not waiting.)

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