

## Formaldehyde

Madder Mortem

Time bent out of shape  
A swirl in the waters of Lethe  
Time stretched impossibly thin  
Webs beneath the laughter

Silence for the master

Time striking poses at life  
A prancing and prideful accountant  
Time dragging cold feet behind  
Webs beneath the laughter

Breathe the sticky sweet  
(It is the way, it is the way, the only way)  
Never-ending rooms where nothing seems to move  
Breathe the sticky sweet  
(It is the way, it is the way, the only way)  
Liquid clinging hours neatly stowed away  
Just endless choking time tracing patterns in the dust

Time waiting only to pass at a glance  
So hungry to find and devour us  
Time smirks and gloats at our backs,  
eating all our hope away  
Time, time, time  
Time stretched unbearably thin  
Webs and woe and laughter

Silence for the master