

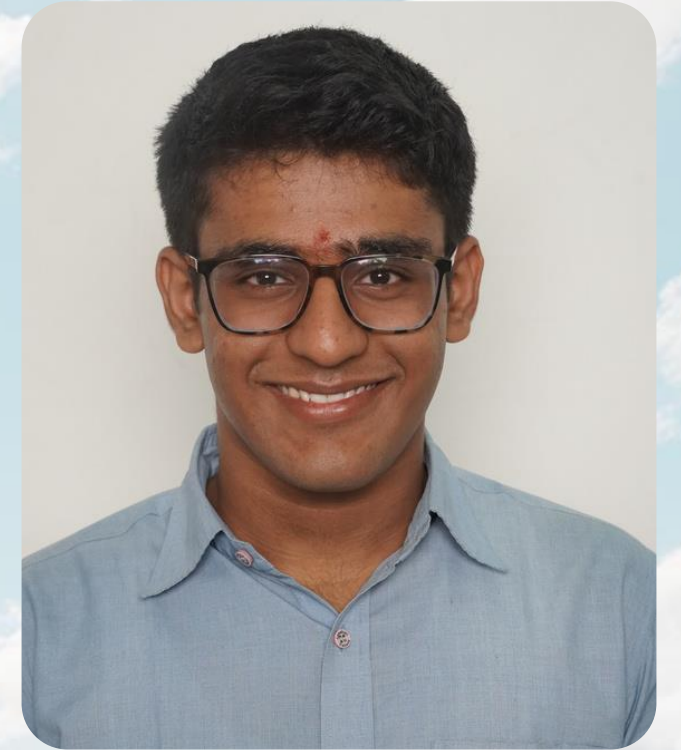


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BECAUSE

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**Ashes are flying, never to return
as time burns away, the story unfurls
stranded, at the crossroads of choice
stranded, at the slippage of moments
I look around, the horizon says
"the clock is on fire, it's the end of days"
I fail to proceed, my heart pulsates
struck in confusion, what a mess I've made
tick, tick, tick, the wax drips
as time burns away, I remain still
soon enough, the candle shall end
if I don't make a move, nothing might matter
helpless, I stare at the screaming skies
"the clock is on fire, it's the end of days"**



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