

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 regid 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