

Please don't come any closer to me,
I feel old like a withered tree,
these days are passing eternally,
you won't ask me to slow it down,
blurred emotions in the crown of the kings of speed,
and all we see in full motion collection.
Time isn't slowing,
just speed,
just speed.
Silence is golden and seems so pretend,
the towering of war machines and men,
the falling of lives as we wait in line,
we are fading to nothing,
losing the race as they steam ahead,
leaving the trail of the living dead,
moving away,
broken frames push forward then play.
Time isn't slowing,
just speed,
it's all we're knowing.
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