

# a Waiting Time

## Autumn

opening the doors  
opening the rooms to us  
a hope to transcend  
this deadened consciousness  
i call my home  
so passion drains the pain away  
biting through  
as ice storms wait to pierce the flesh  
and i wait too  
passion drains the pain away  
biting through  
as ice storms wait to pierce the flesh  
and i...and i...  
a wild eyed child running faster than  
the echo of her mother's loving voice  
of her mother's loving voice...  
closing over us all  
opening the doors  
opening the rooms to us  
a prayer now to feel again  
the warmth of memories  
i call my home  
so spellbound into this domain  
of dreamlike waters' heavy groan  
it is nothing more than that  
than that which we have always known  
so spellbound into this domain  
of dreamlike waters' heavy groan  
it is nothing more than that  
which we...which we...  
that six months is not long enough  
to forget that everything erased will be written again  
everything erased will be written again  
and for now we know,  
and for now we know,  
the waiting is until the end  
the waiting is until the end  
the waiting is until the end  
the waiting all alone

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