

I can't even concentrate on this,  
It's over thought, anticipated,  
The pen ink is running dry,  
It's been thrown to paper and wasted,

Creativity has been blocked and over tasted,  
Maybe in time, I'll appreciate it

Hold on, hold on, we'll be with you soon

These papers are stuck in this book,  
'till they're torn out and pasted,  
To inside of my memory,  
Where I can later look and see them in a new gallery,  
Where they can later be  
Viewed and appreciated.

Hold on, hold on, we'll be with you soon,  
We'll be with you soon

Longing for what has been lost,  
And longing for what hasn't been obtained,  
It's a small cost, forgot the past, lost the future,  
Only now remains

Hold on, hold on, we'll be with you soon,  
We'll be with you soon