

Xentrix, Waiting

Just one short life
No second chance
To make of ourselves what we can
The moving hands again advance
& mould me into what I am
Waiting, waiting
Well understood but not controlled
Forever here anonymous
Whats present now
Already past
In retrospect so obvious
Waiting, waiting
Such a short space of time
But time passes quickly
Learn so little so slowly
As each moment is mine
The hope never fading
You will always be left waiting, waiting
Such a short space of time
Learn so little so slowly
As each moment is mine
You will always be left waiting