

Olympos Mons

"Waiting"

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apparently i can't hear you
my mind is numb to your pain
I feel that familiar feeling
water flows from my eyes like rain
on a heavy thursday morning

taking control of the situation
sitting in the drivers seat
pressing my hands against yours
mingling with souls
everlasting

night slips quietly into day
grey skies unfold into sight
taking all the things of mine
stealing my mood without a fight
pushing me deeper into me

right hands reaching to the heavens
wanting, knowing, needing life
stretching to the sun like a kite
feeling, holding, taking love
free as a bird, white as a dove

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