

## Clockwork

### Still Corners

Inside my mind  
It rings soft as a chime  
On the hour

Whispering clock  
Sometimes tick  
Always tock  
Every hour

La la

Take my hand, as the clock unwinds

Inside this dream  
What was felt but not seen had desire

Slowly it burns  
As the hour glass turns  
With a fire

La la

Take my hand, as the clock unwinds