

# Skinny Puppy, Cult

a lasting moment to hold onto with regret the scent of time tried and tested i never noticed the phantoms of her mind crescent moon im cutting through paste up warnings fill the sky smoking embers i remember time and time again to try to live i light to sink within her i think of light time to blame to borrow from your past elapsed collapsing shes not insane shes gone insane and if the root of silence pulls me off and love is lost not from my heart i sit upon this throne that throws me off and she falls backward to the floor and forward to the back she says elapses all my truth again shes the one i live for i live alone burns inside horilbly she lifts me to the spirit burns the darkest hours my corrupt brain is hurting once again the door lies quiet left alone im thinking of her sitting the burning clock of time