

Wax Poetic, Time

And as soon as I learned to tell time
I no longer listened
I was born at 12:30 in the morning
By 1 AM I was certain that I would no longer remember by past
By 1:40 I had forgotten my name
By 2:12 the ancients had bid me farewell
By 2:30 I had swallowed a foreign grand
By 2:40 I had begun to hallucinate
It's all coming back to me
It's all coming back to me
I met my parent's spirit guides at 4:30
It was they who told me of the sun
It was not what I expected
It only seemed to hint at light
By 6:17 I had decided what I wanted to be
By 6:18 I had discovered my shell
At 6:19 I began the process of dying
At 7 o'clock I made an attempt to be perfectly still
And jumped when I felt my soul fission
I jumped when I felt my soul fission

At the moment I learned to tell time
I no longer listened
When I began to tell time I began to no longer listen

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