

...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead, W

Talking 'bout things we've seen
Paris to Oslo seem like dreams
Looking back, was it real?
You know how things sometimes feel
You can run but you can get no further than
Three city blocks from where you began
Caught in a wasted state of mind

Here you come, here you come
Now you're gone
Where will it take me?
Why am I waiting?

Caught in a stasis, feel like I've wasted all this time
With people and places who've never related or desired