

Wait

The New Amsterdams

Wait

Maybe this place is everything
Maybe we don't need anything
Concrete

You say

To hold on to little securities
I hope that the world won't carry me
Away, away

All of the pounds of gold
The moments we lost or sold
All of this
Will go to waste

Wait

What if the world's gone back to it
The darkness before the enlightenment
What then?

Faith

Is hardly a wall of security
It won't stop the blows of our enemies
They'll win, they'll win

All of the pounds of gold
The moments we lost or sold
All of this
Will go to waste
It's just not a mystery
The lack of our expertise
Won't be good for anything
Anything