

# 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.