

Downhill Racers

Cursive

Hold your breath, dear
This ship is going down
We're all downhill
Running with our timebombs
These shins are cracked and splintered
These lips are crusted shut
These squinting eyes just sting me
These veins are drying me up
All my limbs
They're just tools
We're all stilted vechiles
These joints rust
These pores leak
Time gets selfish

Time is SPEED
The sweetest dreams... have murdered me. They murdered me. They murdered me.
Like the fear
of unskilled labor in the nuclear family

It's the nightmare of digression that engulfs a history
All my limbs

They're just tools
Duplicated, mass produced
Running down
Losing speed
Time escapes us
Timing's everything.
Everything. Everything... 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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