



Dead End Clock

I'm tired
Of having to chase
My goals
On someone else's
Dead end clock

Every time I stare
At the hands of time
I see it ticking
Within the same five minute space

Ironically, broken promises
Are ticking
At the same pace

Slapping me in the face

Complacency got me stuck
Staying, daily kills my luck

Leaving, further protects me...
From constantly getting fucked