

# 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