

# Dredg, Sanzen

I can't even concentrate on this  
It's overthought, anticipated  
The pen ink is running dry  
It's been thrown to paper and wasted  
Creativity has been blocked and overtasted  
Maybe in time I'll appreciate it

Hold on, hold on  
We'll be with you soon

These papers are stuck in this book  
Until they're torn out and pasted  
To the inside of my memory  
Where I can later look and see them in a new gallery  
Where they can later be viewed and appreciated

Hold on, hold on  
We'll be with you soon  
We'll be with you

Longing for what has been lost  
Longing for what hasn't been obtained  
It's a small cost  
We've got the past, lost the future, only now we wait

Hold on, hold on  
We'll be with you soon  
We'll be with you