

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
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