Seventh Wave

Institute

Till the end of time
The world stops
We all stand still
Let the floods come
As they always do
Watch the sun break through
We are memories and signs
Some of what we leave behind
Waiting for the wave
We are fragments made of time
We are broken, we are fine
There's something
In repetition, real life
Not some exhibition
I wouldn't wish it on you
I wouldn't wish it on myself
The sanatorium is overworked, cannot help
They steal you from a future life
You've got to stop hurt
A thousand ways you can escape
Disappear and fade away
Tell me that I'm wrong
All that strength can make you weak
Chasing you and chasing me all night
There's something
In repetition, real life
Not some exhibition
I wouldn't wish it on you
I wouldn't wish it on myself
The sanatorium is overworked and cannot help
The balance is your spayed
You make it back like no one else
There's something
Repetition, real life
Real life, real life, real
I wouldn't wish it on you
I wouldn't wish it on myself
The balance is your spayed
You make it back like no one else

The sanatorium is overworked and cannot help
I wouldn't wish it on you
I wouldn't wish it on myself
Myself, myself

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