

The Waiting Room

We Are the Ocean

I lose my hold as all the pieces start to unfold,
And now I see where this started to get away from me.
Around my neck, pressure holds it's grip so tightly,
And I regret everything that I said.

But it feels alright,
I might as well be dead.
I do this every night,
You can't understand how hard it is to be in bad business.
But it feels alright,
I might as well be dead.
I do this every night,
And you can't understand, I'm twisted inside, I can't explain why.

I let go and then I lose control,
And I'm falling faster than I'd really like.
Down I go, further, out of control,
But it makes no sense to give up at this height.
I just need a sign to tell me I'm alright.

Locked in the waiting room, my time is coming soon.
There's no more life in me, I'm tied to catastrophe.
But it feels alright,
I might as well be dead.
I do this every night,
And you can't understand, I'm twisted inside, I can't explain why.

I let go and then I lose control,
And I'm falling faster than I'd really like.
Down I go, further, out of control,
But it makes no sense to give up at this height.
I just need a sign to tell me I'm alright.

No rewards, no excuses,
There's no life left in me.
No fortune and no favours,
There's no one here to save us.

I hide under the weight,
Because I'm so ashamed.
How could I be so wrong?
Where did this feeling come from?

I let go and then I lose control,
And I'm falling faster than I'd really like.
Down I go, further, out of control,
But it makes no sense to give up at this height.
I just need a sign to tell me I'm alright.