

The 11th Hour

Aesthetic Perfection

Forsake
All emotion
I do it violently
Each day
Time's running away
Our fate
Getting closer
I'm climbing up the walls
Betrayed
Clock's ticking away

Demise
Left to nothing
A casket to call my own
Despised
Lonely and afraid
Our time
Inching forward
The hands creep quietly
Tonight
Waiting for the grave

Time waits for no man
It's closing in on all of us
Don't be impatient
Clock's ticking down for everyone
Time waits for no man
It hunts you down and cuts you up
Don't be impatient
Clock's ticking down for everyone

Time waits for no man
Time waits for no man
Time waits for no man
Waits
For
No
Man