

# Impatient

AUGUST 08

Standing in a burning house  
Always something to talk about  
Fog on a window, baby, you can't see  
Trying to find a way around  
You can only read about it  
Wanna go, can't do without

And I won't lose it  
I'm chasing, you running from me  
The voices at night, they call me  
Illusions I choose to believe  
And it's not till now

I've grown too impatient  
Don't got time for waiting  
Seems hard, so let's face it  
And it's hard to admit  
It's hard to admit  
I loved you so easy  
You loved me in seasons  
You used to complete me  
And it's hard to admit  
It's hard to admit, myself

Eyes bloodshot red, I ain't slept in days  
Walking on the edge of this energy  
Talking to myself again  
Ultraviolet rays  
Piercing through the blinds wrapped in my eyes

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