

# 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