

Skycamefalling

"Quantity Time"

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Yet another sluggard hour stumbles past,
It's no wonder life looks better through the bottom of a
glass.
These bitter litanies you keep repeating,
Are verbal fingers down my mental blackboard
screeching.
Each moment in your company,
Was of more quantity than quality.
My hopes and dreams - transparent phantoms,
This wayward son's irrational anthems.
Not worth spending quantity time,
Life is hunger - life is pain.
Never ending quantity time,
Toe the line - take the strain.
Awake in bed in quantity time,
Hate to say I told you so.
Long time dead in quantity time,
Next stop Hell - not far to go.
My vision is obscured - blurred by tears of anger,
These four walls a prison where I rot in stagnant
languor.
My broken heart screams out "Someone repair me" -
Or please lay me in the cemetery.
'Cause you've taken all that's best, you see,
So I'll lay to rest the rest of me.
You cannot hold a dream to ransom -
Or silence my irrational anthem.
Not worth spending quantity time,
Life is hunger - life is pain.
Never ending quantity time,
Toe the line - take the strain.
Awake in bed in quantity time,
Hate to say I told you so.
Long time dead in quantity time,
Next stop Hell - not far to go.

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