

# Hourglass

Erra

I've watched a lot of things crumble in my hands, falling through my fingers like grains of sand.

When the hourglass tips over on its side, does it create infinite moments or leave us trapped in time?

Loath, disdain, pity, regret consume me and I shut down  
Dissolving internally with no silver linings to any clouds

I disassociate with everything I know. Drowning out, losing control.

My detachment permeates to everything I know. Refill the sands and balance the scales, or let me go.

I'm becoming everything that I defied. Withdrawn emotions, I built a shell and I live inside

I disassociate with everything I know. Drowning out, losing control.

My detachment permeates to everything I know. Drowning out, losing control. (losing control)

I'm becoming everything I defied.

Slowly withering, there seems to be no way out.

Refill the sands, balance the scales, or let me go.

Loath, disdain, pity, regret consume me and I shut down. (I'm shutting down) dissolving withering with no silver linings to any fucking clouds.

I disassociate with everything I know. Drowning out, losing control.

My detachment permeates to everything I know. And I'm drowning out, losing control. Loosing control