

# Assemblage 23, The Drowning Season

Disjointed context  
The words were merely sounds  
Watching as the buildings  
Slowly crumbled to the ground

Thoughts never rendered  
Lie dying by the road  
Last breath drawn endlessly  
Collapsing into smoke

CH:  
Struggling to break free  
From life's inequities  
The suicide of reason  
Becomes the drowning season

Grim repetition  
Dour features form a frown  
The clock's hand reverberates  
Throughout the empty town

De-evolution  
Oxidizing the past  
The present is uncertain  
The future never lasts

(CH)

Pre-emptive reflex  
Split-second sanctity  
Repeating prayers that somehow  
Never got received

(CH)