

# Blood Has Been Shed, Timepiece

My own hand was the instrument destruction was imminent the pain of sorrow was too much to bear I walked away and you never said a word punishment enough I hang my hand I cannot look you in the eye coming chaos engulfs me there was no warning it is never too late to start a new breaking the crutch of the passive nature I will seize salvation that has eluded my grasp had I only listened I was in earshot whispering shouting your ancient wisdom my mind changes with every breath I cannot deny this burning sensation that comes with understanding do now pass me by that was never your way