

Assemblage 23, Horizon

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 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