

## Gus

# "Out Of Time"

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Large and tall ones, short and small ones  
Working 'round a frame  
The pieces fit so perfectly  
Like some large metal game  
The time draws near, and with it fear  
All senses a new kind  
I'll not look back, on watered thoughts  
Rearranging mine  
It's time!  
This time!  
Make me now!  
It's time!  
This time!  
Change me now!  
The book has said, that all the plans  
Would be well within my reach  
And here things were  
Even larger than I'd reamed  
This metal gift, a perfect shift  
From the art of being kind  
I'll not look back, on tired thoughts  
And all those changing minds  
It's time!  
This time!  
Make me now!  
It's time!  
This time!  
Change me now!

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