

## Time Machine

Accept

The hands keep on turning, the pendulum just swings  
Prisoners upon this rock, flying without wings  
Captured in a moment, still the hours chimed  
Joining closer as we sifted with the sands of time

Parallel dimension, guilts fall into place  
Driven by an unseen force, swelling into space

At beyond the rainbow, cross the milkyway  
Passengers without a choice, slowly turning grey

On through the night, shine on forever  
Going insane as we ride the time machine

Waiting for no one, relative to none  
Answering to not a thing, except the rising sun

Bouncing on this fabric, at the speed of light  
Connecting points of futures past, is its only plight

Passengers without a choice, hanging by a string  
Spending with a hands of time, flying without wings