

# Wax On Radio, Today I Became A Realist

The sad face of dreamers  
Waking to the life that passed them by  
They follow forever  
The flame that holds their eyes  
They march in place  
Straight to their graves  
They hold their hands  
Whispers in the air  
What fills our eyes  
Is what makes our lives  
As they kick the dust  
Just to remember the light

The poorly drawn believers  
Fading in the towing of the tide  
They sink here forever  
Stark as stone inside  
They insure their names  
In spots on graves  
In the idle hands  
Of idle days  
The red sun will rise  
We'll all realize  
How we spend our days  
Is what becomes our lives

Sail on quick  
Fly past the world  
Find me a love

I'll sail on quick  
Fly past the world  
Find me a love

So sail on quick  
Fly past the world  
Find me a love

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