

Time Keeps On Slipping Into The (cosmic) Future

Iron Chic

The cycle goes on and on
An endless circle of scaring the shit out of me
As we get strung along
Dragged 'til were nothing but cosmic debris
If there's something wrong
Then there's something wrong with everything
And what spurs us on
Will pull us apart
Just trying to find our place
Fight our way through a four dimensional space
And our reward for this
Is not knowing why we exist
If there's nothing wrong
Then there's nothing wrong with anything
And what spurs us on
Will pull us apart
If I can ask one thing when I am dead
Would you lay me down by the river bed?
Let me wash away
Let it take me back from where I came
All I am and all I was is just
Blood and dirt and bones and mud
And I'm better off that way
I'm better off that way