

# The 11th Hour

## Aesthetic Perfection

Forsake  
All emotion  
I do it violently  
Each day  
Time's running away  
Our fate  
Getting closer  
I'm climbing up the walls  
Betrayed  
Clock's ticking away

Demise  
Left to nothing  
A casket to call my own  
Despised  
Lonely and afraid  
Our time  
Inching forward  
The hands creep quietly  
Tonight  
Waiting for the grave

Time waits for no man  
It's closing in on all of us  
Don't be impatient  
Clock's ticking down for everyone  
Time waits for no man  
It hunts you down and cuts you up  
Don't be impatient  
Clock's ticking down for everyone

Time waits for no man  
Time waits for no man  
Time waits for no man  
Waits  
For  
No  
Man