

A.F.I., The Despair Factor

Along the path where the stream is talking,
I breathe the mist and continue walking.
The wood it whispers in a language of it's own.
As a sigh escaped my lips,
I feel the light caress of fingertips that,
steal away the breath and leave me on my own.
Waiting by the stairs. (Waiting, I despair)
Waiting, I despair. (Waiting by the stairs)
My whole life is a dark room.
One, big, dark room.
Do I hear the hollow sound,
Footsteps resounding on this frozen ground,
Or the familiar disappointment of the echoes of my own?
Waiting by the stairs. (Waiting i despair)
Waiting, I despair. (Waiting by the stairs)
[whispers:]
Somehow I ended up here in between,
Where there is always the comfort,
Of knowing I'll never be seen.
When I fall
When I fall
I wait for just one touch,
And I fall
Weightless,
Endless,
Faithless, I'll adore you.
A single touch, before I fade. Painless let me pass through.
Weightless,
Endless,
Faithless, I'll adore you.
A single touch, before I fade. Painless let me pass through.