

Rise Against, Torches

On clearer days I can see the lights from my bedroom door,
on windy nights I can smell the lake as it drifts to me from the shore
the traffic lights silently change a thousand times a day
but I'm still waiting, yeah, and I'm still waiting

And if my hand could block the sun,
would we ever wake up?
And if I turned back all these clocks,
would that be time enough?

I can't remember exactly when this longing began
but I know it wasn't before the day you touched my hand,
laugh and shout in blissful daze and numbers are exchanged,
but I'm still waiting, yeah, and I'm still waiting

And if my hand could block the sun,
would we ever wake up?
And if I turned back all these clocks,
would that be time enough?

So put your hands where I can see them,
and shut your mouth, I know who you are,
in a world void of feeling or heart
I know that we are the torches in the dark

Let's break this down, let's make this count,
Let's leave this one-horse town, no better time than now
[repeat x2]

The angels dance like feathers float, they're here to see and to be seen,
the clock strikes two, the music slows and each one slowly dons their wings,
once outside they all pair off and hand in hand they leave
but I'm still waiting, yeah, and I'm still waiting

And if my hand could block the sun,
would we ever wake up?
And if I turned back all these clocks,
would that be time enough?
Will we ever wake up?