

Sheer Terror **"Burning Time"**

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Hours are passing and I have little command.
It's like shielding a target with nothing but your bare hands,
Time dos come crawling to me on it's hands and it's knees.
If I start the fire time passes so gracefully.
Where ever I go things they all look just the same.
I'm the judge and the jury, and I'm casting all of the blame.
There's so many factions and all of them seem so tame.
I choose to ignore what they say and stare into the flame.
I cared- and I waited.
I stared- and I hated.
Fueling the fire to my anger.
I'll hate my way right through the years.
My grave will burn in mortal flame.
I'm just burning all my time away.
Won't you come and sit by the fire with me?

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