

## Suburban Tribe

### "While The World Awaits"

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You say it's meaningless and that I fly too low  
It's a waste of time and I have to let it go  
All the worn out memories spiced with fear  
Panic hits as the bruises won't disappear  
The feeling's too strong

While the world awaits  
The prophets speak in rhyme  
While the fallen ones in turmoil praise their kind  
With an ounce of hope and a bowl of dust  
Dreams are crushed down while the world awaits  
While the world awaits

Now that the shrieking noise has turned into silence  
And all this push and pull  
It makes no difference  
Try live the vicious lie caressed by fear  
Panic hits as the bruises won't disappear  
The feeling's too strong

While the world awaits  
The prophets speak in rhyme  
While the fallen ones in turmoil praise their kind  
While the world awaits  
With an ounce of hope and a bowl of dust  
Dreams are crushed down while the world awaits  
While the world awaits

While the world awaits

We are fighting this in all its madness  
With these splintered fragments all is senseless  
Numb receptive minds caressed by fear  
Panic hits as the bruises won't disappear  
The feeling's too strong

While the world awaits  
The prophets speak in rhyme  
While the fallen ones in turmoil praise their kind  
While the world awaits  
With an ounce of hope and a bowl of dust

Dreams are crushed down while the world awaits  
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