

# Ashbury Heights, Spiders

Time moves like spiders  
Over the face of the clock  
Time's forward violence  
Eating away at the heart

Another hour's past  
They never seem to last  
Another day goes by  
No matter how I try  
I've come to hate all clocks  
How every second knocks  
I wish I could reverse  
This quaint arachnid hearse

I can't stand the spiders  
I can't bare their crawl

The clock is ticking  
'til the point of no return  
It'll keep on ticking  
'til the day you crash and burn

Time's web of severance  
Where all remain until dark  
Heads facing backwards  
Like marionettes on a stalk