

# Waiting Game

## The Infested

On a golden autumn day returning  
Where each moment never is the same  
Sometimes pure joy it comes with patience  
When I'm waiting on, waiting game  
When I'm waiting on, waiting game  
There must be reason for all this inaction  
Does it mean that everything must change  
Sometimes I'm looking for perfection  
When I'm waiting on, waiting game  
When I'm waiting on, waiting game  
I am the observer who is observing  
I am the brother of this snake  
I am the serpent filled with venom  
A god of love and a god of hate  
There is a presence deep within you  
Sometimes they call it higher flame  
And the leaves come tumbling down, remember  
I'll be waiting on, waiting game  
I'll be waiting on, waiting game  
I am the observer who is observing  
I am the brother of this snake  
I am the serpent filled with venom  
A god of love and a god of hate  
There is a presence deep within you  
Some people call it higher power in flame  
When the leaves come tumbling down, remember  
I'll be waiting on, waiting game

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