

Hours As Battlegrounds

Decapitated

Tick tock
Blink and you're gone

Eight billion portions
Of egos of epic proportion
Ludicrous bustling forage
Of omnivorous (time)

Cradle, grave
Sandstorm in the hourglass

Hours as battlegrounds, minutes as weapons
Seconds as bullets that pierce empty skulls
The curious case of John Doe
You never even lived and yet you die
You never even lived and yet you... die

Ambitious marriage
Of hydrogen and carbon
Daring to dream beyond
The puddle where it belongs
Uroboros invites you to his feast
RSVP
Funeral attire required