

# Amon Amarth, Don't Wait

Don't wait, don't wait  
Don't wait, don't wait  
You're way too late  
Don't wait, don't wait

The beat goes on  
Until it's gone

She strolls so slowly with her ball and chain  
The cling clang chatters patterns with the patter of rain  
Stares in a mirror cracked in seven different ways  
With holes in her umbrella dripping on her face

Her makeup running down like the tragedy face  
Alone on a city street surrounded by space  
She opens her mouth to scream and shout out the pain  
But all that comes out are silent sobbing sounds of restrain

The beat goes on  
Until it's gone

There comes a time when she will trust her belly  
Not disappear from the world like Machiavelli no  
Forfeit the pride it's not a crime but she's running out of time  
And denies it's showing while her anxiety's growing old

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