

Hours

The Breathing Process

"Me, I service the Machinery of Death, so that people can eat
If that makes me evil, then so be it.
Spend any amount of time around people, you get your heart broke.
Treachery, hypocrisy, Promise of love.
Look into the mouth of the person, and you'll find lies.
Wriggling there like maggots, waiting to grow wings.
The world has gone mad.
The man could kill from sun up to sunset and still his work would never be done..."

Centuries to years, years to months, months to days, days to hours,
days to hours, days to hours, days to hours.
Centuries to years, years to months, months to days, days to hours,
Backwards, everything faces backwards.

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