

# Assemblage 23, Away

Concentric circles  
Forever closing in  
Another travesty  
That never should have been

The latest entry  
On an ever-growing list  
And yet you never change your ways  
Your denial still persists

Run away, run away  
Run away from the setting sun  
Run away, run away  
Run away from the things you've done

With accusing fingers  
You jut into the air  
To single out the ones  
You blame for your despair

But the mirror's broken  
No reflection can it afford  
Only scattered glances  
Of it's pieces on the floor

Run away, run away  
Run away from the setting sun  
Run away, run away  
Run away from the things you've done

The ground beneath you  
Will crumble into dust  
The breath that forms your words  
Will never fill your lungs

And as your senses dull  
A thought enters your mind  
"I'm that one who caused all this  
there was no one else this time"

Run away, run away  
Run away from the setting sun  
Run away, run away  
Run away from the things you've done