

Moment

Timber Timbre

Timing's off and everything's lost and I know it
Elixirs wear off and each dose the cost of a memory
One can't be all things to someone and likewise a friend
Cut your losses and go, it's only another beginning

A guilt-gifted chance, the privilege of you
Desire deserving of something more true
A quick bald and old I aged into
And what will I do, overdo, and undo?

The hopes, the remote chance of your flesh and laughter
And nothing much else occurs to me before or after
Perversion of plans, a gutter lies so long and friendless
I shed the clutter and go, beginnings of ends feels endless

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