

Institute, Seventh Wave

Till the end of time
The world stops
We all stand still
Let the floods come
As they always do
Watch the sun break through
We are memories and signs
Some of what we leave behind
Waiting for the wave
We are fragments made of time
We are broken we are fine

There is something
In repetition
Real life
Not some exhibition

I wouldn't wish it on you
I wouldn't wish it on myself
The sanitorium is overworked and cannot help

They steal you from
A future life
You've got to stop hurt
A thousand ways you can escape
Disappear and fade away
Tell me that I'm wrong
All that strength can make you weak
Chasing you and chasing me
All night

There's something
In repetition
Real life
Not some exhibition

I wouldn't wish it on you
I wouldn't wish it on myself
The sanitorium is overworked and cannot help
The balance is your spayed
You make it back like no one else

There's something
In repetition
Real life
Real life
Real life
Real

I wouldn't wish it on you
I wouldn't wish it on myself
The balance is your spayed
You make it back like no-one else
The sanitorium is overworked and cannot help
I wouldn't wish it on you
I wouldn't wish it on myself
Myself
Myself