

# Seven Nations, Waiting For Midnight

yesterday just took out all the wind out of my sails  
I'd give anything I could to change my side to stab my hands to nail  
If I could believe it's true not only in my mind  
I'm betrayed by my own memory  
a loss not justified  
but we can do anything and we can go anywhere

you can hear me whisper  
waiting for midnight waiting for silence  
climbing over ten foot walls of brick and stone defense  
waiting for midnight I'm waiting for silence  
good times were never much better then this

tomorrow holds a hand out to the hunger of yesterday  
from a long embracing understanding cool retreat all hemingway  
now I think we have no choice but meet this eye to eye  
then we'll struggle with our bancho's ghost  
no martyrs left to crucify  
but we can do anything and we can go anywhere

you can hear me whisper  
waiting for midnight waiting for silence  
clinging to the solitude that we are dispossessed  
waiting for midnight I'm waiting for silence  
good times were never much better then this

waiting for midnight waiting for silence  
climbing over ten foot walls of brick and stone defense  
waiting for midnight I'm waiting for silence  
good times were never much better then this