

Dorling, Aren't We Finished Yet?

Noticing the strain on my mind
Seeing it's not good for me
I still have no idea
What I'm required to be
I listen to the problems of people
I tell them what they want me to say
And I don't see why
I can't go on this way

Looking through the crack in the window
And seeing things in a different way
The image blurs
And beams of light travel astray

I'm changing in my soul
I've become tired and old
My reformation continuing
In the desert and out in the cold
I want my future set
But are we finished yet?

The patience tree is dying
It withers as it drops to the ground
I'm running out of time
Hoping to get away

I want my future set
But are we finished yet?