

The Wait

School of Seven Bells

We get so hypnotized by
The imposed rhythms of the passing time
Urgency solely defined by
Degrees of dissatisfaction in our minds

When's the wait a cradle in which you're lulled from time to time
me
Soundly spun into an insensate lie

The light that burns in my eyes has faded
Baby just give me some time to find it again
My heart's lost touch with the world around me
I need that love back so I can try to begin again

When's the wait a cradle in which you're lulled from time to time
me
Soundly spun into an insensate lie
From where we stand, baby, things don't have to look so different
And lately I believe the truth can withstand any change in point of view
When's the distance an opiate net woven with the lifelines
Of those tiptoeing through your life

When's the wait a cradle in which you're lulled from time to time
me
Soundly spun into an insensate lie