

The Wait

Metallica

One, two, three, four Motives changing day to day
The fire increases, masks decay
I look at the river, white foam floats down
The body's poisoned, gotta sit tight The wait
The wait
The wait
The wait After waking, silence grows
The screams subside, distortion shows
Mutant thoughts of bad mouthed news
It's just another birth of distorted views The wait
The wait
The wait
The wait The wait
The wait
The wait
The wait

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