

# Theatre Of Tragedy "Retrospect"

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Retrospect

Here we are  
We stand in line  
One more time today  
There is no sense  
The cigarette in hand  
It's all gone bad  
No name, privilege, no hope and fame

We've seen it all before  
And it seems like a mirror of our future

We were waiting for something  
We were listening to the heartbeats  
It could take us  
It could take our names; it's the same as no hope and  
fame

We've seen it all before  
And it seems like a mirror of our future

This is no age for us  
It seems we're out of class  
We are fragile  
Like statues made of sand

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