

# 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 here I 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 This 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 done I 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 Cross 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 forever I 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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