

There For Tomorrow, Waiting

We're staring down constantly
With palms open and resting feet
Glancing up once and a while
To find some sense of reconcile

Open our eyes to see what's left
Looking for just one sign of breath
As soon as we think its okay
We'll head our separate ways

What are we waiting for
There's knocking at our door

Slowly but surely I'm turning this around
But there is something that I haven't found
Sooner or later you will be finding out
Sitting there waiting isn't so safe and sound

There's something that's been calling me
I feel that I'm still incomplete
Without knowing what I expect
There's no way that I can perfect

We hesitate with every step
Just one step closer to our death
We're anxious just to take a glance
This could be our last chance

What are we waiting for
There's knocking at our door

Sitting there waiting isn't so safe and sound