

Clockwork

Melanie Martinez

Oh no!
Making time up so there's control
9 to 5 to keep the cycle going
Stress is blowing up my dome
It's not my preference, though

So loud!
The sun is rising so we crawl
Out my body
Burn the candles out
All the ends
No wax left to melt, we're a mess

Time, it haunts me like a stalker
In the bushes, waiting for the moments I am still
To make me rush, go make me ill!
Pressing forward like a remote
All the damage done to my soul
Worrying about the past, amidst, and future doubts

Clockwork, time ain't ticking no more
Waste your chances, one more
Waitin' round the corner
Reality's choosy, time's never losing
All of the pending dimensions you're cruising, ah