

Signs Of Betrayal, Waiting Room

Your lights of fluorescent expose the colorless objects.
And offer reflections below the footsteps that guide us.
Into the narrow obscurities that never end,
Aligned with everything that we depend.
Where life is death waiting,
To take us in with contagious smiles,
That we long for.
Hold out our hands begging,
While we just sit in our righteous minds,
That we long for.
So capture us in this room the darkest of hours.
Our pulsating eyes refuse to focus attention.
Into the narrow obscurities that never end,
Aligned with everything that we depend.
Where life is death waiting,
To take us in with contagious smiles,
That we long for.
Hold out our hands begging,
While we just sit in our righteous minds,
That we long for.
Resenting your patience,
Confined in our questions,
Is this our conclusion?
Is this our conclusion?
Where life is death waiting,
To take us in with contagious smiles,
That we long for.
Hold out our hands begging,
While we just sit in our righteous minds,
That we long for.