

# Assemblage 23, Decades (V2)

Time is like a serpent  
That devours its own tail  
The coils grow ever-tighter  
With each moment it inhales

A foreboding sense of déjà vu  
That cannot be ignored  
It's hard to help but feel  
We've seen and done this all before

History be damned  
It's only progress we embrace  
Our eyes closed to the circles  
That our memories re-trace

Arrogance & avarice  
Distort our field of view  
A re-run culture takes your past  
And sells it back to you

"CHORUS"

Decades pass and years go by  
Days dissolve into the ether  
Condense like clouds  
And come raining back down  
But we are blind to this debris  
Piling up around our feet  
Oblivious  
And it's killing us

Fear and loathing paralyze  
The populace throughout  
Disengage the rhetoric  
That brought this all about

Overcome and overrun  
Pretend all this is new  
Surely we'll be hailed as heroes  
When this all is through

"(CHORUS)"

Our memory is short  
We throw all caution to the wind  
The story's changed so much  
We can't recall how it begins

Foresight is an absent friend  
We left in distant days  
Reflection makes us realize  
The error of our ways

"(CHORUS)"