

Onomatopoeia

Spock's Beard

The clicking wires
The ticking clocks
They're in my brain
In my brain
In my brain
Like a wave of shocks

Bang goes the world
The bright sun cracks
There's a train
There's a train
There's a train
And I'm frozen to the tracks

Onomatopoeia
Onomatopoeia
That's enough

The hissing fire
The rumbling sky
They're out of place
Out of place
Out of place
And I can't remember why

Crash down around me
Emotions flow
Up through the floor
Through the floor
Through the floor
No matter where I go

Onomatopoeia
Onomatopoeia
Onomatopoeia
Onomatopoeia
That's the buzz

Feeling fragile as a cobweb
Sinking faster than a stone
Beneath the weight of every word
A chill that burns me to the bone
Until the fever breaks
And I'm back in from the cold
I'll hear whispers in my heart
And feel the distance in my soul

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