

Skyclad, Quantity Time

Yet another sluggard hour stumbles past,
it's no wonder life looks better through the bottom of a glass.
These bitter litanies you keep repeating,
are verbal fingers down my mental blackboard screeching.

Each moment in your company
was of more quantity than quality.
My hopes and dreams - transparent phantoms,
this wayward son's irrational anthems.

Not worth spending quantity time,
life is hunger - life is pain.
Never ending quantity time,
toe the line - take the strain.
Awake in bad in quantity time,
hate to say I told you so.
Long time dead in quantity time,
next stop Hell - not far to go.

My vision is obscured - blurred by tears of anger,
these four walls a prison where I rot in stagnant languor.
My broken heart screams out "someone repair me" -
or please lay me in the cemetery.

'Cause you've taken all that's best, you see,
so I'll lay to rest the rest of me.
You cannot hold a dream to ransom -
or silence my irrational anthem.

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