

Pati Yang, Timebomb

I'm killing time
With a timebomb
Ticking right through
Days gone by here, without a proof
Reasons to put those last few words into
Of our last ever crime
Before I'll place my heart in your hands
And your senses in mine
I hope you know where to take us
There is violence in lights
This empty world
Of racing tempers
Not a soul left to shine
Stay till I fade in my cradle
Till I re-learn how to care for my halo
Fight not to hurt
The time subsides erasing past
Wish I'd taken some pictures
All the good things and the wicked charm
There is nothing they'd teach us