

## I Am Empire

### "The Waiting Room"

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A simple reflection of the lips  
In exchange for me on the asphalt  
I caught the eyes of miss perfection and lost control  
I tried so hard to watch it fall over  
Over and over again

Hold fast ambulance  
What is fair?  
I want what I can't have.  
Ambulance, incredible the sound of the sirens.

The footsteps grow louder like the sound of the  
monitor  
Wait just a little longer  
Looking at bright lights  
Everything goes to black  
The nurse may have the cure  
But the blood on my shirt was not my own

And here I stand, in the waiting room.

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