

Queensryche

"Waiting For 22"

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Cries from the aisles
The tolling of the judgment bell
Eyes watched the violence
The absence of those who have seen
Marks the faith of the spell

Cold is the viper, stalking the night for the heat
It must find, time is the promise
Delivered with stunning consistency
Line after line, time after time the innocent victim
awaits

Please take my hand, don't be afraid
I am your master, you are my slave
Voices are calling me back, back to the day
Footsteps had followed me faster, listen

Screams from a new love
The passion was burning, it singed in a stare
Free under the night sun
The fear of the hunger will always be there in my mind
Time after time the morning will close a new page

Please take my hand, don't be afraid
I am your master, you are my slave
Follow the impulse you have, I'll show you the way
Forget what you've learned in the past now, listen and

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