

Genocide

"1200 And All Is Hell"

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(Sexxtton)

What do you do when you're home all alone
And you're bored to tears
The clock stands still - the time passes by
But time don't heal the scars
You pick up the phone - you're home all alone
You got dead air on the line
There's nobody there - no one to care
You've got nothing but time
Twelve o'clock and all is hell
Twelve o'clock and all is hell
All's not well for you
The bell - it tolls for you
All's not well for you
Now is hell for you
No one to talk to - another lonely night
Just talk to the walls
The telephone rings - it brings no relief
Just another wrong number
The clock on the wall - the clock in the hall
Reminds you that time passes by
The watch on your arm chimes the alarm

That another moment in life just passed by
Twelve o'clock and all is hell
Twelve o'clock and all is hell
All's not well for you
The bell - it tolls for you
All's not well for you
Now is hell for you
Turn another page in the story of your life
Do it like you do everyday
The curtains are drawn
The credits roll on
It's nearing the end of the play
No sun overhead - lonely days ahead
Church bells softly chime
You built up the walls - locked all the doors
You got nothing but time
Twelve o'clock and all is hell
Twelve o'clock and all is hell

Twelve o' clock and all is hell
Twelve o' clock and all is hell
It's hell

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