

Wait

Seven Mary Three

I imagine long walks down the road.
Things begin to bloom and the sky explodes.
The damage is undone, and then I know.
This has got to be a dream.
Machines and luxuries don't last.
I took my sleep for granted in the past.
And I woke up half-dead in the hourglass.
Now does that sound funny?

Wait, you're almost there it's gone.
You're almost there it's gone.
You're almost where what follows you, does not bother you.

I have walked the tightrope parts of me.
I towed the line just far enough to see.
I never found a gift I got for free.
You pay for them dearly.
I see my forever as one long night.
If I can make it dark then I can make it light.
I know that most of living done is done in the mind. Only thought survives.

Wait, you're almost there it's gone.
You're almost there it's gone.
You're almost where what follows you, does not bother you.

Are you tired?
Are you uninspired?
Has the miscommunication tried to eat you up inside. I am here,
and you are here.
And everything I want to know.
Sleeps between your ears.