

Retrograde

Benedictum

Light slowly gives way
To the wind now it sways
The remains of the day
Time it marches alone
To a beat of its own
This can't go on
And on, and on!

And it feels like
A life rewinding
All my dreams
To dust are grinding
Gone is all my levity
So long I've prayed and cried
Yet it all seems tossed aside
Bound and locked
I hold no key

And in the aftermath
I feel my own demise
And in the aftermath
The smoke it starts to rise

Time moving backwards
Retrograde
Reversing in orbit
Tied to the stake
Retrograde

There's a stop in the clock
That's counting
And the tension's slowly mounting

Harnessing my energy
The pressure won't subside
I slowly die inside
My struggle now is to break free

In the aftermath there is no ray of light
And in the aftermath nothing moves forward

Time moving backwards
Retrograde
Reversing in orbit
Not much more can I take
Retrograde

Time it marches alone
To a beat of its own
But I forge on!

I see it very clear
In the aftermath
I know my time is near

Time moving backwards
Retrograde

Reversing in orbit
Tied to the stake
Retrograde