Downhill Racers

Cursive

Hold your breath, dear
This ship is going down
We're all downhill
Running with our time-bombs
These shins are cracked and splintered
These lips are crusted shut
These squinting eyes just sting me
These veins are drying me upAll my limbs
They're just tools
We're all stilted vehicles
These joints rust
These pores leak
Time gets selfish
Time is speedThe sweetest dreams
Have murdered me
They murdered me
They murdered meLike the fear of unskilled labor
In the nuclear family
It's the nightmare of digression
That engulfs a historyAll my limbs
They're just tools
Duplicated, mass-produced
Running down
Losing speed
Time escapes us
Timing's everything
EverythingEverything
This is the tic in the heart
Everything
This is the beating of the clock
Everything
This is an absent blood clot
Everything
These are the seconds that I've lost
Everything
This is the slow-rush hour
Everything's so rushed (this is the slow-rush hour)
Everything

This is the slow rush

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