

Cristina, I'm tired of being so far away.  
Yeah, I'm still here; I'm not going.  
What if I try and stop?  
I'm responsible for you.  
Until the anchor breaks.  
Four years ahead.  
What are you thinking?  
I feel so together.  
I need you now.  
You have faith, but I know that I won't last.  
Aren't we so tired of waiting for days to end?  
How do we tread on when these fuckers are making our plans?  
Dear everyone, I've been thinking.  
I feel misrepresented.  
Things are moving to slow; I want the control of this.  
"There's got to be some kind of way out of here."  
It's a lie too only yourself.  
When people have you figured, carvings that read, "idle will kill."  
Goddamn, it gets so hard not knowing what's going on.  
All the while I carry your cross.  
Who owns these desires?  
You haven't said a word but I understand.