

## Hourglass

Salem

Time is seeping between my hands.  
The clock is ticking.  
Days fly by.  
Time is seeping into my thoughts.  
There's no mistaking what's to come.  
I live my life.  
I have no choice.  
No voice.  
The line's not getting any shorter.  
The road we're taking is straight and narrow.  
Looking forward.  
Nothing is clear.  
One thing is certain: The end is near.