

My Room (Waiting for Wonderland)

Van der Graaf Generator

Searching for diamonds in a sulphur mine,
leaning on props that are rotten,
hoping for anything, looking for a sign
that I am not forgotten.
Lost in a labyrinth of future mystery,
tracing my steps, all mistaken,
trusting to everything, praying it can be
that I am not forsaken.

I wait by the door, wondering
when you will come and keep me warm;
I pray for the end of the night,
hoping the light will still the storm
which presently entraps me:
helpless sea-monster stranded on the shore,
marooned in an ecstasy of waiting,
I yearn, although knowing that I shall dive
no more in the tide already racing.

My lungs burst to cry: "Finally
how could you leave me here to die?
I freeze in the chill of this place
with no friendly face to smile goodbye -
how could you let it happen?"

How could you let it happen?
Dreams, hopes and promises,
fragments out of time,
all of these things have been spoken...
still you don't understand how it feels
when I'm waiting for them to be broken.