

Clocks Run Backwards

Flickerstick

Before I get what's coming
There's a few things I should say
I need to explain those mistakes I've made
And I hear your dirty strings to play

And it all seems so random
As I keep you outta way
Why not build machines with metal guts and brains
So you'll love the choices made

Pour your acid eyes with razors
Now you are the world's complainer
Indecision is an art form
Right before they chop your heads off

The clocks run backwards
The heads start rolling
A phone ain't ringing
Okay, skies are bleeding
The armies marching
But it's way too late
To call your name

On your wounded knees crawl towards me
Hold back inside today
On your wounded knees crawl towards me
Hold back inside your brain
You'll go without...

Pour your acid eyes with razors
Now you are the world's complainer
So don't say you will
Because I know that you won't
Right before they chop your heads off

The clocks run backwards
The heads start rolling
A phone ain't ringing
Okay, stars are bleeding
The armies marching
But it's way too late
To call your name

I called your name
To call your name
I called your name