

Fiction Plane

"Patience"

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Come watch the leaves turn red in Central Park
When the morning comes but the sky stays dark
Your face is stern
but I see through
And I know what your gonna do
You're gonna rip his throat out with your hands
and he won't have a chance to say,
"You've got the wrong man!"

Hold On
Just hold on
Is it my imagination
or does patience make more sense?

Those men decided it was time to leave
And finally your story was believed
But as they went they stepped on feet
And it's hard to show grace in defeat
You're gonna throw a rock against a wall and it won't
hurt them but your life is very small to them

Hold On
Just hold on
Is it my imagination

or does patience make more sense?

Hold On
Just hold on
Is it my imagination
or does patience make more sense?

You make decisions with a bloody nose
Stare down all the thinkers but your eyes are closed
You think its the best way,
this is the only way you know
You're staring as your life slips away from you
You try to hold onto something you think is true
You thinks it's the best way

Give it a moment

Give it a moment

Hold On
Just hold on
Is it my imagination
or does patience make more sense?

Hold On
Just hold on
Is it my imagination
or does patience make more sense?

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