

Waiting

Porcupine Tree

Waiting... to be born again
Wanting... the saddest kind of pain
Waiting for the day when I will crawl away
Nothing is what I feel
Waiting... for the drugs to make it real
Waiting... for the day when I will crawl away
Waiting... to be disciplined
Aching... for your nails across my skin
Waiting... for the day when I will crawl away