

The Clocks

Parabelle

She buries the clocks
times wide open like her thoughts
but you still make sense
and I feel the weakness in your touch
I am in repair, so much that no one cares
release the charm
while I hold my hand over your mouth
I would follow you down if you're still here

I can't feel like I'm calling out your name
we'll shake away the memories
I know I feel the way you sin
just scream "I won't surrender"

this feels like plastic
but on my own accord
one day it makes you perfect
a kind of treason that you live for
but my god, what have we done

I can't feel like I'm calling out your name
we'll shake away the memories
I know I feel the way you sin
just scream "I won't surrender"

cross my heart
my lips defend your tongue
my face demands your touch
we fake but not enough
you're gonna burn someday
we're gonna live forever

I'm calling out your name
we'll shake away the memories
I know I feel the way you sin
just scream "I won't surrender"