Watchmaker

Excuse 17

Watchmaker, teach me the ways.
I want to learn the secrets and the sciences of seconds, The methods to dull my ears to the sound.Teach me how to rewind, rewind so i can relive, every second minute all i missed out. I'm always foucsed on the next thing. If only I could pause and re. Teach me how.If I were a watchmaker, I'd build suspension into the springs.
Hidden gears, secret faces.
Undiscovered hours to keep you in.There'll be no back, there'll be no forth,
Just us, where we are.Watchmaker, teach me the workings.
I want to learn the secrets and the sciences of seconds.
Teach me the seasons, the measure of these machines.I'm haunted by mechanical sounds.
Damped, stolen and swallowed, relentless, counting down
In the bellies of old enemies. I'm plagued by the tick tock, tick tock,
But with vehemence I'll take to their faces and tear them away.Come teach me the ways of the watchmaker,
We'll dull our ears to the sound.There's tension in me, I'm wound up and bound to an endless release.
A robin imprisoned in a carved clock, I'm a tune locked in a music box
To a grave melody.I can feel a nervousness in my fingers.
To spindles, they're wasting away.
And with every twitch, they're turning,
Passing by with my meaningless revolutions.I gazed too deep, I leaned in too close.
Caught by the collar and dragged into a two-four waltz.
Drawn into steps unfamiliar to me,
I was passed like partners between turning teeth.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/