

Consider The Thief "In Time"

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I am the fleeting fear to swim that brings you back to
shore
The hopes that hold you by the anchor,
The unmanageable sum of days that never come,
The strings that bind you by the fingers.
I am the hours earned in vain,
The empty time you gain,
From storing up your hopes;
Bereaved and bottled for tomorrow
With all of your todays.
I am the vice beneath the guise
Of virtues.
And I'll watch you,
Make your homes,
In the places that you've grown to fear the most.
You fine fuel, (burning on my breath)
For a thirsty world (with a taste for time)
You'll fill the fevered taste of tempters.
Because, try as you might to earn your time
You won't gain days, you will be mine.

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