

## Assemblage 23

### "Truth"

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The truth is like a dancer with shattered limbs  
What once stood proud and graceful is languishing  
And the midday sun beats down from above like a  
giant fist  
That evaporates the veracity from within our midst

#### CHORUS

Don't speak of truth in times like these  
The concept's riddled with disease  
Deny the sights your eyes have seen  
This is the new reality

The truth is like a painting that time defaced  
A monument to beauty left in disgrace  
And the faded flower that our eyes yet devoured is in  
decline  
What once was as pure as an infant's embrace has  
become maligned

#### (CHORUS)

The truth is like a lantern in heavy winds  
What once shone like a beacon is growing dim  
And the flickering flame dies out in the rain of perfect  
lies  
Silver threads of smoke float upward into the sky

#### (CHORUS)

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