

Clock Is Ticking

Absynthe Minded

Clock is ticking, the bugs are dead
I burned them off the wall and had a fit
I ran into an old friend of mine
All we could say was it's been a while
I wanna dig up the memories
I wanna go to the black-out fields
We're anticipating to the nothingness
And amply rewarded for an arty mess

Clock is ticking, and we know it
Time is money, so hit it quick
Try to mend all the broken hearts
The healing of soul is about to start
I wanna dig up the memories
I wanna go to the black-out fields
We're anticipating to the nothingness
And amply rewarded for an arty mess