

# Skyclad, Quantity Time

Yet another sluggard hour stumbles past,  
it's no wonder life looks better through the bottom of a glass.  
These bitter litanies you keep repeating,  
are verbal fingers down my mental blackboard screeching.

Each moment in your company  
was of more quantity than quality.  
My hopes and dreams - transparent phantoms,  
this wayward son's irrational anthems.

Not worth spending quantity time,  
life is hunger - life is pain.  
Never ending quantity time,  
toe the line - take the strain.  
Awake in bad in quantity time,  
hate to say I told you so.  
Long time dead in quantity time,  
next stop Hell - not far to go.

My vision is obscured - blurred by tears of anger,  
these four walls a prison where I rot in stagnant languor.  
My broken heart screams out "someone repair me" -  
or please lay me in the cemetery.

'Cause you've taken all that's best, you see,  
so I'll lay to rest the rest of me.  
You cannot hold a dream to ransom -  
or silence my irrational anthem.

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