

Time Will Be

Darlingside

Time will be the life of me
And time will be the death of me
In my loose head, my state July
My mind a room of ruby light

I find you there in the empty road
That flickers by the almond grove

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And time will be the death, the death of me

We mountained through the mountains to the point of return
The ridges rose and rose for who knows how long, how long
And on and on with you beyond and there's no return

I lost it there, I ran aground
And I between the windows down
Was a whistling bottle in the wind
In my seat I hyperventilated

Nothing goes only to heaven or hell
Or ever did, or ever will

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