Peter Hammill, Patient

A system in the making,
self-healing for the blind,
sitting in the waiting-room
of the patient mind;
raging at the illness
when the rage may be its cause,
the purpose of the will is lost
in the search for an escape clause,
in the search for an escape clause.

Fatal convalescence,
the wound becomes a weal;
the poison is in essence just
the virus of the real.
But there's sympathetic healing,
the power of the soul bandages,
concealing all that we can't control,
all that we can't control.

Waiting for the doctor to come.
Waiting for the doctor to come.
Waiting for the doctor to come.
Waiting for the doctor to come.

A system in the making,
self-healing for the blind,
sitting in the waiting-room
of the patient mind...
But there isn't any answer
the consciousness can quote
when the loaded dice of chance are there,
rattling in the throat,
rattling in the throat.

Waiting for the doctor to come.
Waiting for the doctor to come.
Waiting for the doctor to come.
Waiting for the doctor to come.

You put your faith in others;
the fear could not be worse,
but Nature's not your mother now,
just your suckling nurse.
There isn't any doctor,
there isn't any cure...
That might come as a shock to you,
but can you really be so sure?
Can you really be so sure?

Can you really be sure?