

Phideaux

"The Waiting"

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The bus pulled up to the prison gate waiting to cast the
line
Flashpot lite cast the night ablaze and so it seemed a
sign
A sign that wasn't something right
A sign that something could ignite out in the night

When the symptoms came together and everyone lost
their mind
I bound myself forever to number seven challenging
the divine
But there was nothing in our mind, as if the answer was
denied
And there were feelings there that no one cared to find

When the saints were called to jump into the heavens
We stood back and climbed
Some people stood around with frozen stunned
expressions
Pieces of the design

Cuz there was nothing in our eyes
There could be nothing you would hide
There was no answer to what waits for you inside
Then tapped out into the ocean - everyone waits in line
I fought myself forever the old expression, suddenly it
was mine
Cuz there was violence in our eyes, this destruction
was supplied
As if this waiting all the time had some meaning we
could define

And I wandered this world looking for answers
I wandered this world in time
I wandered this world looking for answers
That I just didn't find

Went down south out to the ocean, braced ourselves
for the fight
Something proud drew from emotion as waves took
hold of life

They were waiting all the time, there was nobody left in
line
And in this feeling we'd arrived

Beyond the waste of time
Beyond the oath that binds
Beyond what's left to find

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