

Reassigned to work in shadow,
To spend my nights looking up at machines.
I'm taking notes at intervals and fixing lines
And pacing on the mezzanine the speed of time.

I want to go before I see my girlfriend
The way that sucked the life from me
A phone call stretched apart,
They don't do shit for me.

In the mask, my breath is sour,
The body knows that something isn't right.
The break lumoirs at 2 am are squinting bright
The main door's tall and sinister and with no light.

I want to go before I see my girlfriend
The way that sucked the life from me
A phone call stretched apart,
No, they don't do shit for me.

A cloud mounted over head is dripping such
The sci-fi grin consider in is all my synthetic
ambidextrous glove
This could be my super power,
To spin these clocks ahead.

I ride in the up book, a flash of light,
And spin these clocks ahead.