

# 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