

Phideaux, The Waiting

The bus pulled up to the prison gate waiting to cast the line
Flashpot lite cast the night ablaze and so it seemed a sign
A sign that wasn't something right
A sign that something could ignite out in the night

When the symptoms came together and everyone lost their mind
I bound myself forever to number seven challenging the divine
But there was nothing in our mind, as if the answer was denied
And there were feelings there that no one cared to find

When the saints were called to jump into the heavens
We stood back and climbed
Some people stood around with frozen stunned expressions
Pieces of the design cuz there was nothing in our eyes
There could be nothing you would find
There was no answer to what waits for you inside

Then tapped out into the ocean everyone waits in line
I thought myself forever the old expression, suddenly it was mine
Cuz there was violence in our eyes, this destruction was supplied
As if the waiting all the time had some meaning we could define

And I wandered this world looking for answers
I wandered this world in time
I wandered this world looking for answers that I just didn't find

Went down south out to ocean, braced ourselves for the fight
Something proud drew from emotion as waves took hold of life

They were waiting all the time, there was nobody left in time
And in this feeling we'd arrived beyond the waste of time
Beyond the oath that binds Beyond what's left to find