

Hours as Battlegrounds

by Decapitated & Decapitated

Tick tockBlink and you're goneEight billion portionsOf egos of epic proportionLudicrous bustling forageOf
omnivorousCradle, graveSandstorm in the hourglassHours as battlegrounds, minutes as weaponsSeconds as
bullets that pierce empty skullsThe curious case of John DoeYou never even lived and yet you dieYou never even
lived and yet you dieAmbitious marriageOf hydrogen and carbonDaring to dream beyondThe puddle where it
belongsUroboros invites you to his feastRSVPFuneral attire required

<https://plyric.com/decapitated-hours-as-battlegrounds>