

# Walls In Time

**Bob Mould**

Is it a crime to want to show your soul?  
Waste enough time, another black hole  
Misguided, not even lost, not even sure  
Now find the disease or the cure Has life lost all its glory and wonder?  
Sad tales are told again and again  
Sleep, toss and turn my old bed  
What a tale again and again Now all the stories of the world could fit in a building  
In a building high and wide  
Filed under headings that no one's quite sure of  
'Cause Lord knows that everyone tried When the pen meets the paper  
When the mind it begins to stray  
How a soul could lose its will to explain  
Oh, explain again and again  
Day after day, day after day, day after day We all cry once in a while  
It doesn't fit well with your smile  
But then are those tears, are they for real?  
Again and again that's how you feel If I was losing life, when picked from the ground  
A nice arrangement for the occasion  
But flowers when moved from place to place  
Lose all meaning, dislocation, dislocation in you In a fit of [Incomprehensible] night  
A flame attempts to spark us all  
Ignite, burn, candle light  
A waste of time, another dead soul With these walls around my soul could talk  
The words would lose importance  
Within these walls  
I hoax up to these words We all wanna leave a mark somewhere  
For those of us who feign to care  
And all and fortune in times, we find a way  
To build up these walls in time  
To build up these walls in time Is it a crime?

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