While the world awaits

Suburban Tribe

You say it's meaningless and that I fly too low It's a waste of time and I have to let it go All the worn out memories spiced with fear Panic hits as the bruises won't disappear The feeling's too strong

While the world awaits The prophets speak in rhyme While the fallen ones in turmoil praise their kind With an ounce of hope and a bowl of dust Dreams are crushed down while the world awaits While the world awaits

Now that the shrieking noise has turned into silence And all this push and pull It makes no difference Try live the vicious lie caressed by fear Panic hits as the bruises won't disappear The feeling's too strong

While the world awaits The prophets speak in rhyme While the fallen ones in turmoil praise their kind While the world awaits With an ounce of hope and a bowl of dust Dreams are crushed down while the world awaits While the world awaits

While the world awaits

We are fighting this in all its madness With these splintered fragments all is senseless Numb receptive minds caressed by fear Panic hits as the bruises won't disappear The feeling's too strong

While the world awaits The prophets speak in rhyme While the fallen ones in turmoil praise their kind While the world awaits With an ounce of hope and a bowl of dust Dreams are crushed down while the world awaits While the world awaits

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