

## 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