

8 Stops 7 "Breathing Room"

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It's fading much faster now
Soul's in need of a little turnaround
I need a recess
I need an interlude
From this waiting
This breathing room

So in focus so in tune
But too misled to be excused
To hide behind a weak defense
Of this bitter taste
That I left upon your lenient mind quickly turning into
spite
I am paralyzed in shame
To yield the way I was today

But in this waning light there's
No mysteries,
No enigmas,
No entangling webs
Wrapped around this idle time
It comes in like a flood,
No debates,
No vain suspicions
It's when the day retires
What remains
What's being denied

So in focus so in tuned but too misplaced to be
removed

My ambitions never leave much room to think about
these things
Of all my wasted aptitude
In my aimless, blind pursuits
My intentions never leave much room for me
Much less for you

But in this waning light there's
No mysteries,
No enigmas,
No entangling webs

Wrapped around this idle time
It comes in like a flood,
No debates,
No vain suspicions
It's when the day retires
What remains
What's being denied?

My angel brings to me a waterfall
For tonight I am consumed
She faces east praying the sun will calm her restless
heart confused
I am aware
But show no concern
It only feeds this disarray
I am aware
I am afraid

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