

Hourglass

Defeater

The years drift by
Hourglass in the hand of the reaper
Misused time
Spent in bar rooms and brothels and squandered
Every day and night
Working alleys and card games and pushers
The years drift by
Shaking hands with the reaper

"Days come, days go
The faces blur the same
Some stay, some go"

Days come, days go
Man of god still drinks alone
"Sins stay, hope don't"

Nights come, nights go
"The dirt all moves the same
Some live, some don't"

Nights come, nights go
Sins stay, hope don't