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"Psyklotron"

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Pouring like sand
Through the hour glass
Falling through our hands
The mercurial passage of precious time now, and
forever gone

Cold thoughts bearing vilest conclusions
That one has drawn from their bitter delusions
No fountains of youth to wash away the years
Or erase the pain
Perpetually racing
As we rage against the grain

Yesterday has long since gone
And it seems that tomorrow never comes
Time: That devours all things
Ravenous fire, all consuming
Eternal flame, ever present
Burns hotter and higher
It steals away one's lust for life
First casualty of the routine
Skeleton upon which history hangs
Now meat falls from the bones
The years fall like leaves
From our disenchanting lives
Let it come as no surprise
Let them be gone!

Evolution is universal
The eternal role reversal
Desperately we search for meaning
Still no closer to peace within
No stone unturned in our quest for answers
Just a reason to live

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