## 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