

The Philosophy Of Time Travel

Emmure

I awaken to another day
(She's nameless, she's faceless)
The beating of my heart serves as a clock
(Watching our loved ones decay as we slowly die unloved)
Ticking closer towards my death
These words I've shared
These things I've felt
They are meaningless
Life is meaningless
Everything in this world dies alone
I've turned into a monster
Creation through destruction
Beauty is no longer a picture of heaven
It's just an illusion

Nothing completes me.