

Assemblage 23 "Horizon"

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Hours

Spiral and coil into black

Some remembered, some forever gone

Tragic

We never get them all back

The relentless march of time must still go on

The tide is turning

Horizons burning

Your days are numbered

Your future has crumbled

Forgotten

Events obscured by the past

Without remembrance did they occur at all?

Losing

At best a tenuous grasp

And nothing below us to break the fall

The tide is turning

Horizons burning

Your days are numbered

Your future has crumbled

Imagine

What moments those last hours hold

Things we missed that might have changed our lives

Stranded

With no way to get home

The light around us starting to subside

The tide is turning

Horizons burning

Your days are numbered

Your future has crumbled

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