

Wax on Radio

"Time Will Bind Us To The Guilt Of Commitment"

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With the birth of the truth came the dying of all the lies
now point your hand to the east that's where I'm
running that's where I'll rise
Compass held straight and flat to discover any origin
Fingers entwined in a laugh to describe what I will sing
alone

There's pain in forgetting what you know
when you're hands still fold in regret
There's pain in suffering all alone
when you're eyes still sing of escape

Right hand points to the south while the east floats in
fading light
while they all wait to the west your hands turn cold in
the feigning life
and it blares and it beams in recognition of our ghost
You'll choose starrer eyes as they're rising up from
behind you

Our time will find us again
/]

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