

## Waiting Room

Beardfish

Touch my tired face with your hands and with your eyes  
Look and see my soul, waiting, still waiting to rise  
Feels like something's holding me down  
And how I long to break this cage and see the sun

Funny, right my friend - that we feel the same damn thing  
Going nowhere fast by the sharing of one wing  
Feels like something's holding us down  
And how I long to break this cage and see the sun

Walk across the room  
To reach the door  
That leads outside

Sky... Stars

Listen to the wind  
The living sounds  
The crying trees

Smoke...Steam

Once again it's there  
The pale white light  
The city night

Eyes... Lies

But in this rigid womb  
Where all is good  
You have your will

Seem to be a fact that we're trapped, stuck on our way  
Though our future plans and ideas are not that grey  
Still what can we do about the hand holding us down?  
Let's break this cage and see the sun