

Parabelle "The Clocks"

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She buries the clocks; times wide open like her
thoughts
But you still make sense and I feel the weakness in
your touch
I am in repair so much that no one cares
Release the charm while I hold my hand over your
mouth
I would follow you down if you're still here

I can't feel like I'm calling out your name
We'll shake away the memories
I know I feel the way you sin
Just scream I won't surrender

This feels like plastic but on my own accord
One day it makes you perfect
A kind of treason that you live for

But my god what have we done

I can't feel like I'm calling out your name
We'll shake away the memories
I know I feel the way you sin
Just scream I won't surrender

Cross my heart, my lips defend your tongue
My face demands your touch, we fake but not enough
You're gonna burn someday, we're gonna live forever

I can't feel like I'm calling out your name
We'll shake away the memories
I know I feel the way you sin
Just scream I won't surrender.

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