Lyrics From *Waiting For The Time To Be Right*

The Coat Of Arms *by Patrick Boutwell*

In one small step, the future age is beloved but still can't be embraced
in the story of the forgotten way held to my eyes again.
With the water crashing in, I wonder, "Where have all my allies gone?"
What is left to be restrained when there are no longer limits to obey? I turn around...
Now I leave what binds them to my life behind, but only in time... Am I being right?

Out Of Sight *by Patrick Boutwell*

And, with the past erased, it seems okay to embrace the trouble by my side.
Unholy and strange to think I'm good enough, and I can't shake it.
Somehow, I can't speak so loud of the change that's coming, it's bigger than I've known.
Oh, How I feel the tension grow in the ones I know!
With every display of all that's insincere, it's understood
it's all in the way a single act defies an explanation.
Do you believe that any praise sustained is sacred to the grave,
or moments being stronger willed by the love refrained?
When I look away from the company I keep...
While there is hope (I know that will never fade), I'm expecting straight away
that it may cease to be without a word to say, but the feeling stays...
Good all for a spell before I'm falling ill for losing sight
of knowing the score between what's sentiment and recreation.
And you believe in every feeling had, but, tell me, am I wrong
to feel that I just don't belong where the time has gone?
When I look away from the company I keep...
What I want I know is so out of sight from just what I have to find.
So, instead of laying claim, I lay confident eyes on the summer sky.
Oh, how the moments given away prey on the one who couldn't be saved!

I'm Not The Only One *by Patrick Boutwell*

So far, what has begun... (I'm not the only one, I'm not the only one)
It's bigger than everyone. (I'm not the only one, I'm not the only one)
Can't explain a love in the way that you can't explain a halo
to the non-believers you know.
So far, what has been done... (I'm not the only one, I'm not the only one)
Could haunt me in years to come. (I'm not the only one, I'm not the only one)
Can't decide, my head is divided by numbers and confusion...
I lie in wait here, alone.
What stems from union in our lives, it seems so fine,
it echoes miles beyond the lake.
So why, when others don't deny their doting sighs,
can't I see what trails in their wake?
Can't decide, the world is divided and shouldn't be outnumbered
by the non-believers you know.
What stems from union in our lives, it's no surprise
it never lingered too far away.
But now, I just don't want the fight.
Is it a crime that I just don't want them to stay?
So far, what has begun... (I'm not the only one, I'm not the only one)
It's bigger than everyone. (I'm not the only one, I'm not the only one)

Hopeless And Unsung *by Patrick Boutwell*

I can't continue down the path.
Not sure I'll ever make it back.
I'm afraid I will fall in with the people that trip me up,
and find too late that I've thrown away the only thing I loved... Always.
The offers made, the promise of being saved,
but I let him down like I did when I was young...
So hopeless and unsung.
Can't bathe in the everlasting light,
the kind that shines when life is white.
I'm afraid I will fall in with the people that trip me up,
and find too late that I've thrown away the only thing I loved... Always.
I'm too late to find I've thrown away the only thing I loved... Always.

The Finest Kind *by Patrick Boutwell*

Time believing what we said today, believing it can go my way, goes on.
And still I try to save what always is the dream, but I can't do much of anything at all.
Falling behind under burning amber skies to come to realise what's true...
It's sad to know it's all that I can do. Holding a line, preventing what could spring to life
inside the finest kind to move. The day that I can prove it all to you,
the way I came into this time believing what we said today,
believing it can go my way, goes on.
Just like a child, every time we find our eyes... Feel like I'm going to die tonight,
being of the age when it's alright. This dream, you and I... Even though it's hopeless, I...
I cannot tame my mind for you. It's sad to know it's all I can do.
The end is coming soon this time believing what we said today,
the feeling never goes away at all. And still, I try to keep the days from being long,
to keep what I'm surviving on is wrong.

Bringing It Back Home *by Patrick Boutwell*

Thinking of how he lived while burning down the bridge
to what was built before him, the doubt set in...
What had we been following?
The thought of being brave through future hours had started to fade into
the fear that knowing what is right was weighing us down.
Taking what we could know... In bringing it back home, we only showed
the scars that the lesser known would be claiming as their own.
But the threat of slowing down only made strong his resolve for the modern world,
to fill the hole in our lives by covering ground.
In ways we couldn't define, what began as right made it's slow decline.
Confessing years fell upon the ears of the children,
but closing in on the end, they wouldn't defend him.
They only saw that he'd gone too far.
Say a warm hello to the welcome unknown as hours fall by the wayside.
The threat of slowing down only made strong our resolve for the modern world.
He said we're losing our minds in ways he couldn't define,
but we know that all we're leaving behind is only a name.
In bringing it back home, relations were reborn.
But the fear of losing faith was continuing to grow into fear of losing life.
He disrupted what was right by rejecting what we'd known...
It's what I see when I'm going home.

Get On, Me *by Jon Downs*

Get on, me... I can hear it in the way I wait and color white to gray.
So I make my own escape down a lonely interstate.
Until time is gone and I'm feeling alone, the sound is one...
With clinging arms and fists... To everything you did.
Get on, me... Many roll away the tide erase, revealing my today.
So I made my own escape, a steeper slope behind me lay.
Until time is gone and I'm feeling alone, like someone new
has crawled inside my skin. I'm ready to begin, beyond the bend.
No regret for your reign in a moonlit race to forget any love you may have left.
These days: Arrange a way to find an honest argument among the fraudulent.
Tell myself I'm home, all the same 'cause no one knows I am a lie.
Until time is gone and I'm feeling alone, the sound is one...
With clinging thoughts of when... You could not pretend.

Waiting For The Time To Be Right *by Patrick Boutwell*

In his passing hour, I am left with only time, in search of something I cannot find.
The fire's light is gone but it's burning ways, it's glow remains on this side of my sweetest dream.
But as the story goes, she is only a northern girl and I am dead to the world outside.
So true to form, so quickly to be reborn into something I could rely on, and so it seems.
I am waiting for the time to be right... Endlessly treading water until she opens her eyes
and discovers I have descended out of sight, but out of mind is the one who can't keep up the fight.
Maybe one day I'll put away the meaning behind it and go painless and quietly down,
the way it was before, when the fever broke and brought the memory of my precious boy,
and the pain of realisation in his young life, he's not too young to die. The doubters who put him down,
they said I'm too connected with what is gone. Now, through him resurrected in mind,
I'm left here only to cry. I am waiting for the time to be right... Endlessly treading water
until she opens her eyes. I know I should heed most any warning that comes around,
but where's the good in a life when having to live without the constant thought of carrying on,
believing that I know where I belong is where the fate of the world is hanging on
the silence she'd breathe out into me for a little while?

Hold Me Down *by Patrick Boutwell*

I remember how the wind came and, in what it took away,
I felt it begin, wayward by the riverside.
And, as quick as it's hold took over the ground,
your voice moved in around me to secretly resound...
Why does it seem to breed the innocent ones that I know
create more than sonic sheets? Will they let me down?
Tonight will take more than all the weight
of knowing what's at stake to hold me down!
Tonight in one the same, save our uncommon days.
In time, when I see that bridling unchained disbelief
is all that's in the world for me, the summer goes away
beside the only means to brave the nervous shake...
But how the boundaries seem to fade.
Do you remember the restless night,
when words conveyed brought waves of change felt far beyond your age?
I know it doesn't do any good, for under a bad moon shines a lonely light to find
they were only words of the moment to kill the time.
And this will set the scene to how it's always been:
I'll be listening forever, could never really be together
beside the one who is hopeless to linger on.
The heart will beat long after the fun is gone.
I remember how the dull ache set, being a boy awake when nothing was left
to carry with him to the death. In the dream where I was saved,
A dangerous kind of heart was born again,
with every moment as a testament to the things that I believe
when only I know I don't need sleep to dream...
It goes unnoticed, where my glory be.
Forever in a state of knowing love born in my mind will stay
dark as the ending days of pining over her ever fading light.
Tonight will take more than all the weight
of knowing what's at stake to let it out!
Tonight is not the same. Just when I feel no pain, the light will break
upon the one to blame for being shut out by his name.
I'll take it all, returning to the fall where
I will still remain frozen in time by the riverside.

Lay Down Your Burden *by Patrick Boutwell*

The silence breaks under northern skies under the pressure of your own pride,
and your belief that nothing survives beyond the April Ides.
The torturous miles give way to thinking that all things should never change,
but the chill of the wind at your back reminds you of what cannot stay the same.
Convinced of all that is new today, you pray the reason your heart is weighed
will find its place in a long good-bye before a noon-ward race.
If the stars realigned with the moon behind them, then he may still stand a chance.
But the odd reply forces your denial in nothing more than a glance.
Come on and lay down the burden surrounding you now.
Convinced of all that is new today, you feign the reason your heart is weighed
and save the words brewing on your tongue for another day.
But doubt will arise as the trees get higher and manifest into shame,
a shame that is bound to the loss of something that never can be regained.
Come on and lay down the burden surrounding you now.
The ghost remains, must do the same as you. Embedded in you are a million things that
I couldn't possibly know... The embers are fading faster than I know.
Somehow, I play down whatever comes out.
Convinced of all that is new today, you pray the reason your heart is weighed
will find its place in a long good-bye before a noon-ward race.
But doubt will arise as the trees get higher for what you know isn't wrong,
so you cover your eyes, suffer deep behind them, in darkness for ever long.
Come on and lay down the burden surrounding you now.
The torturous miles give way to thinking that all things should never change,
but the chill of the wind at your back reminds you of what cannot stay the same.
I want to drown under the water, far from the light of the sun.
Though secrets may lie in everyone, you cannot know
that I I can't put aside the madness that is taking
the smallest moments of that night, to weave them into another life
and realise that nothing is gained. Must do the same as you...
and lay down the burden surrounding me now.

Never In Years *by Patrick Boutwell*

The day breaks upon the faith that I might cast away
into the void once filled with all that could kill you and let you down.
But oh! How words only made to be forgotten never in years will die.
I can't pretend that anything said wasn't real to me.
And so I know I have no one to blame when it comes too late, in how they explain
the danger in holding you so high when I finally feel alive.
Only dust remains because I keep treading over ground.
There is nothing more to do when there's nothing more to think about.
But when ways are made for you to be forgotten, never in years will I.