

# ...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead, W

Talking 'bout things we've seen  
Paris to Oslo seem like dreams  
Looking back, was it real?  
You know how things sometimes feel  
You can run but you can get no further than  
Three city blocks from where you began  
Caught in a wasted state of mind

Here you come, here you come  
Now you're gone  
Where will it take me?  
Why am I waiting?

Caught in a stasis, feel like I've wasted all this time  
With people and places who've never related or desired