

Cigar, No More Waiting

Rope burns hot against my skin
My grip is tight, but giving in
My patience wearing like the wick
Strange for a stubborn man who's skull is inches thick

Tried hard not to lose my way
But the detours found their own
I've been around but there's no more waiting

Beyond what I've learned and what I've known
A chance for my humility and my humbleness to grow
Across the forest covered thick in pine
Search has been hampered as my limbs are bound in twine

Tried hard just to get away
But the ground it sinks below

I've been around but there's no more waiting
I've got to find myself before I sink below