

Formaldehyde

Madder Mortem

Time bent out of shape
A swirl in the waters of Lethe
Time stretched impossibly thin
Webs beneath the laughter

Silence for the master

Time striking poses at life
A prancing and prideful accountant
Time dragging cold feet behind
Webs beneath the laughter

Breathe the sticky sweet
(It is the way, it is the way, the only way)
Never-ending rooms where nothing seems to move
Breathe the sticky sweet
(It is the way, it is the way, the only way)
Liquid clinging hours neatly stowed away
Just endless choking time tracing patterns in the dust

Time waiting only to pass at a glance
So hungry to find and devour us
Time smirks and gloats at our backs,
eating all our hope away
Time, time, time
Time stretched unbearably thin
Webs and woe and laughter

Silence for the master