

Contra Tempus
By Bryan T

Why do we feel a need to control it?
To manipulate it?
To beat it?
Never in history have we controlled it
Never in history have we cheated it
Never in history have we survived it

Time passes and cannot be stopped

It persists plaguing our personal paths
Constantly ticking, a dimensionless thing assigned a measurement
An irreversible thing, how we yearn to turn it back,
To freeze it,
To speed it up

Time is forever, a thing we can only wish to control

We wish to spend it doing what we want, with the people we want
Oh how you control our daily lives
O how you are eternal. Forever approaching the end

Time is the grim reaper, haunting us from birth

The enemy, the only one we cannot defeat
How we all hate the clock as it strikes or final hour
This is time, and only at the end of ours can we go back though it
Hand over the reigns Time and concede to our control!



Michael C

Montage

"Boom"