

Alexipharmic

"Awkward Clockwork"

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Trapped in a philosophical box - I wonder how I got lost
Dirt, dust, grime through the past brushed off
Memories - one by one - Fall like Niagara in my mind
I sit in the present, the sand trickles through time
It's inherently flawed, my perception of benevolence
Enveloped and engulfed self-constructed hesitance
It's evident the clock doesn't stop at my pleas
Forever instilling insecurity, never mindful of my needs
Interjections replacing, the never-ending cycle built
Draping over reality, enveloped time like a quilt
No choice, march forward - charge through it full tilt
Nothing can fulfill the unavoidable guilt
I'm forcing sand back in the glass, I can't prevent the
cracks
Seems to split at the seams, there's no way I'm getting
past that

Chorus:

I looked back at the clock, asked its hands to turn back
And it just smiled, empathetically, recalling all who've
asked to have that
(4x)

Now an actor in a play, supporting my own laugh track
A reality show for the audience to gasp at
An archaeologist employed, uncovered remains
At the end of the day nothing changes, but stays the
same
Where what I'm left with are fractured, shattered
shards of my memory
Reconstructing past events by stories of what people
tell me
As I uncover gravesites of some truths that I hold
Debating whether to dig or if some tombs are better
left closed
Lo and Behold! I further reach the epiphany
The present is gone and turned the future to history
To remember me takes patience one must sift through
the shoulds
And the coulds, to realize - if possible I would
Write my autobiography at the end when time's done

And write it backwards to the genesis, beginning,
chapter one

Chorus:

I looked back at the clock, asked its hands to turn back
And it just smiled, empathetically, recalling all who've
asked to have that

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