

# Wait It Out

## Digits

Where do we go from here? How do we carry on?  
I can't get beyond the questions  
Clambering for the scraps in the shatter of us collapsed  
It cuts me with every could have been  
Pain on pain on play, repeating  
With the backup makeshift life in waiting  
Everybody says time heals everything  
But what of the wretched hollow, the endless in between?  
Are we just going to wait it out?  
There's nothing to see here now, turning the sign around  
We're closed to the earth till further notice  
Stumbling clich

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