

Franja De Gaza

"Black River"

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Waiting on my soul
Just waiting on my dream
For everlasting fear
Across there's something real

The night will go
I turn my back to the east
As the earth do scorn
Come higher, sleep and grip

My lord come closer
My lord come closer
My lord come closer
My lord come closer to me
'Cos I'm waiting on my soul
I'm just waiting for me at all
For every casted beast
They visit for something real

The wind of northern cold,
Will take me back to the gold, and
The wind of southern breeze
Will take me back to the east

Cos I'm Waiting on my soul

I'm just waiting for me at all
Unbury rusted bones
They're far gone to cross the roar

I'm lost inside
I'm trapped in my selfish kind of reality
The night will go, my heart will show
With my selfish kind of realm

Cos I'm just Waiting on my soul
I'm just waiting for me at all

I can see in this running I'm first and last
From the silence the pressure's growing on
I can clear this empty space alone
At least deep down, my world is going on

Cos IÂ'm Waiting on my soul
IÂ'm just waiting for me at all

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