

Osker, Patience

Patience is nothing worth holding onto.
Bite my tongue?
Why should I when you never did it for me?
When were you schooled in technicalities?
I didn't know I made friends with fucking rock critics.
As the days go by I've forgooten my limbs.
Days pass like we're running out of time.
Show me some scars.
What good is this when I don't remember?
I'm not gonna let myself be
Concerned with something so distant.
Hold tight, and maybe I will survive.
Hold tight
Hold tight, and maybe I will survive.
Hold Tight
Hold Tight, and maybe some part of me...