

Clark Anne, Killing Time

Stumbling words and stuttering lips
Make the sentence complete
A death sentence complete

Create hell out of hopelessness
Confirm the failure of it all

Falling and calling
Falling and crawling
A Stick in the ground scratches your name
A scream in the darkness is searching
Again and again

Watching eyes wait for sadness to rise
True superstitions combine and thicken
This poison that reaches my Soul
This terror that blackens my Soul

I must smile at your strategy
And laugh at your plan
And the execution of it all

Like death itself love is rotting inside of me
But there'll be no protection for you - you cannot hide me

I am cold on a bed of ice
But like seasons I know it will pass
It will always return again though
A Summer of love is a momentary and transient thing

Winter will always return again.