

# Shatter the Clock

Kylesa

Every minute gets shorter  
Everyday goes by faster  
Shatter the clock  
Time still moves  
The mirror tells no lies

Anyway, it's everywhere  
What goes up this time stays  
Rolling eyes in the back of my head  
See something paranoia gives

The hourglass will not be turned  
It's not enough but too much  
Time may heal, but it also takes molds  
Fresh might as well be stale

These are no longer childish promises  
Nor the hope of escaping old age or death  
I am not a prisoner of my own reason