

Kylesa

"Shatter The Clock"

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Every minute gets shorter
Everyday goes by faster
Shatter the clock
Time still moves
The mirror tells no lies

Anyway, it's everywhere
What goes up this time stays
Rolling eyes in the back of my head
See something paranoia gives

The hourglass will not be turned
It's not enough but too much
Time may heal, but it also takes molds
Fresh might as well be stale

These are no longer childish promises
Nor the hope of escaping old age or death
I am not a prisoner of my own reason

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