

It's Not Time to Go Yet

Jason Webley

I've often seen a man,
Yardstick and clock face instead of hands.
He has measured pain and pleasure both to death.
I've felt the kiss,
Of his narcotic lips,
He has probed in the folds beneath my dress.
I watch my feelings,
Fade way revealing,
A cold pathway to a bridal bed,
But when he lays me down
I just feign sleeping,
Cause it's not time to go yet.
No it's not time to go yet.

There's cancer in the air,
Think I've never been so scared,
Of the cold metal numbness in my chest,
Don't go to sleep,
Stay beside me while I weep,
Or I don't think I'll make it through this test.
If you still see me,
Please don't leave me,
Alone with the devils in my head.
Push, stretch,
This night into morning,
'Cause it's not time to go yet,
No it's not time to go yet.

The worn out pilgrim tells,
Of the forging of great bells,
That shall sound when his feet can finally rest.
Cast in the fire,
That has burnt through all desire,
And cooled by the milk of mother's breast.
They ring sweetly,
Promising me,
Release from the labor of this breath.
But when I hear those bells,
I just feign sleeping,
'Cause it's not time to go yet.
No it's not time to go yet.