

The Wrath Of Vesuvius

"Perception Of Time"

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Frantically pacing as the last grains fell through the hour glass.
A motion of hands to the frontal view to see if perception is in tact.
It occurred with blur numbing senses, stopping the mind, and bleeding out my fucking eyes.
All of a sudden I feel as if the room is subsequently smaller.
And as the figures grow, there is a loss of control.
Disposal of a former self.
Stowed away in the time that has been lost.
All the fragments of good left behind in thousands and thousands of counter clock rotations.
Harping on the jewel of birth and blowing it to smoke.
In this state the division of thoughts smashes the clock.
Yet the off timed beating of my heart keeps ticking in my ears.
What are these numbers?
And what are they doing in my head?
One side acknowledges facts, the other disregards and reacts.
What's this unbearable force that's constantly opposing?
It's ticking forward with the same taunting stare.
I'll wake up one day to the alarming persistent beep of my heart.
Make note of all the negative spaces between me myself and I.
Hear the off timed beating of my heart ticking in my ears.
Rip it out of my chest as the solution to this fucked up equation.

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