

Note: Sometimes you need no changes just wait and be aware

Wait until

I'm walking on a spot between the profit and the loss
A place of solitude where many dreamers cross
I'm talking as if us where lovers as if us were
Strangers on this cross defenders of its trust

I do not hope to turn again do not wish to burn in rain
No longer strive toward such things no longer fly with broken wings
I do not hope to feel the pain no never more I'll sing in rain
Cause time is time I'll face the case I'll wish no more to leave this place

Wait until the time has come until the time has come
Faith no more I'll have my gun to score I'll have my gun

The speaker in my head the stranger in my bed
All emptiness to shred these linen soaking red
These speaking in tongues to cover all the signs
Of moments I was lost with never-ending rust

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