

Eternity's Behind 4 Hours

Parabelle

There's a radio playing in stereo hi-fi
There's an unfit family who just keeps trying
There's a faceless crowd that screams with all of its might

She runs her hands through her hair
And she won't even listen
But if caught and cornered she'll admit that she misses him

It won't be close
It won't be outright

There's a fault in a plan
It caves with the level of commitment

And she will doubt his
And he will doubt hers
But life goes on even if eternity's behind four hours

There's ghosts in machines and nothing will faze it
If you're asking me let's go back to basics
When no one cares what's on TV

They throw candy to the moths and the poor ones save it
Post a picture on the wall for all to rate it

I'm disgusted that failure stems from a poor level of commitment

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And he will doubt hers
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