

Suburban Tribe, While The World Awaits

You say it's meaningless and that I fly too low
It's a waste of time and I have to let it go
All the worn out memories spiced with fear
Panic hits as the bruises won't disappear
The feeling's too strong

While the world awaits
The prophets speak in rhyme
While the fallen ones in turmoil praise their kind
While the world awaits
With an ounce of hope and a bowl of dust
Dreams are crushed down while the world awaits
While the world awaits

Now that the shrieking noise has turned into silence
And all this push and pull
It makes no difference
Try live the vicious lie caressed by fear
Panic hits as the bruises won't disappear
The feeling's too strong

We are fighting this in all its madness
With these splintered fragments all is senseless
Numb receptive minds caressed by fear
Panic hits as the bruises won't disappear
The feeling's too strong