

Clock

Milla

I'm locked in a box
With a window and a clock
Sometimes I can't sleep
I watch the second hand feeding Time is ticking, ticking
And the flowers are dripping, dripping
I am awake and I cannot sleep All hail to the madman
Great murderer, great Aryan
Take all that you need
Take my life, my song, my breed Fires are burning, burning
My people are yearning, yearning
Down I'm locked away to defy and die I'm locked in a box
With a window and a clock
Sometimes I can't sleep
I watch the second hand feeding Time is getting colder
And I'm getting older, older
Where is the face that I knew before I am awake and I cannot sleep

Lyrics provided by

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