Transient

Makari

Patient, I lay on the pavement and watch as the clouds sigh
Like silver lungs
Vacant, I wait in my basement, avoiding the sunlight
'Til I feel numb

I'm fading with the daylight to skies of grey
I'm waiting on the cosmos to call my name
And someday it will
Oh, someday it will
I'm sick of writing sad songs to hide my shame
Cause I need more than drugs to escape my pain
But someday I will
Oh, someday I will

Hopeless, I long for a moment of peace in my own mind
It never comes
Focused on thoughts never spoken to share at the right time
Or not at all

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When there is nothing else, we must remind ourselves
That life is transient, to breathe the ambience
So when we reach the end, do we wake up again?
And if I say my prayers, will you be waiting there?

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