

# The Clocks

## Parabelle

She buries the clocks; times wide open like her thoughts  
But you still make sense and I feel the weakness in your touch  
I am in repair so much that no one cares  
Release the charm while I hold my hand over your mouth  
I would follow you down if you're still hereI can't feel like I'm calling out your name  
We'll shake away the memories  
I know I feel the way you sin  
Just scream I won't surrenderThis feels like plastic but on my own accord  
One day it makes you perfect  
A kind of treason that you live for  
But my god what have we doneI can't feel like I'm calling out your name  
We'll shake away the memories  
I know I feel the way you sin  
Just scream I won't surrenderCross my heart, my lips defend your tongue  
My face demands your touch, we fake but not enough  
You're gonna burn someday, we're gonna live foreverI can't feel like I'm calling out your name  
We'll shake away the memories  
I know I feel the way you sin  
Just scream I won't surrender.

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